YOUTHFUL WITNESSES

Lucy S Gavel

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Youthful Witnesses

After painting by Edwin Long.

CHRIST OR DIANA?

YOUTHFUL WITNESSES

BY W. A. SPICER

Author of

"The Hand of God in History," "Our Day in the Light of Prophecy," and "The Hand That Intervenes."

"With such an army of workers as our youth, rightly trained, might furnish, how soon the message of a crucified, risen, and soon-coming Saviour might be carried to the whole world!"—"Education," p. 271.

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Dedicated

To the Young People of Today,
Called Still to Witness

The Youth Jesus

Ready

"Ready to speak, ready to think,
Ready with heart and brain;
Ready to work where He sees fit,
Ready to bear the strain.

"Ready to speak, ready to warn,
Ready o'er souls to yearn;
Ready in life, ready in death,
Ready for His return.

"Ready to go, ready to stay,
Ready my place to fill;
Ready for service, lowly or great,
Ready to do His will."

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JOSEPH WITNESSING BEFORE PHARAOH

A Cloud of Youthful Witnesses

"I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you." 1 John 2: 14.

"Those women which labored with me in the gospel, . . . whose names are in the book of life." Phil. 4: 3.

OPEN the pages of history where we may, sacred or secular, and in every age we shall find Youth responding with Maturity and Age to the call of the hour. Whether the call was to service or to sacrifice, Youth has been ready to throw his fresh vigor and courage into the scale, to venture all his hopes and prospects and the love of life in the enterprise that claimed the devotion of the soul.

Age and Maturity, going before, have inspired Youth to follow; and the ready response and the enthusiasm of youthful helpers have thrilled the leaders in every great endeavor.

You will recall a familiar picture, illustrating an old-time summons to arms, in which the grandsire, the father, and the youth are leading the way with call of fife and drum. Its lesson is as old as human history. Plutarch has preserved a song of the ancient Spartans:

"CHORUS OF OLD MEN:

"We have been young, though now grown old,
Hardy in field, in battle bold.

"CHORUS OF YOUNG MEN:

"We are so now, let who dares try,
We'll conquer, or in combat die.

"CHORUS OF CHILDREN:

"Whatever ye can do or tell,
We one day will you both excel."

But it is not of young people in secular pursuits and achievements that these pages speak. The purpose is to tell of youth who have witnessed for God and His truth in dark times and dark lands, or through experiences, trying or otherwise, that enabled them to leave for us cheering testimony to the grace that strengthens and sustains.

The story begins with the beginning of human history. In that honor list of men and women of faith, given by Inspiration in the eleventh chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews, a youth leads the roll call of witnesses:

"By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts: and by it he being dead yet speaketh." Heb. 11:4.

Abel was a young man in the morning of the world's history, when the occasion came for a testimony to be borne for the truth of God against opposition. Cain was not irreligious, but he would be religious in his own way. That has been the age-long issue, ever recurring. Is it to be man's way or God's way? Abel stood for God's way in religion, the way of the commandment of God and of faith in the promised Saviour. For his loyalty to Christ and the word of God, he was slain, the first martyr to truth.

Apparently he had accomplished little in his short life. Would not just a shade of compromise, a little less conspicuous loyalty under opposition, have brought him opportunity to bear fuller testimony and to do greater good through a long life? Did he too stiffly stand? No, Inspiration bears the testimony that his loyalty honored God; and this first youth to lay down his life for the truth of God "yet speaketh."

Though his years were few, Abel's is the longest-continued witness for God that has been borne on earth. For six thousand years young Abel has been testifying to young and old that it pays to serve God and to stand loyally for His truth, though it cost life itself.

In the list of the heroes of faith given in Hebrews 11, it is to be noted how often the great decision that shaped the life was

made in youth. It was in comparative youth that Abraham turned from the idols of his father's house to give his heart and life to the service of the true and living God, and thus to become "the father of all them that believe."

Many a time since then, youth growing up in the midst of idolatry have heard the call to turn to the living God. The young people in non-Christian lands have often been the first to lead the way for their people from darkness into light. And sometimes the call has come, as apparently it came to Abraham, without human agencies.

So the early Moravians found in the wilds of Dutch Guiana a man who, from youth, had been drawn to forsake evil ways and to pray to the Great Spirit. In vain the witch doctors had tried to bring the young man under their spells, until at last they declared that they had no power over him "because his heart belonged to the God of heaven." When the missionaries arrived, he was waiting there for them, and became a witness for Christ.

Young Joel, of Mashonaland, was told by God in a dream to search for the way of salvation in the white man's school; and setting out, he found our new Mashonaland station, later to become a teacher.

Memo, of Matabeleland, the first inquirer at the Somabula station, appeared at the mission doorway one Sabbath morning, and said he had been told in a dream that they had the words of God in that house. "I would hear the words of God; and I have come. May I hear His words?" "Come," said the missionary; and the young African accepted the gospel, the first fruits of that new station.

"The time would fail," as the writer of Hebrews 11 says, to follow in detail the story of the faithful witness borne of old; and through all the story runs the record of youth who were given the gift to be strong when there was need of strength.

Even amid mistakes and weaknesses, the Lord stood by wayward youth to guide wandering feet back to the path. One of the choicest pictures in all Scripture of heaven's ministry for men is that given to Jacob as he, a fugitive from home and country,

lay down to sleep with a stone for a pillow, and feeling that even his father's God, too, must surely have forsaken him for his sin. There in the desert came the vision of the ladder reaching to heaven, with angels ascending and descending upon it, and from above, his father's God speaking words of hope and courage to a discouraged youth. Jacob then realized, as many a youth has since, that the gate of heaven swings instantly wide before the first repentings of a sinful heart. He declared:

"Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not. . . . This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." Gen. 28:16, 17.

That gate ajar is but one step from a troubled, sorrowing sinner. The one step is only to give Christ the heart, just as it is.

It was to the gracious dealings of God with him in his earlier years that the patriarch Jacob's heart turned ever in his closing days, calling down upon children and grandchildren with his latest breath the blessing of Him who had saved him in youth and kept him to silvered age:

"Think ye, my sons, in this extreme old age
And in this failing breath, that I forget
How on the day when from my father's door,
In bitterness and rueфulness of heart,
I from my parents set my face, and felt
I nevermore again should look on theirs:
How on that day I seemed unto myself
Another Adam from his home cast out,
And driven abroad unto a barren land
Cursed for his sake, and mocking still with thorns
And briers that labor and that sweat of brow
He still must spend to live! Sick of my days,
I wished not life, but cried out, 'Let me die!'
But at Luz God came to me; in my heart
He put a better mind and showed me how,
While we discern it not and least believe,
On stairs invisible, betwixt His heaven
And our unholy, sinful, toilsome earth,
Celestial messengers of loftiest good
Upward and downward pass continually."

— *Arthur Hugh Clough.*

When the way was to be prepared in Egypt for God to bear testimony to all nations, a youth was sent as the messenger, and Joseph was true in servitude, in business, in prison, and in palace.

Again, as the crisis of ancient times was at hand in the development of the work of God on earth, it was to a young man that the call came to witness for the living God before all Egypt and the world. The youthful Moses had to make decision whether God's cause and truth should have his service, or whether he should follow and serve the world.

On one side was Egypt, with its pleasures, social position, wealth, and honor; and the throne itself was evidently within his grasp. On the other side was the cause of God, the truth that saves, and the people of God. Which should it be?

Moses knew that these people, despised by the world, counted fanatics for their loyalty to God's law and their nonconformity to the popular religion of Egypt, were yet the children of God, and that they represented the cause of truth in the earth. He had learned this at his mother's knee.

It was no blind choice that young Moses made. "He had respect unto the recompense of the reward." He looked things squarely in the face at this deciding period in his life. Some one has pictured him at ancient Luxor, or Thebes, facing the life decision:

"The world was at his feet, . . .
But overhead the stars!
From Luxor's roof he saw their light
on pillared Karnak fall,
And knew what gods and lines of monarchs
alien to his blood
Kept guard among the shadows there. . . .
Upon a temple's roof at Thebes the young
man Moses stood
In commune with his dreams. . . .

"A kingdom at his feet, . . .
Fostered of Pharaoh's daughter,
And a prince in Egypt;
In statecraft, priestcraft, lifecraft skilled;
Wise in his youth and conscious of his powers:

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GATE OF PTOLEMY IN THE LAND OF MOSES' YOUTH

Dowered with the patience and the passion
that are genius:
Ambitious, favored, subtle, sure, and swift —
Already prince in Egypt!
And later, anything he willed. . . .
He mused, and for an infinite moment
All the world passed by him in a mist, . . .
Cities, and ships, and nations,
Temples and armies, melted to a mist,
and swirling past beneath the stars:
And a faint tumult filled his ears
of trumpets and the clash of brazen arms,
The wind and sound of empire;
And he felt the mighty pulse of his own
thought and will
Transmuted to the tread of marching hosts
That shook the granite hills,
And saw chained kings cringe by his
chariots, lion-drawn, . . .
And felt himself on Seti's throne and
crowned with Seti's crown; . . .
And all the iron delight of power was his. . . .
For one measureless moment this vision
moved and glittered,
Rushing by. . . .
Master of men he knew himself; he thrilled:
There lay an empire at his feet,—
But overhead, a God."

There Moses chose the living God above, and His cause on earth.

"By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt." Heb. 11: 24-26.

Was it a wise choice? To the world it seemed a foolish one. True, he did give up what few youth have ever possessed of worldly prospects. What if he had chosen Egypt? He would have had its pleasures and honors and cares and fleeting glory for a few troubled years; then — the pompous royal funeral, the hieroglyphic inscriptions telling of his deeds, and the blackness of darkness forever!

But Moses chose the living God and His truth, and a part with God's people. After a long life of discipline and of wearing service, his hour of death came, inevitably; but what a hope was his! And as to the funeral scene — far from the pomp of Egypt — let the words of Scripture and the lines of one of the gems of sacred poetry tell it to us again:

"THE BURIAL OF MOSES"

"So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day." Deut. 34:5, 6.

"By Nebo's lonely mountain
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

"That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth:
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

"Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

"Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his lonely eery
Looked on the wondrous sight;

Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

"But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

"Amid the noblest of the land,
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazoned wall.

"This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

"And had he not high honor, —
The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

"In that strange grave without a name
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,

And speak of the strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God. [Luke 9: 30.]

"O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well."

— *Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.*

Was young Moses' choice a wise one? Think of him now, in heaven (by the special resurrection referred to in the book of Jude), with the angels, with the Father, and with the Christ whose reproach he esteemed greater riches than the treasures of Egypt! Amid the glories of the eternal world of light, could Moses the servant of God ever look back upon that youthful choice as one involving real sacrifice?

Yet so it looked at the time; and Moses, prince of Egypt, choosing rather to be a servant of the King of kings, bears witness to the youth of today that to choose Christ and a part in His work and with His people, as against any offer the world can hold out, is to make the true and wise decision.

Often the Lord's choice fell upon youth, and His Spirit led them to essay the seemingly impossible — and to achieve it by God's help. Young Gideon, least in his father's house, was chosen to lead the faithful three hundred to the deliverance of Israel from the Midianites. David, the shepherd lad, met the Goliath who had long defied the armies of the living God. Young Jonathan and his armor-bearer, climbing the mountain stronghold alone, led the way to deliverance from the Philistines. The young captives in Babylon were the men of opportunity when God had a witness to bear to Babylon and to the nations of all the world for that time.

In New Testament times youth had its call to service for the Master.

"I have written unto you, young men," said the aged apostle John, "because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you." 1 John 2: 14.

As the phrase is used by Inspiration, it means young women equally. Where post-Biblical history takes up the story of the conflict between truth and error through the ages, we shall find the maiden witnesses as strong as any to confess the Lord Jesus and to avow their devotion to His cause. Woman has never failed a noble cause calling for loyal boldness and steadfastness.

"Not she with traitorous lips the Saviour stung,
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;
She, when apostles shrank, could danger brave;
Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave."

The glimpses given of women's work in apostolic days show clearly enough that youthful witnesses must have been among that group of whom Paul wrote from prison:

"Help those women which labored with me in the gospel, . . . whose names are in the book of life." Phil. 4: 3.

The list of names would have been too long, perhaps, for the parchment page. Known they were within a limited circle, but the names are not preserved to history. No matter now. Angel pens have written those names in the book of life. These "lost names" stand for the great throng of helpers who loved the Lord Jesus, and let their light shine in humble ministry for Him, with no publicity and within a limited sphere of influence. But angels keep the record above, and wonderful surprises await the quiet workers when the scroll of life shall reveal what results God has wrought out of the loving deeds of daily ministry for Christ, unheralded on earth and unknown to fame.

"They lived, and they were useful; this we know,
And naught beside;
No record of their names is left to show
How soon they died:
They did their work, and then they passed away,
An unknown band,
To take their places with the great at last,
In the higher land.

JONATHAN AND HIS ARMOR-BEARER

"And were they young, or were they growing old,
Or ill, or well,
Or lived in poverty, or had much gold?
No one can tell.
One only thing is known of them: they were
Faithful and true
Disciples of the Lord, and strong through prayer
To save and do.

"But what avails the gift of empty fame?
They lived to God.
They loved the sweetness of another name,
And gladly trod
The rugged ways of earth, that they might be
Helper or friend,
And in the joy of this their ministry,
Be spent and spend.

"No glory clusters round their names on earth,
But in God's heaven
Is kept a book of names of greatest worth;
And there is given
A place for all who did the Master please,
Although unknown,
And their lost names shine forth in brightest rays
Before the throne.

"O, take who will the boon of fading fame!
But give to me
A place among the workers, though my name
Forgotten be;
And if within the book of life is found
My lowly place,
Honor and glory unto God redound
For all His grace!"

— *Marianne Farningham.*

We now may add greatly to the list of the worthies of faith of the Old Testament history, set down in the eleventh of Hebrews. There are the witnesses of New Testament times, and of the centuries since, through the long conflict with paganism and apostasy to the days of the Reformation and of the missionary awakening of our own time. Youthful witnesses have borne their part through it all.

Inspiration draws for us the grand lesson of these lives of faith:

"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus." Heb. 12: 12.

It is evidently not of eyewitnesses, as of those looking upon us, that this scripture speaks, in the figure used, but of witnesses bearing testimony to what they have seen and known. Those who have trusted God and found Him faithful through all the ages, bear witness to us that it is good to trust and serve the living God.

We came into a precious heritage in accepting Christ and His service. These men and women of faith and endurance in ages past constitute a spiritual ancestry of ours in this household of faith. Their portraits were drawn by the pencil of Inspiration to inspire the children of faith in later times with the same constancy and devotion.

In one of the art galleries of England is a picture showing a boy standing in the hall of an ancient mansion, with attention drawn by his tutor to a piece of tapestry on the wall. The tapestry shows a knight in armor riding a prancing horse, his plumed helmet of steel shining in the light. The title is, "The Ancestor on the Tapestry." There on the wall is pictured the one whose name the youth bears, who wrote that name large in the history of the stirring days of old. One sees by the color on the lad's cheek and by the whole pose of his figure, that his breast heaves with pride at the record of that ancestor; and well he means to wear that crest and to do something worthy of the honored name he bears.

As we accept the name of Christ, and become, in Him, children of Abraham and heirs of the glorious name and traditions of the household of faith of all the ages, we may well dwell upon the lives of these spiritual ancestors of ours, whose portraits are drawn for us by the pen of Inspiration.

By Christ's grace let us determine that we will be worthy of the name we bear as Christians and witnesses for God. In every age divine grace has helped youth as well as age to be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. All the centuries of godly endeavor speak to the youth of today. A great cloud of youthful witnesses bid the young people of this generation to lay aside every weight, and to finish with patience the race whose end now lies just before us in the glorious second coming of Christ our Saviour.

"A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Shall round the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent to'rd heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train."

After painting by J. Haynes-Williams

The Ancestor on the Tapestry

BLANDINA AND THE LIONS

Before a Pagan World

"Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." 1 Tim. 4: 12.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Rev. 2: 10.

HOW early the gospel missionaries began to press northward into Gaul and Central Europe it is not possible to tell with certainty. Quickly the message reached Rome. Even "in Cæsar's palace" it had its representatives. How naturally along the ever-moving currents of Roman official and commercial life, the good news of the kingdom would be carried out to the remote parts of the empire!

"In the year 58," says Smith's "Short History of Missions," "Pomponia Græcina, the wife of the consul Plautius, conqueror of the Britanni, was a Christian." Another interesting point of early missionary history involves the identity of the Pudens and Claudia mentioned by Paul in 2 Timothy 4: 21. One argument in the case is thus presented:

"In the work of Martial, of the same age, he mentions that a British lady of the name of Claudia was married to a Pudens of the family of Caractacus, then a prisoner in Rome. This Claudia is described as a Christian and of British origin. It has been suggested, even by Dean Alford, that this Claudia became a Christian through her connection with Pomponia, the wife of Aulus Plautius, the Roman commander in Britain, who was accused, according to Tacitus, of having embraced a 'foreign superstition,' meaning the Christian religion. The language of Martial, writing in reference to Claudia's marriage with Pudens, is this:

> "'Our Claudia, true Roman, though she springs
> From a long line of Britain's painted kings;
> Italia's self might claim so fair a face,
> And Athens envy her the matchless grace.'

"The names seem to show that about the middle of the first century there were Christians in Britain." — *"History of the Ancient Britons," Evans, p. 78.*

But of course it cannot be said with certainty that these were the same Pudens and Claudia that the apostle knew.

The book of Acts, following Paul's journeys, shows how continually believers were traveling to and fro between Syria and Asia Minor and Italy. Similarly we may picture to ourselves the passing to and fro of believers between Rome and the lands to the northward.

We may be assured, at any rate, that youthful missionaries were among those early messengers of the risen Saviour to turn northward when —

> "Out from the doomed Jerusalem, in the days of long ago,
> By two and two they sallied forth to the lands of sun or snow."

With the sowing of the seed in Gaul came an early harvest; and by the second century the increasing numbers of Christians aroused the wrath of popular religionists. In the crisis that came, youthful servants of Christ bore their witness, with others, before a pagan world.

The storm of persecution broke about the year 177. The churches in Lyons and Vienne bore the brunt of it. Lyons is at the junction of the Saône and the Rhone — one of the beautiful departmental capitals of eastern France. Vienne is a little way below.

As prejudice and fury grew, the Christians were forbidden to show themselves in public places. They were not to buy or sell in the markets. They were insulted, stoned, robbed, and imprisoned with tortures to make them confess supposed evil practices. In the account which the churches in France sent to the churches in Asia and Phrygia, preserved by Eusebius, we read:

"But the grace of God contended for us, and rescued the weak, and prepared those who, like firm pillars, were able, through patience, to sustain the whole weight of the enemy's violence against them." — *"Ecclesiastical History," book 5, chap. 1, par. 2.*

One such pillar of strength to all was found in a young servant girl named Blandina. It was a surprise to the church. "For whilst we were all trembling," they wrote, "and her earthly mistress, who was herself one of the contending martyrs, was apprehensive lest through the weakness of the flesh, she should not be able to make a bold confession," the young woman had grace to endure not only for herself, but to cheer many on in the good way and to bear witness to thousands. While the persecutors triumphed at the moment, it was such testimony, especially from youth with all of life before them, that spread among the multitudes a growing conviction of the truth of the Christian faith.

"I am a Christian," Blandina confessed again and again, after one form of torture and another, "no wickedness is carried on by us."

She acted a sister's part in encouraging Ponticus, a youth of fifteen, to refuse to swear by the idols, "so that the heathen could see that she was encouraging and confirming him" to the death.

There was none of the spirit which led some in later times to choose martyrdom as a sure way of winning salvation. These early witnesses of Lyons remembered what the apostle had said: "If I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing." They disclaimed the name of martyrs, begging their brethren only to pray that they might be faithful to Christ.

For brevity's sake, and to leave out the painful details of punishments endured, let us follow the summing up of Blandina's brave witness, given by Armitage:

"She was a poor slave girl, fifteen years of age, who was put to every torture, that her Christian mistress might be implicated. She was kept in a loathsome dungeon, and brought into the amphitheater every day to see the agonies of her companions as they were roasted in the iron chair or torn to pieces by lions. Her spirit was clothed with superhuman endurance, for although racked from morning till night, so that her tormentors were obliged to relieve

each other for rest, her constancy vanquished their patience, her only answer being: 'I am a Christian; no wickedness is done by us.'

"Then they took her into the circus, and suspended her on a cross, within reach of the wild beasts, to frighten her fellow confessors. The multitude howled for her life, and a lion was let loose upon the poor child, but not a quiver passed over her frame. She looked into its mouth and smiled like a queen, and the monster did not touch her.

"Only a century before this, the first slave girl was converted to Christ at Philippi, and now her ennobled sister cast holy defiance at the empire, and serenely looked Europe in the face. Her calm soul told this great power, that at last the weak were endowed with the omnipotence of the gospel. Her intrepid spirit showed, for the first time, how Jesus could lift a worm into an empire of a human conscience, and could rebuke cruelty in mute eloquence of love. The brightest page in the history of Rome was written that day, in the beams of that child's hope.

"Taken down from the cross, she was removed to her dungeon, but finally brought back for execution. Her slender frame was a rare victim for the savage populace, and they gloated on her. But she flinched not more than the angel in Gethsemane before the swords and staves of the Passover mob. She stepped as lightly as if she were going to a banquet. She was first scourged, then scorched in the hot chair, and at last cast before a furious bull, which tossed her madly. Even then a sharp blade was needful to take the lingering throb of life; and when her body was burned to ashes, it was cast into the Rhone." — "*History of the Baptists.*"

The heathen persecutors had an idea they were defeating the doctrine of the resurrection by scattering the ashes of the Christians upon the Rhone. "Now we shall see," said they, "whether they will rise again; and whether their God is able to help them, and rescue them out of our hands."

Like other persecutors in later Reformation times, they little understood God's power; for in scattering the dust of His witnesses upon the river, to be carried to the great sea, they were, all unconsciously, furnishing a symbol of the spread of the truth unto the ends of the earth.

Not far from Lyons, in the town of Autun, the populace was celebrating the festival of Cybele. The image of the goddess was

being drawn through the streets, and the people were expected to fall upon their knees as it passed. At one stage of the procession, when all the crowd was bowing down, one young man was seen to remain upright. It was Symphorian, a Christian youth. He was noted at once, just as the three Hebrews drew all eyes as they alone stood upright on the plain of Dura. He was seized and brought before the governor.

"You are a Christian," said Heraclius; "as far as I can see you have escaped our notice, because so few of the followers of this sect happen to be among us."

"I am a Christian," replied Symphorian; "I worship the true God, who reigns in heaven; but your idol I cannot worship."

He was condemned to death for the double crime of offending against religion and the laws of the state. As he was led to execution, his mother besought him, "My son, my son, have the living God in thy heart. Be steadfast." He was steadfast to the death.

So parents cheered on the children, and children encouraged parents to be faithful.

"There is still in Lyons," says one writer, "a small street leading to the river [Saône] called 'Gurguillon,' so named from the torrent of blood which, it is said, flowed down it from the high ground above [Mont St. Juste], where the Christians were massacred."

But the blood of the martyrs had already become "the seed of the church," and by the constancy of believers amid persecution the truth continued to spread far and wide through the empire.

The record preserved by Eusebius gives the known facts concerning this early baptism of trial in France. Based on this narrative, a poet's pen has sought to visualize the scenes in which these early believers, old and young, were called upon to bear their witness:

"THE MARTYRS OF LYONS

"'Twas at Vienne, and where the streams that glide
Through Lyons' valley blend their mingled tide,—
Twice fatal spots! for 'mid these tower-girt steeps

The curse-drawn ruler of Judea sleeps; [1]
While 'neath the sister city's neighboring gloom
Herod's dark soul awaits the Judge to come. [1]
The impious storm awoke. Some fiend-king's wand
Seem'd there to rouse the demons of the land:
Leagued as in common cause, each blade leapt forth
To sweep the name of 'Christian' from the earth.

. . . . .

'Ho! to the Forum!'

"Thus from far and near
Breaks the hoarse sound of tumult on the ear.
And on they come, headlong, and wild, and blind,
As flame that leaps before the driving wind,—
Onward to where, yon curling fires above,
Frowns broadly down the marble front of Jove:
And mark we these, round whose white-kirtled dress
Fast gathering now the impatient footsteps press;
And him, their chief, as rudely stern commands,
Force to the spice-lit flame his aged hands:
How fiercely on him glares each angry eye,
While threats compel to sacrifice or die!
List! for he speaks: 'With each returning day
His were the steps that led the band to pray,
As One had taught — their life, their truth, their way.
Naught ask they now, save that alone be given
Freedom to worship in the faith of heaven;
Faith that ne'er bent before the idol's shrine,
Or knelt to man — though Cæsar — as divine.'

. . . . .

They rise; they seize, they trample down his form:
Life-thirsting Rage and Murder ride the storm.

. . . . .

Again we turn,—

"Hardly has breaking day,
Drawn from yon slumbering walls night's veil of grey,
Yet upward from the city spiring come
The wreath of voices and the busy hum;
Already, wafted on the drowsy air,
The flute's light tones bespeak the opening Fair;
Song, and the revel, and the dance are there.
And here, today, has th' empire's law decreed

[1] According to local traditional history, Pilate, exiled by Tiberius, died in Vienne; while Herod Antipas was banished by Caligula to Lyons, with his wicked wife, Herodias.

That 'fiercer tests shall shake that stubborn creed:
By scourge and flame shall each blasphemer prove
The treble vengeance of insulted Jove:
The rack's slow torture and the fiery chair
Shall lend their keenest tooth to barb despair;
Nor gold nor pity shall prevail to win
The impious pardon of a Nazarene.'

"On to the Arena!
Tier above tier, and deepening rows on rows,
Flooded with life the giant building grows.
Wave above wave, the densely circling crowd
Stream ever upward; here the laugh more loud,
And noisier here the mirth; till, like the breeze
When storms are gathering on the open seas
(Low heard at first, soon stronger from afar),
Bursts in broad chorus all the tempest's roar;
Slow-rising murmurs thunder on their way,
And angry shouts demand the destined prey.

. . . . .

Calm, as though bidden to some 'feast of love,'
The Christians come.

"No passions seem to move
The still repose on every brow reveal'd;
Each sense is hushed, and every lip is seal'd.
They know that He who ransomed them, in death
Forgave His murderers with His parting breath;
They know how brightly now, in form like theirs,
He reigns above to advocate their prayers.
Thus robed in trust, they greet the pains to come,
And hail the vision'd palm of martyrdom.

. . . . .

Yet here is one — so young — the wiles of time
Can ne'er have yet embrued *his* hands in crime.
Scarce fifteen summers can have o'er him sped;
And, ere yon sun be down, must life have fled?
How, marble-pale, those trembling features show
What conflict wrestles in his breast below.
His boyish heart is with his favorite themes,
Where golden hopes have color'd Fancy's dreams;
Dwells on each friend whom sadness brings to mind,
And sighs to leave so many joys behind.

. . . . .

Oh, can we wonder, if that moment's strife,
That memory's glance, awoke the love of life?
The contrast of the dark, cold, shadowy tomb,

For him whose days were budding into bloom?
For whom youth's opening world lay glowing bright
In halcyon colors and unclouded light? . . .
Ah, dangerous hour! for Conscience, wavering, flies;
Tortures are near, and instant terrors rise;
The doubt-racked brain to agony is strung,
And lost Dissuasion lends her subtle tongue.
One only power might stay the tottering scales;
That power has risen — spoken — and prevails.
Yes; one through all that drowning scene of fear
Still clings in hope; a sister's hand is there,—
Round the poor heart regains her blest control,—
And heaven records the conquest of a soul.

. . . . .

Spirit of Rescue! 'neath whose guardian arm
Our souls are hourly canopied from harm,
How oft, when, lost below the verge of night,
The guilty wanderer reads no more the light;
When youth, and joy, and hope no longer burn,
And man cuts off the path-bridge of return,
Thy promptings lead some hand of mercy there,
To dare alone what Love alone will dare;
To plead, as pleads alone Affection's voice,
Those living words that make our world rejoice;
And whisper cheer that wins the thought to prayer.

. . . . .

But hark!
Again!

"Those shouts that cleave the air
Call back the cruel scene where Mercy must despair.
Just Heaven! and can yon pale and tender form
Be tortured thus, and still the pulse beat warm?
Can these be woman-born, whose livid eyes
Gloat o'er a dying woman's agonies?
Oh, thought of shame! Not yonder beasts of prey
Growl o'er the hideous scene more savagely!
And are there none whose hands the impulse feel
To grasp and dash to earth the torturer's steel?
Will, then, no voice now lend its sacred aid,
Or hero's arm bear off the trembling maid?
No. Hopeless lies all human power to save;
For all condemn — a Christian, and a slave.

. . . . .

Ah! let us veil, as past, the tear and cry
Wrung from each bitter pang of misery,

Ere deaden'd nature lost the chain of sense
To each soul-harrowing torture of suspense!
It came at last; in mercy came the word
Which loosed that soul, and snapp'd the 'silver cord.'
Thou'rt gone, young heart, where tyrants vex no more,
And life, with all its pains and griefs, is o'er.
Great-hearted maiden! though avenging Fame
Hath twined but scanty wreath around thy name;
Though History, blinded by more dazzling rays,
But seldom deigns to pause upon thy praise;
Could my faint verse thy virtues but prolong
In accents worthy of so high a song,
To thee alike should world-wide praise be given
With her who, loving much, was much forgiven.
Thy worth's full blazon should adorn the page,
And lend a model to each future age.

. . . . .

Thus nobly bled the few, whose witness bold
Strengthen'd the mourning church in days of old.
Thus nerved anew, she sped her Lord's commands,
Till Truth's clear note resounded through all lands.

. . . . .

Know, Christian, whom these milder days and climes
Spare from the outward tests of other times,
Thine still a task, not less with dangers rife,
To wage with latent foes a daily strife;
With powers, against whose wiles alone avail
The Spirit's weapons, and the heav'n-given mail.
Prayer — the good belt that girds us to the fight;
The shining Word — that well-proved sword of light;
Faith — that a shield 'gainst many a dart shall prove;
And all-forgiving, never-wearying Love,
Whose tempered brightness, like a corselet's gloss,
Must glance before a breast that wears the cross.

. . . . .

Know these thine arms. In them to pass secure,
Though Pleasure's groves and dazzling snares allure;
Unharm'd since o'er His faithful soldiers' steps
A mightier watch their heavenly Guardian keeps;
Unscorch'd by heat, if where His footsteps lead
Thou follow'st on, through sunshine or through shade;
And conqueror, if thy will renewed aright,
School'd of His mind, while harness'd in His might,
Hath learned a truth His triumph can reveal,
That Meekness wins more victories than Zeal."

— *Frederick K. Harford (London, 1859).*

PERPETUA BROUGHT BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL IN CARTHAGE

In Ancient Africa and Asia

"Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer."
Rev. 2: 10.

SO far as the record of history goes, most of the apostolic missionaries bore their witness in Asia and Africa, the lands of the ancient empires.

Over the roads along which patriarch and prophet had passed in olden time with messages from God to kings and nations, the missionaries of Christ now hurried out with the message of prophecy fulfilled — the Messiah come, the great sacrifice made, and a risen Saviour offering pardon and salvation for all.

From Jerusalem and Antioch they went forth into Africa, through Southwestern Asia, and into India and the East.

"Beside the slim, tall temples, where the tawny rivers run,
They set their tents where shining stars look down on Babylon.
Their bare feet pressed the beaten shore beneath dark Nubia's cliffs;
They ate their corn from out their scrips by Karnak's hieroglyphs."

There is no reason to doubt that John Mark was a pioneer missionary to Egypt and Northeastern Africa, — the same Mark who, as a youth, was dismissed by the apostle Paul for turning back before difficulties in Asia Minor. Barnabas, however, remembering that youth should have its chance to recover from mistakes, held to the young worker and saw him grow into strength that won the full recognition of the veteran Paul a dozen years later. 2 Tim. 4: 11.

Recent finds show that life in those lands of ancient civilizations was after all not so different, in the essentials, from the ordinary life of modern times. There were play and school for the children, and a hurry into business to earn a livelihood for the

youth. The excavations in old Babylonia show that the school children of ancient time had not only to learn their multiplication tables up to 12 times 12, but to 18 times 18. There were grammatical rules to learn, and the forms of foreign languages, and even earlier tongues, no longer spoken, but having a literature to be read by students able to add a dead language or a classic to their curriculum of studies.

The papyri recently found in Oxyrhynchus, Egypt, add to the view of daily life in that land of culture in the centuries before Christ. Aside from occupations and professions ordinarily listed, young people were prepared for office work, even to the point of expertness in shorthand writing. In one contract a father agrees to pay so much for lessons, and a bonus when his son reaches the desired stenographic speed. In the later Roman times in Egypt, a literary man, Origen of Alexandria, employed a staff of seven young women, all skilled in taking rapid dictation, while a like number were employed as copyists.

The old world was much the same as the modern in its appeals to childhood and youth and its claims upon them. What a bridging of the centuries in that finding of a wooden doll buried in a little Roman girl's grave in old Egypt! Who that has known some child who always had to carry the treasured toys to bed each night, does not feel brought nearer to understanding these people of the world of long ago by this pathetic find? Some one wrote of the little wooden doll:

> "What little Roman maiden loved you so?
> What little maiden was it, long ago,
> Who plead for you before she fell asleep?
> She held you all the ages on her breast.
> What wondrous love was hers, outlasting thrones!"

But enough of this turning aside. Only, how must the good news of Christ's salvation have come to hearts so much like ours? Multitudes who received the gospel in those early days loved it with the devotion of their lives. It was more precious than all the world besides to many a youth who had to answer for his faith before the scoffs and threats of popular prejudice.

About a hundred years after apostolic days the church in Carthage passed into the storm. Doubtless Carthage had received the light from Rome. There was constant and quick commercial communication between the two. Fresh fruit from Carthage was served on Roman tables.

It is particularly of the faithfulness under pressure of some of the young people of Carthage that history has preserved the record.

Three young men — Revocatus, Saturnius, and Secundulus — confessed Christ unwaveringly, strengthening all the believers by their testimony to His sustaining grace.

A young married woman, Perpetua, was arrested as a Christian. She was twenty-two years of age. Her mother was a Christian, her father not. The father showed himself devoted to the daughter, whom he begged to save him from the grief and disgrace that would come to him through her suffering as a Christian. Her father's grief pained her most deeply, for he had not her mother's hope of the life to come.

"My daughter," he pleaded with tears, "pity my gray hairs, pity thy father!"

"What shall happen," she replied, "when I come before the tribunal, depends on the will of God; for know, we stand not in our own strength, but only by the power of God."

Before the police, the father urged her to recant.

"Can I call this vessel anything else than it is?" she asked, pointing to a vessel lying on the ground.

"No," he replied.

"Neither can I say to you anything else," she answered, "than that I am a Christian."

She was but a new believer; for she was baptized in the prison. "The Spirit bade me pray for nothing at my baptism but patience," she said.

They used her little babe as an appeal to her mother-heart to seek a way of release — only a few grains of incense sprinkled on the coals before the image of the emperor would have done it.

Into the dungeon Perpetua went. She had all the weakness of common flesh.

"I was tempted," she said, "for I had never been in such darkness before. Oh, what a dreadful day! The excessive heat occasioned by the multitude of prisoners, the rough treatment we experienced from the soldiers, and finally, anxiety for my child, made me miserable."

Then the church deacons secured separate quarters for the Christians by paying money to the keepers. They brought her the babe once more. "The dungeon," said she, "became a palace to me."

At last, when brought before the governor for final sentence, the father urged his plea with tears.

"Have pity on thy father's gray hairs," said the governor, "have pity on thy helpless child. Offer sacrifice for the welfare of the emperor."

"That I cannot do," said Perpetua.

"Art thou a Christian?"

"Yes," she replied, "I am a Christian."

And Perpetua was sent with others to the wild beasts in the arena, the populace looking on.

But these persecutions sent conviction into hearts. People saw that the living Christ did indeed visit and sustain His own. His presence turned dungeon into palace. Even children were given the strength of age.

Hilarianus, a Numidian lad, a mere child, was taken with others while listening to the reading of the Gospels. "The proconsul supposed he could be easily intimidated by threats," says Neander; "but even in the child the power of God proved mighty: 'Do what you please,' he replied; 'I am a Christian.'"

The persecutions extended far through the empire in these days when Diocletian, Maximian (later, his son), and Galerius set about to stop the progress of the new faith as subversive of the laws of the empire. Lactantius wrote of it:

"Thus was all the earth afflicted; and from east to west, except in the territories of Gaul, three ravenous wild beasts continued to rage.

"'Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
A voice of brass, and adamantine lungs,
Not half the dreadful scene could I disclose,'

or recount the punishments inflicted by the rulers in every province on religious and innocent men. . . . No distinction of sex or age was regarded."

Over Palestine and Syria the storm swept; and the story by Eusebius tells of this young man and that young woman standing for God in trying hours. "When the heralds also were proclaiming throughout all Cæsarea," he says in one place, "that men, women, and children should come to the temples of the idols," and the heathen were rushing in immense crowds to the temples, young Applianus, of wealthy heathen family and of good education, drew the storm upon himself and diverted attention from other believers by boldly standing before the altar, and at the cost of his life, exhorting priests and people to turn from idols to the worship of the living God.

These things were taking place in the Smyrnian stage of the church, that second period of church history described in the prophecy of the seven churches in Revelation 2 and 3, the whole series reaching from the apostolic age to the end of time.

To the church of Smyrna — the believers of this second period — the Lord sent this message:

"These things saith the first and the last, which was dead, and is alive; I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, (but thou art rich). . . . Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried. . . . Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Rev. 2: 8-10.

Surely the Lord's faithful ones heard this voice speaking the words of cheer to those who witnessed the good confession in the Smyrnian days of church history. The assurance of the crown of life was precious and real in the hour of trial. Christ's grace was sufficient.

Across in Italy, in those times, the ashes of Vesuvius in eruption had buried Pompeii and Herculaneum, the cities at the moun-

After painting by Sir E. J. Poynter

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

tain's foot. In the uncovering and excavating of these lost cities in our day, there was revealed the incrusted skeleton of a Roman soldier buried upright at his post of sentry duty. "Faithful unto Death," is the title of Sir Edward Poynter's painting of the young soldier standing there unmoved, his armor reflecting the volcano's red glare, while the burning ashes fall about him.

It is a picture of the Roman soldier's stoicism and heroic devotion to orders. The Duke of Argyll, of Scotland, preparing to go to the scaffold, said he could die as a Roman, but he preferred rather to die as a Christian. In the Christian's faith and fortitude the ancient Romans met a devotion that surpassed anything they had conceived of. It was more than devotion to duty. It was devotion to the living Christ, a divine Person, who was present with His own, giving comfort and peace and sustaining by His grace.

These young witnesses of the post-apostolic times had been saved from sinful and hopeless idolatry. Threatened with death for loyalty to the One who had forgiven their sins, they did not falter. Yes, how sweetly must have come to them that message of Christ to the church of Smyrna — the church representing the very age in which they were living: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." There are crowns, we know, waiting for young people who witnessed a good confession in those early centuries of pagan persecution.

"O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia!"

THE BOY JESUS IN THE TEMPLE

"Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"

Early Missionaries of the North

IN ANCIENT IRELAND

THE most interesting memorial of the beginning of the evangelization of Ireland is Slemish Mountain, looming up amid the Antrim hills. Here it was that young Patrick led his flocks in ancient days. Then Ireland was mostly a wild tangle of forest; now the grassy mountain sides slope down into well-cultivated valleys, beautiful in the bright green of the Emerald Isle.

Long before Roman Catholic missionaries came down upon Britain, the gospel had been carried there. A portion of Britain was included in the Roman world of apostolic days. In that early time Paul could say that already the gospel had been carried into all the world. Col. 1:6.

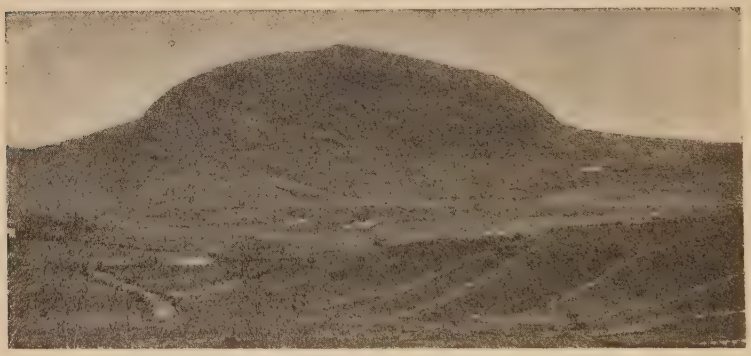
In the year 208 Tertullian declared that there were Christian churches in the British Isles, even beyond the regions ruled by the Romans. The farther beyond the reach of Rome, the purer these churches were, too; for even within less than a century of apostolic times the spirit of the "falling away" had spread abroad.

About the year 411 a band of Irish pirates swept over the Scottish coast, south of the Solway, pillaging, slaughtering, and taking captives. Young Patrick, the son of Christian parents, was carried away into slavery. The lad was set to herding his pagan master's swine and cattle amid the hills of Antrim. Many a time from the top of Slemish he must have looked longingly toward the sea that separated him from home and dear ones.

His sad lot was turned to his soul's profit, however. "I was sixteen years old," he wrote, "and I knew not the true God; but in a strange land the Lord brought me to the sense of my unbelief, so that although late, I minded me of my sins, and turned with my

whole heart to the Lord my God." There by the slopes of Slemish he found his Saviour.

After six years of slavery he escaped and made his way to his own home. But the herdboy had already begun his missionary training in the Antrim hills. He could never in after-life forget the darkness and ignorance of the land of his captivity, where he had given his heart in loneliness to God. As he meditated over it, he imagined voices crying to him across the sea. The cry from the Irish coast rang in his ears, "We beseech thee, child of God, come and again walk among us." He felt that it was a call like that



Slemish Mountain, in Ireland

which came to the apostle Paul on the coast of the Ægean, "Come over into Macedonia, and help us!"

At any rate, it was ever in his soul, "Child of God, come again to us." He heard it as he labored in Gaul, where he had grown into strong service. He could not be disobedient to what he felt was the voice of duty. Yielding, in spite of the entreaties of his friends, to the missionary call, Patrick in early middle age entered upon his life-work in Ireland. He knew the language of the people. He preached the word and pleaded with souls to receive it. Converts began to gather round him. Druidism was the religion of the land. The chief seat of this sun and nature worship was the royal capital on the hill of Tara, in Meath. There Patrick appeared one day, on the great spring sun festival of Easter.

The Druids were to kindle that night the sacred fire by the king's palace. It was the rule that when this was kindled, no other light should be shown within sight of it.

But just before the fire was kindled, a gleam of light shot up from a hill opposite. It was Patrick and his company, observing, it is said, the Lord's Supper at this Passover season, the season when, in the practice of the Gallic church, the communion service was celebrated with special solemnity.

Thus he had come to challenge the Druid worship. At sight of the light, there was consternation in the palace. A council was called. "This fire which has been lighted before the royal fire," said the Druids, "will never be extinguished unless it be extinguished this night." They foresaw the conflict between the old religion and the new.

Patrick was immediately called to account, and witnessed to the gospel of Christ before the king in his own halls. Arrayed about were the Druid priests and ancient bards, who would gladly have put him to death, no doubt, had they not been restrained There has survived a hymn, said to have been composed by Patrick as he prepared to face this great crisis in his early work. It is a prayer to God, written in "a very ancient dialect of Irish Celtic." At Tara, in that "awful hour," he pleaded:

"May Christ, I pray,
Protect me today
Against poison and fire,
Against drowning and wounding;
That so, in His grace abounding,
I may earn the preacher's hire!

"Christ, as a light,
Illumine and guide me!
Christ, as a shield, o'ershadow and cover me!
Christ be under me! Christ be over me!
Christ be beside me
On left hand and right!
Christ be before me, behind me, about me!
Christ this day be within and without me!

"Christ, the lowly and meek,
Christ, the All-powerful, be
In the heart of each to whom I speak,
In the mouth of each who speaks to me!
In all who draw near me,
Or see me or hear me!

. . . . . .

"Salvation dwells with the Lord,
With Christ the omnipotent Word,
From generation to generation —
Grant us, O Lord, Thy grace and salvation."

He was delivered in that day, and lived to see the power of the Druid worship shattered in all Ireland.

No doubt Patrick's view of truth was much obscured by tradition that had begun to creep in even in these remote parts; but we are liable to do him injustice because of the fables and inventions by which later writers covered the real Patrick. All the evidence goes to show him a preacher of the word of God, holding no allegiance to papal authority. He reduced the ancient Irish language to writing, and gave the people the Scriptures in their own tongue. He established schools, which became centers of missionary activity. Irish missionaries went out into Scotland and Northern Europe.

The historian of the Celtic church, Skene, traces the Sabbath keeping of later times in Scotland to this early Irish church, founded by Patrick. He says that the later generations in north Britain "seem to have followed a custom of which we find traces in the early monastic church of Ireland, by which they held Saturday to be the Sabbath, on which they rested from all their labors."

The history of those early times is obscure. It was written by those steeped in ecclesiastical tradition. But it is evident that as yet the primitive north British church had not entirely lost the knowledge of the Sabbath; and Patrick, as he went over to Ireland, must have taught Sabbath rest by the fourth commandment to the people of Ireland as they forsook their native pagan worship.

With his teaching were mingled elements of weakness, for the leaven of ecclesiasticism had early reached the remotest bounds.

There is now a great statue of Patrick on the hill of Tara, where once the Druid altars blazed. It shows him with crook and miter and bishop's cope — a typical saint of Rome's creation. Better as his memorial is the green hill of Slemish, where a slave boy's troubled heart was first touched with a sense of God's mercy and forgiveness. That was the Patrick who preached the word of salvation through Ireland so long ago. It is the same word that Erin and all other lands need today.

THE YOUNG IRISH SCHOOL-TEACHER

Southern Scotland gave Patrick to Ireland to be first a herdboy in slavery, and then the missionary apostle to the Irish people. A generation later, Ireland gave one of its princely sons to be an apostle to the fierce Picts and Scots of northern Scotland.

Columba was born in 521, about thirty years after Patrick's death. He was of a ruling clan in Ireland, an O'Neill. Getting into the schools that Patrick had founded, his heart was fired with the missionary zeal which he found in them. He started out to plant other schools in the wilderness.

These schools, to begin with, were evidently Bible training schools. They were industrial schools also; for when Columba founded his first school in wild Derry, by the northwestern sea, he had to cut down the oaks and build his new school from the ground up.

These schools in later times grew into severely monastic institutions of the Roman Catholic sort. No doubt, in the time of Patrick and Columba, there was a tendency setting in strongly toward monasticism; but there is evidence that it was by no means so strong as later ecclesiastical writers have pictured it.

Columba's heart always clung to his first school settlement, the enterprise of his early youth. "My Derry, my fair oak grove," he sings in one of his poems. He planted other school centers in Ireland.

"But sweeter and fairer to me
The salt sea where the sea gulls cry
When I come to Derry from far."

We must now count Columba as passing out of youth into middle age, but still carrying forward the educational work to which he had dedicated his life in youth.

The missionary fire was in his soul, and across the salt sea to the northward he knew that the wild Picts and Scots of north Britain and the western isles were living in darkness and ignorance. So he exiled himself from his native land, and founded an independent missionary center on the island of Iona, just off the Scottish coast. For thirty-four years he and his missionary band wrought among the pagan clansmen, planting churches and schools in all the land to the utmost bounds of Scotland. Scottish missionaries were sent out into Western Europe, joining those from Ireland in preaching among the Gothic tribes, from the North Sea to the Alps and the Danube.

As Rome gathered power, this early work was largely spoiled. There was constant effort to break down the ancient churches in Britain, and with too great success. Farthest of all from Rome's influence in Britain were the churches that had descended from those founded by Columba in northern Scotland.

When the zealous young Queen Margaret came to the Scottish throne, in 1069, as wife of King Malcolm, she found the peasant churches quite out of harmony with the Roman practice. She was a Hungarian by birth, then a Saxon princess from England, and an ardent Catholic. She was shocked by the simplicity and plainness of the Scottish services. She urged the placing of crucifixes in the churches. Strangest of all to her was the practice among the people of these northern churches of working on Sunday and keeping the Sabbath. They evidently counted Sunday a high festival also, though they worked on that day.

Skene, the Scottish historian, says: "They held that Saturday was properly the Sabbath, on which they abstained from work." He traces this respect for God's Sabbath to the teaching of Columba and the practice of the early Irish church.

Queen Margaret argued long about this with the Scottish church leaders. Her royal husband, Malcolm, called them in and translated for her. They spoke only the ancient Gaelic. She declared that the "blessed Pope Gregory" commanded rest on Sunday. And so he had, for Sabbath keepers had been troubling him, especially in Constantinople and the East. By her royal authority and by studied efforts to bring the churches of Scotland into line with the customs that had grown up in Rome, Queen Margaret turned the people away from the Sabbath, and led them to forsake the purer forms of worship and teaching which they had received from Columba and his associates.

Queen Margaret's Chapel, Edinburgh Castle

WALDENSIAN YOUTH AS MISSIONARY MERCHANTS

Among the Advance Heralds of the Reformation

"These had given earliest notice, as the lark
Springs from the ground the morn to gratulate;
Or rather rose the day to antedate,
By striking out a solitary spark,
When all the world with midnight gloom was dark —
Then followed the Waldensian bands, whom Hate
In vain endeavors to exterminate."

— *Wordsworth.*

FAITHFUL everywhere, without reference to time or occasion, the aged apostle Paul yet seemed to glory in the fact that by him the witness was borne in Rome itself, and before Nero, the lord of the world. Fifteen centuries later it was a young Waldensian who again in Rome sealed a testimony to the gospel with his life, and this time in the presence of the Pope, who sat in the seat of the Cæsars.

Young Paschale had come of a long line of youthful witnesses. Before repeating the story of his witness at Rome, we may well review the history of his people, and the part that the youth of the Alpine valleys before him had acted in helping to prepare the way for the great Reformation.

The children of the Vaudois (or Waldenses), the "Israel of the Alps," had for centuries before the Reformation been taught the truths of God's Holy Word in their valley homes. Their training had kept them clean and strong and noble, when the masses without the light of the word of God were sunken in sin. An old troubadour song of the twelfth century, the "Noble Lesson,"— evidently composed as one means of religious propaganda in those days when traveling singers were publishers and news carriers, — has this:

"If there be an honest man, who desires to love God and fear Jesus Christ, who will neither slander, nor swear, nor lie, nor commit adultery, nor kill, nor steal, nor avenge himself of his enemies, they presently say of such a one he is a Vaudés, and worthy of death." — *"The History of Protestantism," Wylie, Vol. I, book 1, chap. 7, footnote.*

In the early centuries, before the "falling away" predicted in prophecy, the gospel had won its way among the people of the remote Alpine valleys. There, in the fastnesses of the mountains, many had clung more closely to the primitive faith, while the great body of the church had fallen away from it. In the earlier times of this period we even find traces of Sabbath keeping among some of these valley peoples, bringing the denunciations of the earliest inquisitors. Thus the light of the holy Sabbath was kept burning, though dimly, through the long, dark centuries, waiting for the time when the spread of the word of God in the great Reformation was to bring a revival of Sabbath keeping in many parts of Europe.

These believers of the mountain valleys had the word of God in their own tongue. They early recognized the prophetic portrait of the papal church in the Scriptures, and bore their witness against Rome's perversions of the gospel the more earnestly as the ignorance of the word and the darkness increased. These early churches in the valleys of the Piedmont had for their common seal a design showing "a taper burning in a golden candlestick, scattering its glorious beams in a sable field of thick darkness."

It was an appropriate symbol for those who were keeping the light burning in the Dark Ages. They became, by force of the need in those times, a missionary people, advance heralds of the coming Reformation. Their youth were trained for this service.

The old inquisitor, Reinerius, who died about the year 1263, has left a precious portrayal of these believers of the valleys, — a portrayal the more to be regarded in that it is the word of a bitter enemy. He wrote:

"Heretics are known by their manners and their words. In their manners they are composed and modest. They admit no

pride of dress, holding a just mean between the expensive and the squalid. In order that they may better avoid lies and oaths and trickery, they dislike entering into trade; but by the labor of their hands they live like ordinary hired workmen. Their very teachers are mere artisans. Riches they seek not to multiply, but they are content with things necessary. They are chaste also, a virtue in which the Leonists particularly excel. In meat and drink they are temperate. They resort neither to taverns, nor to dances, nor to any other vanities. From anger they carefully restrain themselves. They are always engaged either in working, or in learning, or in teaching; and therefore they spend but little time in prayer." — *(Rein. de hæret. c. 7) Faber, pp. 71, 72.*

Their teachers, or pastors, were called *barbes*, a term of respect, we are told, meaning literally "uncle." Here is a description of the training the young men received before going out as teachers:

"It was in the almost inaccessible solitude of a deep mountain pass that they had their school, where the whole influences of external nature were opposed to anything soft and yielding in the soul. They were required to commit to memory the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John, the general epistles, and a part of those of St. Paul. They were instructed, moreover, during two or three successive winters, and trained to speak in Latin, in the Romance language, and in Italian. After this they spent some years in retirement, and then were set apart to the holy ministry." — *"History of the Waldenses," Muston, Vol. I, pp. 18, 19.*

It was by no light course of study and discipline of life that the Waldensian youth entered the service of Christ in those dark days. "These missionaries," says Muston, "always went forth two and two, to wit, a young man and an old one." — *Id., p. 19.*

All manner of ways were devised for spreading the light. Our keen inquisitor, who tells his story so well, says again:

"The heretics cunningly devise how they may insinuate themselves into the familiarity of the noble and the great; and this they do in manner following: They exhibit for sale, to the lords and ladies, rings and robes and other wares which are likely to be acceptable. When they have sold them, if asked whether they have any more goods for sale, one of these traveling peddlers will

THE MATTERHORN, SWITZERLAND

answer: I have a jewel far more precious than these, which I will readily give you if you will secure me against being betrayed to the priests. The security being pledged, the heretic then proceeds to say: I possess a brilliant gem from God himself, for through it man comes to the knowledge of God; and I have another, which casts out so ruddy a heat that it forthwith kindles the love of God in the heart of the owner. In like manner proceeds he to speak of all his other metaphorical gems. Then he recites a chapter from Scripture, or from some part of our Lord's discourses."

Splendid! We thank God for this thirteenth-century picture of those Waldensian men and youth in the service by which they sowed the seeds that later sprang up in blessed harvest. This is the testimony on which Whittier based his beautiful poem, "The Vaudois Teacher." He takes an aged missionary as his theme, but remember that the youth were out in the wide world field for God in the same service.

"THE VAUDOIS TEACHER

"'O lady fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and rare —
The richest web of the Indian loom, which beauty's queen might wear;
And my pearls are pure as thy own fair neck, with whose radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way — will my gentle lady buy?'

"The lady smiled on the worn old man through the dark and clustering curls
Which veiled her brow, as she bent to view his silks and glittering pearls;
And she placed their price in the old man's hand and lightly turned away,
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call, 'My gentle lady, stay!

"'O lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer luster flings
Than the diamond flash of the jeweled crown on the lofty brow of kings;
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price, whose virtue shall not decay,
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee, and a blessing on thy way!'

"The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where her form of grace was seen,
Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks waved their clasping pearls between;
'Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth, thou traveler gray and old,
And name the price of thy precious gem, and my page shall count thy gold.'

"The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow, as a small and meager book,
Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from his folding robe he took!
'Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may it prove as such to thee!
Nay, keep thy gold — I ask it not, for the word of God is free!'

"The hoary traveler went his way, but the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work on that highborn maiden's mind,
And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the lowliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God in its beautiful hour of youth!

"And she hath left the gray old halls, where an evil faith had power,
The courtly knights of her father's train, and the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales, by lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich in the perfect love of God!"

It was a perilous vocation, this combining of the business of salesmanship with that of the missionary, but it was esteemed the highest to which any youth could be called.

Of this spreading of the word of God by the messengers from the valleys, and the blessings brought to hearts that hungered, we give yet another testimony, from the book, "The Great Controversy," which follows so thrillingly the story of these times:

"In secret places the word of God was thus brought forth and read, sometimes to a single soul, sometimes to a little company who were longing for light and truth. Often the entire night was spent in this manner. So great would be the wonder and admiration of

the listeners that the messenger of mercy was not infrequently compelled to cease his reading until the understanding could grasp the tidings of salvation. Often would words like these be uttered: 'Will God indeed accept *my* offering? Will He smile upon *me?* Will He pardon *me?*' The answer was read, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

"Faith grasped the promise, and the glad response was heard, 'No more long pilgrimages to make; no more painful journeys to holy shrines. I may come to Jesus just as I am, sinful and unholy, and He will not spurn the penitential prayer. "Thy sins be forgiven thee." Mine, even mine, may be forgiven!'

"A tide of sacred joy would fill the heart, and the name of Jesus would be magnified by praise and thanksgiving. Those happy souls returned to their homes to diffuse light, to repeat to others, as well as they could, their new experience; that they had found the true and living Way. There was a strange and solemn power in the words of Scripture that spoke directly to the hearts of those who were longing for the truth. It was the voice of God, and it carried conviction to those who heard.

"The messenger of truth went on his way; but his appearance of humility, his sincerity, his earnestness and deep fervor, were subjects of frequent remark. In many instances his hearers had not asked him whence he came or whither he went. They had been so overwhelmed, at first with surprise, and afterward with gratitude and joy, that they had not thought to question him. When they had urged him to accompany them to their homes, he had replied that he must visit the lost sheep of the flock. Could he have been an angel from heaven? they queried.

"In many cases the messenger of truth was seen no more. He had made his way to other lands, or he was wearing out his life in some unknown dungeon, or perhaps his bones were whitening on the spot where he had witnessed for the truth. But the words he had left behind could not be destroyed. They were doing their work in the hearts of men; the blessed results will be fully known only in the judgment.

"The Waldensian missionaries were invading the kingdom of Satan, and the powers of darkness aroused to greater vigilance. Every effort to advance the truth was watched by the prince of evil, and he excited the fears of his agents. The papal leaders saw a portent of danger to their cause from the labors of these humble itinerants. If the light of truth were allowed to shine unobstructed, it would sweep away the heavy clouds of error that enveloped the people; it would direct the minds of men to God

JOHN LOUIS PASCHALE'S FAREWELL

alone, and would eventually destroy the supremacy of Rome." — *Pages 74-76.*

At last the mighty power of the Papacy was aroused, and until Reformation times cut short the persecutions by that power, these people were relentlessly pursued.

Strange ideas the superstitious people had of these Christians of the valleys. After the failure of Pope Innocent's plan to depopulate the valleys by fire and sword, a deputation of the Vaudois met the Duke of Savoy, their prince. He wanted to see some of the children, of whom he had heard grotesque descriptions. When he saw them, he said: "Is it possible that these are the children of heretics? What charming creatures they are! They are by far the prettiest children I ever saw."

But this crusade against the Waldenses brings us again to the story of the young man of whom we spoke, who witnessed in Rome itself.

Young John Louis Paschale had been chosen to go to southern Italy to minister to the Waldensian colonists in the province of Calabria. Muston says:

"Two days before his being selected to be sent into Calabria, he had been betrothed to a young woman of his own nation, Camilla Guarina, born like himself in Piedmont, and who like himself had fled to Geneva, in order to live according to the gospel.

"When he made known to her the call which he had received, and asked her consent to leave her and go into Calabria, the poor girl could only answer him with tears. 'Alas!' she exclaimed, 'so near to Rome, and so far from me!' But she was a Christian, and she submitted." — *"History of the Waldenses," Vol. I, pp. 78, 79.*

It is well that we have here and there such brief glimpses of the more personal and human side of the story. Otherwise we might think these people cast in a heroic Roman mold, dead to all the common sentiments that God planted in the human heart to make this a happy, joyous world. Their hearts were the same as normal hearts are now. Life was as sweet and the ties of true and noble affection as dear. And all was laid understandingly on the

altar of service for Jesus, the heart submissive to His will, trusting His love and power.

Paschale hoped he might soon return to take his betrothed with him to Calabria. But no sooner had his work revived the activities of the believers in Calabria, and drawn upon him the hatred of the priests, than he was arrested and taken in bonds to Naples and to Rome.

In the prison at Rome his brother visited him. The brother was not a Protestant. May we take space to give a few words from the brother's account, showing how the truth and hope of the gospel stood by the young man in bonds for Christ's sake?

"I entreated him to yield a little," the brother said, "and not to bring upon his family the disgrace of a condemnation."

"Must I honor my Saviour less than them, that I am to become perjured to Him?" replied Louis.

"You will honor Him in your heart," urged the worldly-wise brother, "although you remain in the church."

"If I am ashamed of Him on the earth, He will deny me in heaven," was the reply.

"Ah! my dear brother," begged the other, "return to the bosom of your family; we should all be so happy to have you there."

"Would to God that we were all met again, united in the Saviour's love! for my native skies would be pleasanter to me than the vaults of this prison. But if I remain here, it is because Jesus abides with me."

"Would it be to lose Him, to come with us?"

"Yes; for the gate of my dungeon will not open except by means of an abjuration, and that would be the loss of my soul."

"Your friends, then, are nothing to you?"

"Jesus says, 'He that is not ready to give up his father or his mother for My sake, is not worthy of Me.'"

"Then," says the brother, "I went the length of promising him the half of all that I had, if he would come back with me to Coni; but he, with tears, answered me that to hear me utter such words afflicted him much more grievously than the fetters with which he was bound; 'for,' said he, 'the world passeth away, with the lusts thereof, but the word of God endureth forever.' And when I wept also, he added, 'God grant me such strength that I may never forsake Him.'"

Then the monk who sat by to listen to the conversation, said to him: "If you will die, die then!"

That was all the monk saw in it. Coming to us over the centuries, it is a testimony that the promises of God of which we read and sing and speak in these days of light and freedom are real and living words of the living God, able to sustain age or youth in every time of need.

We may read Paschale's cheery courage and deathless hope in the farewell letters to his intended bride and to the Calabrian believers. To his intended, he wrote:

"Greet all my fellow students at Geneva, and tell them to get the sickles ready and well sharpened, because the harvest is great and the laborers are few."

Of the last witness borne by the young pastor, on the Janiculum Mount, in the presence of the Pope and his cardinals, surrounded by the ancient monuments and grandeur of the Eternal City, Wylie says:

"He mounts the scaffold, and stands beside the stake. Every eye is now turned, not on the wearer of the tiara, but on the man who is clad in the sanbenito. 'Good people,' says the martyr, — and the whole assembly keep silence, — 'I am come here to die for confessing the doctrine of my divine Master and Saviour, Jesus Christ.' Then turning to Pius IV, he arraigned him as the enemy of Christ, the persecutor of His people, and the Antichrist of Scripture, and concluded by summoning him and all his cardinals to answer for their cruelties and murders before the throne of the Lamb." — *"The History of Protestantism," Vol. II, book 16, chap. 9, p. 475.*

The Pope and cardinals gnashed their teeth in rage, and the executioners were hastened on with the strangling and the burning. That day the papal persecutors seemed to triumph. How different the case will appear when the first and second resurrections gather the dead, small and great, to stand before the great white throne, the faithful within the city of light, the unbelieving awaiting eternal doom without!

LUTHER NAILING THE THESES TO THE CHURCH DOOR, WITTENBERG

Student Light-Bearers of the Reformation

JOHN TREBONIUS, the schoolmaster of Eisenach, was a wise old teacher. Whenever he came before his class of a morning, it is said he always took off his master's cap and saluted the boys on the rows of benches. He said to them:

"I do this to salute the coming man. I do not know what boy there may be here of whom God purposes to make a great advocate, a distinguished chancelor, a burgomaster, or a learned doctor; and I salute the coming man."

Little did he realize that one of those boys was to be used of God, not to fill some distinguished academic chair or civic office, but as the chief agent of the great Reformation of the sixteenth century, that cut short the long reign of the Papacy and still blesses mankind with the spreading light of the word of God set free.

Born in 1483, Luther was a boy of nine when Columbus discovered the New World. The age of reform was at hand, and God's providence was beginning to open all the world before the approaching era of increased knowledge.

Luther was only an ordinary student. He was thirtieth in a list of fifty-seven when he took his bachelor's degree in Erfurt, at nineteen. It was at Erfurt, however, where some of the old university buildings still stand, that young Luther found the Latin Bible that began the transformation of his life. A few years later, when offered a doctorate of theology, Luther felt he was too young for the post.

"But God needs young and vigorous doctors," said Staupitz, who had been his spiritual guide. So Luther took up the teaching of theology.

Already, a year or two before, he had made his visit to Rome; and there, climbing the holy stairs on his knees, trying to win by penance the release from the sense of sin, the text had flashed into his heart, "The just shall live by faith." He rose from his knees, and that day, in the Holy Spirit's power, the Reformation was born in the young man's soul. Luther said of this experience:

"When by the Spirit of God, I understood these words, — when I learnt how the justification of the sinner proceeds from God's mere mercy by the way of faith, — then I felt myself born again as a new man, and I entered by an opened door into the very Paradise of God. From that hour I saw the precious and Holy Scriptures with new eyes. I went through the whole Bible. I collected a multitude of passages which taught me what the work of God was. And as I had before heartily hated that expression, 'the righteousness of God,' I began from that time to value and to love it, as the sweetest and most consolatory truth. Truly this text of St. Paul was to me as the very gate of heaven." — *"History of the Reformation," D'Aubigné, book 2, p. 55, Porter and Coates Edition.*

As Luther began to teach and to open the Bible to the people, a new spirit stirred in the hearts of men, and everywhere in the beginnings of the work of reform we find young students at the fore. Tetzel, with his raw traffic in indulgences, came into Germany. Myconius, later one of the historians of the reform movement, was a lad of fourteen when the monk came to Annaberg, offering to the poor pardons without money and without price.

The young Myconius happened to be among the hearers. He felt a wish to take advantage of this offer.

"I am a poor sinner," he said, "and I need a free pardon."

"Those only can share in the merits of Christ," the dealers said, "who stretch forth a helping hand to the church — that is, give their money."

"What mean, then, these promises of free distribution posted up on the gates and walls of the churches?"

"Give at least a gros," said Tetzel's company.

"I cannot," young Myconius answered.

"Only six deniers," said they, interceding with Tetzel.

"I have not even so much."

"Listen," said the Dominicans, who feared they were being trapped, "we will give you six deniers."

"I will have none of the indulgences that are bought and sold," cried Myconius now; "if I desired to purchase them, I have only to sell one of my books. What I want is a free pardon — and for the love of God. You will have to account to God for having, for the sake of six deniers, missed the salvation of a soul."

"Ah! ah!" they said, "who sent you to tempt us?"

"No one," said the young student; "the desire of receiving the grace of God alone could induce me to appear before such great lords."

So Myconius left them. "I was grieved," he said, "at being thus sent away without pity. But I felt in myself a Comforter, who whispered that there is a God in heaven who forgives repentant souls without money and without price, for the sake of His Son, Jesus Christ. As I left these people the Holy Spirit touched my heart. I burst into tears, and with sighs and groans prayed to the Lord: 'O God, since these men have refused remission of sins because I had no money to pay, do Thou, Lord, take pity on me, and forgive them in mere mercy.'"

Never yet did such a prayer fall short of the throne of grace. As Myconius knelt down in his little room pleading for help, he found it. He says:

"I cannot here put down what I experienced. I asked of God to be my father, and to make me what He would have me. I felt my nature changed, converted, transformed. What had before delighted me was now distasteful. To live with God, and to please Him, became my most ardent — my single desire." — *Id., book 3, pp. 71, 72.*

But Tetzel pushed on with his money chest and his indulgences. His slogan was:

> "So soon as ever in the chest the money rings,
> The soul out of the fiery flame of purgatory springs."

At the noise of Tetzel's propaganda, Luther's soul was stirred, and he nailed up his theses on the door of the old Wittenberg church, proclaiming the way of salvation by faith. That act, performed on Oct. 31, 1517, was the launching of the great Reformation, little as Luther, then thirty-four years of age, realized what would grow out of it. As Vedder says:

"The hour for a reformation was at hand, and a leader was ready. Again the fulness of the times was come, and again God sent forth a man." — *"The Reformation in Germany," p. 20.*

But the man was not consciously starting a reformation. Great movements like that do not come of human planning. Some one — this time a youth verging on middle age — stands up for Christ, and out of a witness borne unflinchingly for truth, God brings forth great results by His own mighty power. Luther said of his feelings following the stand he had taken:

"No one can know what I suffered those first two years, and in what dejection, I might say in what despair, I was often plunged." — *D'Aubigné, book 3, p. 83.*

So, often, the reaction has come after a bold witness borne. It seems to be one way that God has of teaching His agents that they have no power in themselves. Elijah's experience after the victory on Carmel taught that ancient man of God the frailty of all human strength. D'Aubigné well observes that if only political or social ends had been involved, Luther's theses on the church door and his protest would have shed transient light, as had often been done, a stir would have been created, and then things would have passed along as before; "but now," he adds,

"God's time was come; the work was not to be arrested; the enfranchisement of the church must be accomplished. Luther was destined at least to prepare the way for that complete deliverance and that mighty increase which are promised to the kingdom of Christ. Accordingly he experienced the truth of that glorious promise: 'The youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fail: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles.' And the same divine power which, animating the heart of the doc-

tor of Wittenberg, had led him to the combat, soon restored his former courage." — *Id., p. 84.*

Philipp Melanchthon reached Wittenberg just in time to throw his youthful ardor into the battle for truth. He was the scholar of the Reformation. He had won the highest respect of the greatest scholar in Europe, — Erasmus, the sage of Rotterdam. Philipp had taken his bachelor's degree at fourteen. He came to Wittenberg in 1518, the year after the nailing up of the theses, and with heart and soul gave himself to the new cause. This was no mere intellectual battle. It was not learning against learning. Scholarship had little to do with it, save as God used it to open the long-closed word of life and set it before the people. Hungry hearts were fed the plain and simple fare. In 1519 Melanchthon wrote:

"I am wholly engaged on the Holy Scriptures, and I wish you would also devote yourself wholly to them. There is a wonderful charm in them; yea, a heavenly ambrosia nourishes the soul which is engaged on them." — *"Life of Melanchthon," Richards.*

Students had lived on the dry husks of philosophy and logic and all the rest that makes up a university course without God and His living word. Now the very waters of life were bubbling up, and thirsty souls were drinking. They found Christ and the forgiveness of sins. It was a new life, not merely a new school of teaching.

Erasmus, the mere scholar, was frightened. He begged correspondents not to drag him into it or to praise his writings that had helped to start the spirit of inquiry. Reuchlin, who had done so much to prepare the way by his Greek and Hebrew studies, was alarmed. Melanchthon was his nephew. Reuchlin finally besought the ardent nephew not to write to him. Mere scholarship without strength of character and the love of Christ was helpless when the hour struck for a revival of the knowledge of Christ's salvation. The wisdom of this world is but foolishness with God.

Now the young students from over Europe who had found the Saviour and experienced His pardoning grace and saving power in Wittenberg, hastened back to their homes with the good news.

Olaf Patersen, of Örebro, Sweden, came to Wittenberg at nineteen. He was doubtless in the throng about the old church when Luther was nailing up his challenge and declaration of faith. Back Patersen went to Sweden two years later, and with his brother Lawrence set Sweden aflame with the preaching of the simple gospel. King Gustavus Vasa I espoused the cause, and Sweden was won away from Rome.

John Tausen, a Danish youth, had been sent by the prior of his monastery to Germany for study. He heard of Wittenberg. Though warned that its "waters" were "poisoned," he went there. He, too, found Christ. A few years there, and back he went to Denmark with a message that transformed the kingdom. The efforts of the ecclesiastical authorities to silence the young man's witness were altogether vain. The flame spread over Denmark. Wylie says of the coming of the young preacher to Copenhagen:

"The gospel, so clearly and eloquently proclaimed by him, found acceptance with the inhabitants. The popish rites were forsaken — no one went to mass or to confession. The entrance of the truth into this city, says the historian, was signalized by 'a mighty outburst of singing.' The people, filled with joy at the mysteries made known to them, and the clear light that shone upon them after the long darkness, poured forth their gratitude in thundering voices in the psalms of David, the hymns of Luther, and in other sacred canticles." — *"The History of Protestantism," Vol. II, book 10, chap. 9.*

And this same writer makes a discriminating observation as to the power attending the work of these youthful witnesses, who, while students with good gifts, had nothing in mere scholarship to oppose to the learned ignorance of the schoolmen. Preaching the word did the work. Wylie adds regarding this:

"When we confine our attention to such brilliant centers as Wittenberg and Zürich, and to such illustrious names as those of Luther and Melanchthon, of Zwingle and Œcolampadius, we are apt to be told, these were the leaders of the movement, and we should naturally expect in them prodigious power and vast acquisitions; but the subordinates were not like these. Well, we turn to the obscure theater of Sweden, and the humble names of Olaf and

Lawrence Patersen — from the masters to the disciples — what do we find? Sciolists and tame imitators? No; scholars and theologians, men who have thoroughly mastered the whole system of gospel truth, and who win an easy victory over the sophists of the schools and the dignitaries of Rome.

"This shows us, moreover, the real instrumentality that overthrew the Papacy. Ordinary historians dwell much upon the vices of the clergy, the ambition of princes, and the ignorance and brutishness of the age. All these are true as facts, but they are not true as causes of the great moral revolution which they are often adduced to explain. . . .

"Left to themselves, these causes never would have produced such a change as the Reformation. They would but have hastened and perfected the destruction of the putrid and putrefying mass, they never could have evoked from it a new and renovated order of things.

"What was needed was a force able to restore conscience. The word of God alone could do this. Protestantism — in other words, evangelical Christianity — came down, and Ithuriel-like put forth its spear, touched the various forces at work in society, quickened them, and drawing them into a beneficent channel, converted what would most surely have been a process of destruction into a process of reformation." — *Id., chap. 4, pp. 22, 23.*

"With the heart man believeth unto righteousness," says the Scripture. The constant peril in the school life is the temptation to make study a matter of the head rather than of the heart. The students of Reformation times found use for all their intellectual powers; but that training of the mind was of service in the cause of Christ only as Christ himself was found as a personal Saviour, and His cause and work and the salvation of souls were made the chief thing on earth.

Calvin's experience illustrates the point. He was in Paris, a student, fascinated with the learning of the schools. Wylie tells how Calvin found that something was lacking in his range of study, and how he found the way into light as he turned to the Bible:

"One day, while the young scholar of the Montaigu was passing through these struggles, he chanced to visit the Place de Grève, where he found a great crowd of priests, soldiers, and citizens gathered round a stake at which a disciple of the new doc-

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trines was calmly yielding up his life. He stood till the fire had done its work, and a stake, an iron collar and chain, and a heap of ashes were the only memorials of the tragedy he had witnessed. What he had seen awakened a train of thoughts within him. 'These men,' said he to himself, 'have a peace which I do not possess. They endure the fire with a rare courage. I, too, could brave the fire, but were death to come to me, as it comes to them, with the sting of the church's anathema in it, could I face that as calmly as they do? Why is it that they are so courageous in the midst of terrors that are as real as they are dreadful, while I am oppressed and tremble before apprehensions and forebodings?

"'Yes, I will take my cousin Olivetan's advice, and search the Bible, if haply I may find that "new way" of which he speaks, and which these men who go so bravely through the fire seem to have found!' He opened the book which no one, says Rome, should open unless the church be by to interpret. He began to read, but the first effect was a sharper terror. His sins had never appeared so great nor himself so vile as now.

"He would have shut the book, but to what other quarter could he turn? On every side of him, abysses appeared to be opening. So he continued to read, and by and by he thought he could discern dimly and afar off what seemed a cross, and One hanging upon it, and His form was like the Son of God. He looked again, and the vision was clearer, for now he thought he could read the inscription over the head of the Sufferer. 'He was wounded for our iniquities, He was bruised for our transgressions: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.' A ray now shone through his darkness; he thought he could see a way of escape — a shelter where the black tempest that lowered over him would no longer beat upon his head; already the great burden that pressed upon him was less heavy, it seemed as if about to fall off, and now it rolled down as he kept gazing at the 'Crucified.' 'O Father,' he burst out, — it was no longer the Judge, the Avenger,— 'O Father, His sacrifice has appeased Thy wrath; His blood has washed away my impurities; His cross has borne my curse; His death has atoned for me!' In the midst of the great billows his feet had touched the bottom: he found the ground to be good: he was upon a rock." — *Id., book 13, chap. 7, p. 153.*

And thus listening to the voice of God in the living word and taking the gift of righteousness by faith, young Calvin became one of the valiant witnesses to the French-speaking peoples.

Scotland tried to shut out the Reformation doctrines. It was impossible. The tracts and books from the Continent got across the North Sea in cargo boats and fishing smacks. A law of 1525 forbade such bringing in of Lutheran heresy, saying that Scotland had always "bene clene of all sic filth and vice." As well might the law have forbidden the North Sea tides to wash upon the Scottish coasts.

But who was to be the agent to first lift up the torch of Reformation truth and to summon all Scotland to walk in the light? Again it was a youth to whom it was given to lead the way. In olden time the Scottish clans were summoned to war by the "fiery cross." A spear shining with gilded point, crossed by a short javelin and covered with red wax, was raised aloft amid flaming torches, and then in the hands of a fleet runner sent on and on through lowland and highland. As one runner sank exhausted, whoever of strength was nearest would catch up the "fiery cross" and speed on with the signal call to conflict.

So now, a summons was to be sent to the Scottish people, calling them to the Reformation conflict for truth and light. Young Patrick Hamilton was to be the first messenger. He was but twenty-three at his death. Of princely lineage, grandson of a king, noble in character, a student, he had been to Wittenberg. He came back with the reform truth in his heart.

His method was wonderfully simple. He adopted the form of Bible readings in his teaching, very much as our Bible workers give cottage readings today. Here, for instance, is a sample of Hamilton's studies, as preserved by Foxe:

"THE DOCTRINE OF THE GOSPEL

"Christ is the Saviour of the world. John 4.
"Christ died for us. Romans 5.
"Christ died for our sins. Romans 4.
"Christ came into this world to save sinners. 1 Timothy 1.
"Christ hath paid our debt, for He died for us. Colossians 2.
"Christ is our righteousness. 1 Corinthians 1.
"Christ is our redemption. Ephesians 2.

" Christ is our peace. Romans 5.

" The Father of heaven hath forgiven us our sins, for Christ's sake."

Again, another example:

"WORKS MAKE US NEITHER GOOD NOR EVIL

" It is proved that works neither make us righteous nor unrighteous: therefore no works make us either good or evil.

" Good works make not a good man, nor evil works an evil man: but a good man bringeth forth good works, and an evil man, evil works.

" Good fruit maketh not the tree good, nor evil fruit the tree evil: but a good tree beareth good fruit, and an evil tree evil fruit."

So, with topic after topic, young Patrick made the Bible teaching plain, that Christ alone can make the heart right and by His power create the new life that bears the fruit. " Very simple," you say. Yes; but in this simple teaching by the word is the whole gospel. Believing just that simple lesson now, means salvation and joy in the knowledge that Jesus has forgiven all our sins and that we are His children. And that was the Reformation. It was not anything else. It came by giving the people the Bible. And as men and women and youth laid hold of this blessed truth that no works of their own of any kind could help to save from sin and condemnation, but only faith in Christ, who alone has power to help and save, ecclesiasticism and superstition began to totter.

Hamilton was hastened to the stake; but his triumphant witness there, and the teachings that he left behind, began the work that summoned all Scotland to the conflict. Others caught up the " fiery cross," the word of light, and no power of evil could stop the spreading movement.

When a second witness was soon condemned to the stake, a friend of the archbishop was so bold as to warn him: " My lord, if ye will burn any man, let him be burned in cellars, for the reek [smoke] of Patrick Hamilton has infected as many as it did blow upon."

"Oh! young Hamilton, from beyond the sea
He hath strange new doctrines brought,
And our father the Pope says such heretics
Are easier burned than taught!

"No crucifix in his hand he waves,
Nor relic nor chaplet wears;
And he spends no worship on dead men's bones,
No faith upon dead men's prayers!

"And ever he reads in the Book of God,
As his very breath it were;
And, oh! if his doctrine be heresy,
'Tis strange he should find it there!

"And ever some burdened souls and poor
Avouch that his words are sooth!
And, oh! if his doctrine be heresy,
Dear Lord! that it were but truth!

"And young Hamilton stands in his light of youth,
With his calm and holy brow;
And it seems as the Father's name of love
Were beaming from it now!

"They have hasted down by the college wall,
With fagots they pile the sod;
But there are sore hearts for the blood of kings,
Sore hearts for the truth of God!

"And many are gazing in silent awe,
With thoughts that they may not speak;
As men who waken to feel a chain
Erewhile they must die or break!

"The dry wood crackled, the flame rose high,
One groan from the breathless crowd;
But a voice came back from the mantling fire,
As a trumpet clear and loud:

"'How long, O my God! shall this darkness brood?
How long wilt Thou stay Thine hand?
Now gather my soul to its rest with Thee,
And shine on my native land!'

"And one who dared mutter a biting gibe
In the primate's ear, quoth he,
'When ye next shall burn, my good lord, I pray,
In a deep vault let it be!

"'For it seemeth as if the clouds of heaven
Dropped heresy with their dew;
And the smoke of young Patrick Hamilton
Hath infected where'er it blew!'"

— *Mrs. Stuart Menteith.*

As Pinkerton wrote, it was marvelous how the flames that consumed this youthful witness were "in the course of one generation to enlighten all Scotland, and to consume with avenging fury the Catholic superstition, the papal power, and the prelacy itself."

Not because of skill or brilliancy of learning or any human gift were these youthful students of the Reformation times strong to accomplish the great results that came from their labors. All that was gain to them, of natural or acquired gifts, they counted loss for Christ, and many a youth who was not a student in the school sense, had part in the work.

The mighty work arose out of simple faith in the Bible as the word of the living God. These students knew that all the wisdom of the schools was helpless to achieve the salvation of one soul. Captivated by the love of God for sinners revealed in Christ Jesus, they devoted their all to His service in proclaiming the message of pardon and free salvation which they had found in the word of God; and so God used the witness of these student youth for the launching of the great Reformation and the everlasting glory of His name.

"Give of your best to the Master,
Give of the strength of your youth,
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ardor
Into the battle for truth.
Jesus has set the example,
Dauntless was He, young and brave;
Give Him your loyal devotion,
Give Him the best that you have."

After painting by Wilhelm Geets

JOANNA VAN DEN HOVE LED AWAY TO BE BURIED ALIVE

How Young Baptists Stood the Test

"In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." Rom. 8: 37.

IT must be acknowledged that some even of our most valued historians of the Reformation make the most of the excesses and fanaticism of the so-called Anabaptists of the peasants' rebellion, and minimize the important testimony which the large body of sober, godly Baptists bore in all those times. They were the first of all the reformed churches to preach genuine religious liberty. They alone taught it, in fact. And they were burned by Catholics and drowned and imprisoned by the reformed churches for teaching exactly what Baptists teach today.

Young Baptists bore their share in it all. In Van Braght's "Martyrology of the Baptist Churches," a Dutch work, is the following story of a lad of Swabia, a German province, in the year 1529:

"A servant boy, only fourteen years old, had been there apprehended; this youth was cast into the tower, where he lay for nearly a year, in severe confinement. He suffered many hardships, but always remained unmoved, however frequently they came to him to urge him to renounce his faith. With him were six other brethren. . . .

"A ring was made, as is usual at executions by the sword. As the young servant boy was standing in the ring waiting to be beheaded, a count came riding up to him on horseback, and spoke to him, and said, 'My dear child, if you will give up these errors, I will maintain you and have you always with me.'

"To which the youth replied: 'Were I to love my life and forsake my God, in order to escape this cross, it would serve me little. Your treasure can profit neither of us. I look for better things in heaven.'"

Upon this a great tumult was beginning among the people, and the executioner hastened to end the confession of the faithful lad. He might have been as careless of God and his soul's salvation as many another boy of fourteen; but somehow the grace of Christ had so won his heart that with all the power of the world against him, he was true to his Saviour and to the teaching of some godly Swabian father and mother.

A little girl named Elizabeth, in Holland, was placed in a convent school. At the age of twelve she was much impressed by hearing of the burning of a man who rejected indulgences. A few years later she found a Latin New Testament, which brought to her the conviction of the gospel truth. She escaped from the convent disguised in the clothing of a milkwoman, with whom she exchanged, and found a home with a young Baptist woman named Hadewyck.

They were active helpers of Menno Simons, the great leader of the Dutch Baptists. At last they were both arrested at Leeuwarden. Hadewyck had a truly providential deliverance from prison, almost as remarkable as Peter's from prison at Jerusalem, and she lived to a good age; but Elizabeth was called to witness by the martyr's death.

"What do you hold concerning infant baptism," they asked, "that you should be baptized again?"

"No, gentlemen," Elizabeth answered, "I have not been baptized again; I was baptized once on my confession of faith, for it is written that baptism belongs to believers."

"Are our children then lost because they have been baptized?"

"No, gentlemen, far be it from me that I should condemn the children."

The council demanded of her a confession of her relations with the reformed teachers and of the whereabouts of associates. On the rack, with the screws biting into her thumbs and forefingers, she cried out with pain, "Oh! I cannot bear it!"

"Confess," said the council, "and we will ease your pain."

"Help, O my God, Thy poor handmaid," cried Elizabeth, "for Thou art a helper in time of need."

They told her they asked her not to call on God, but to confess; while in her distress, she could only call for divine help to bear the torture. The Lord did help; for as she called, He relieved her pain.

"Ask me, and I will answer you," she told them, "for I feel no longer any pain in my body."

They said: "Will you not yet confess?"

"No, gentlemen."

On March 27, 1549, she was drowned by being tied in a sack and cast into the water of the great canal of Leeuwarden.

We cannot read in this world the providence that allowed one believer to bear triumphant witness to the death and that delivered and spared another to live the witness during a long life. In either case, whether in life or in death, the Lord turned the faithful witness to the advancement of His cause and the salvation of souls.

Hadewyck, Elizabeth's companion, had, as we have said, a wonderful deliverance.

She was imprisoned in the old Leeuwarden Castle. A new prison stands there now, but the old moat around the wall is still to be seen, with the place of the drawbridge. Within the ancient keep that stood here, Hadewyck waited her turn, knowing that Elizabeth had been put to death. Van Braght says:

"As she was praying, a voice came to her and called, 'Hadewyck!' Looking up and around, she perceived no one, and proceeded with her ardent prayer. She heard the voice a second time, and still seeing no one, persevered in her supplications, until the same voice a third time said to her, 'Hadewyck, I tell you to depart!' Seeing the door open, she put on her cloak and went out of the prison."

Not knowing what to do to hide from expected pursuit, Hadewyck mingled with a crowd going into the parish church. There presently she heard people talking of the escape of the heretic from prison, so mysteriously that witchcraft was suspected. Leaving the church, she heard the town drummer giving notice in the street of the large reward offered for her apprehension. She managed to find refuge in a garret, and got word to friends, who came by boat and carried her out to safety, to live to a good old age.

Sometimes in those days, it was the fathers and mothers, with breaking hearts, who encouraged a son or a daughter to be faithful; and again it was a youth strengthening a parent's faith. Young Baldwin Oguier (a Lutheran), of Lisle, arrested with his father, repeated to the council a prayer used in their meetings, with such earnest simplicity as to draw tears from the judge's eyes. At the stake he sang the sixteenth psalm, and cried to his father, "Be of good cheer, my father, it will soon be over."

Later his mother and his younger brother Martin were seized. The mother recanted, and the monks sent her to persuade Martin to abjure his faith. Weeping, he cried, "O mother, what have you done?" Won again by her boy's constancy, she confessed her Saviour, and both went to the stake and flame.

It was not will-power or physical courage that carried men and women and youth through the trying hour. It was the love and sustaining grace of Jesus in hearts that knew the forgiveness of sins. Without this, many a strong man weakened and avoided a confession of the truth when it involved reproach and danger. With it, the slender maid or the merest youth was made strong to confess the truth of God's word.

Last of the martyr confessors in the Netherlands, it is said, was a young Baptist girl, Joanna Van den Hove. She was servant maid to two sisters who lived near Brussels. All were arrested; and the two sisters recanted, "acknowledging ignorance." Joanna declared that "she, being a woman of mean state and condition, could not be suspected of sedition." If she had not true sentiments of religion, she argued, it was her misfortune. And if any one by fear was led to "lie against conscience, such great wickedness was not to be punished by men, but by God."

To strike terror to others, she was condemned to be buried alive. A picture in the Birmingham (England) art gallery represents her being led out to the fearsome death, her sad, resolute face telling of a spirit undismayed, while the cowardly, priest-led multitude follow on.

In the grave they laid her down, and poured the earth, first on feet, then on body, up to the neck. At each stage in the cruelly

slow process, the Jesuits asked her if she had considered and would ask for mercy.

"They that seek to save their life here," she answered, "shall lose it hereafter," and continued praying to God for His sustaining grace. Then the executioner covered her face with earth, and packed it down by treading on it.

The persecutors overreached themselves, and the witness borne by this maiden confessor helped to put an end to public martyrdoms in the Netherlands. "The constancy of this poor woman," says Brant, "was published everywhere with praise and compassion." — *"History of the Reformation in the Low Countries."*

It is well to remember at what cost liberty to read God's word and confess His name was purchased in the days of old. And youth and children helped to pay the price.

"Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their captain, in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness their true guiding light.
Alleluia!"

WHEN THE BIBLE WAS READ IN SECRET

When It Was Unsafe to Read the English Bible

"Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart." Jer. 15: 16.

THE young people named in this chapter had no more need to suffer themselves to be troubled about religion than had thousands of others of their time, save that they loved the truth of God, which did not allow them to deny their religion at the command of men. The Protestant religion had for a time been established in England as the religion of the state. Then the multitudes were, perforce, Protestant. Now came the Catholic Queen Mary, and the multitude attended mass again.

It was perilous not to do so. Bishop Bonner, of London, and others like him, had everywhere agents spying upon those who did not conform to the religion established by law. This bishop's name stands for heartless cruelty. He it was who took Thomas Tomkins, the godly weaver, by the hand, and held the hand over a candle of three or four wicks, till the sinews burst, just to show him how the fire at Smithfield would hurt if he persisted in denying the mass. The old weaver said afterward that "his spirit was so rapt that he felt no pain," and without a fear he went to the stake in Smithfield market square.

Not a few young people followed the older confessors in those troubled times. Young John Leaf, a candle maker's apprentice, nineteen years old, answered before Bonner in London, and died at the same stake in Smithfield with John Bradford, the Oxford scholar. Rose Allin, a girl of twenty, was brought before a

magistrate in Colchester. He took a candle, no doubt in imitation of the London bishop, and burned her hand on the back till the sinews cracked, all the time saying, "Wilt thou not cry? wilt thou not cry?" She told him she thanked God that he himself had more cause than she to cry.

Among the five men and five women of Colchester who were condemned together at that time, was another girl of twenty, Elizabeth Folkes, who at the stake said: "Farewell, all the world! farewell, faith! farewell, hope!" and taking the stake in her hands, said, "Welcome, love!"

Along with the report of young people who were made strong to endure, it is good to note also deliverances that youth experienced. Such a story of these times is told of a young woman named Bascome.

At Richmond, near London, she attended church at her mother's request, but was noticed not to turn to the east and bow with the congregation at the proper place in the ritualistic service.

Suspected heretics were being burned all about. She was marked by the church warden and constable as a probable heretic, and was cited with her mother to appear next day before them at Kingston, across the river Thames. Foxe tells how the Lord delivered her from them:

"The next day, according as they were assigned, they came to Kingston to appear before the aforesaid officers, who at the time (as it chanced) were going over the ferry, and meeting them by the way, saluted them by their names; but at that time had no further power to speak unto them. Afterward, as they [the officers] were in the boat going over, they knocked their hands, stamped, and stared, lamenting that they had let them so pass their hands."

The ferryman told the story afterward. The officers had intended to bring that young woman to trial, and here they had met her as she came in response to their orders, and now they had let her pass, unable to carry out their purpose of apprehending her. The young woman, taking advantage of their helplessness, went on to London with its crowds; and so, says Foxe, "escaped their

cruelty through the secret working (no doubt) of the Lord, who in all His works, and evermore, be praised. Amen."

But people in general were the same then as in every age. They were working for a living, busy with buying and selling, toiling and pleasuring. The most convenient way to get on was to do in religion as others did. Why should the Lord require any one to do things that are inconvenient? London, crowded within its ancient gates, was even then a bustling, noisy city. Working for a silk weaver in Coleman Street, was William Hunter, one of the army of apprentice lads who scolded the clerk of Bow-bells church if he rang the bells too early in the morning or too late at night. Once they nailed up a notice on the door of the Bow-bells church on Cheapside, with the warning:

"Clerk of the Bow-bells,
With thy yellow locks,
For thy late ringing
Thy head shall have knocks."

As mischievous and rollicking as the other apprentices, apparently, was our youth of Coleman Street. According to the ballad story of Canon Langbridge,

"He would hoax and coax the passing folks
His master's silks to buy;
In many a rub his club would drub
To the roaring rescue cry.
He dreamed his dreams in the garret beams;
He lounged and larked in the lane;
And often his hap was a taste of the strap,
Or the singing, swinging cane,
To heighten growth and brighten sloth,
And keep him hearty and fain.
His name I tell, — now mark it well,
Ay, heedfully write it down:
Hunter,
William Hunter,
Apprentice of London Town:
There is never a nobler name than that;
Treasure it proudly; lift your hat
To Hunter of London Town."

At nineteen William began to read an old brass-clamped Bible that he had brought from home.

"The price of the book was shillings four:
Ere all was over, the price was more
To Hunter of London Town."

As Hunter read, he determined that he could no longer go to mass; but closer and closer came the pressure now for every one to go to church. When the young man told his master that he was done with masses, the master ordered him home. Said he:

"Ye may singe your wings, if ye so incline,
I'll take good heed that ye singe not mine."

So back to his home at Brentwood, just outside London, came Hunter. In the parish church at Brentwood he one day found a Bible chained to the reading post, and stood reading it. Some one saw him, and called the vicar from a near-by alehouse.

"Sirrah," the priest said, "who gave thee leave to read in the Bible?"

"I will read the Scriptures (God willing) while I live," the youth replied.

"'Ah,' sneered the priest, 'a godly youth,
And a learned, I'll be bound,
Ready and fit all Holy Writ
Most weightily to expound.'
'Nay, sir, not I,' he made reply;
'I read for the peace I have found.'
'Boy,' said the priest, 'ye may burn for this;
Do ye covet a red renown?' . . .
'Nay, sir, no traffic have I with fame;
But I'll read my Bible all the same,'
Said Hunter of London Town."

Hunter fled after that into the country, and the authorities sent his father to find him. The father tried not to find him, but one day accidentally met him in a country lane. The father begged his boy to flee away, and said he would report he could not find him. But Hunter said, "Father, I will go home with you, and save you harmless, whatsoever cometh of it."

At last he was brought before the terrible Bonner, bishop of London, who threatened and ridiculed and cajoled him.

"You will be burned ere you be twenty years old," the bishop said, "if you will not yield yourself better than you have done yet."

"God strengthen me in His truth," answered Hunter.

"'Water and bread,' the bishop said,
'Will bring proud stomachs down,
Hunter,
William Hunter,
Apprentice of London Town.
I wot your sickness is heavy and sore,
Yet my prison hath cured worse case before,
Young Hunter of London Town.'

"Nine months and a day in gaol he lay,
Eaten of rot and cold;
Yet he stood again at the bishop's bar;
And his look was firm and bold.
Said Bonner, 'Enough! I like thy stuff;
Good steel is in thy blade;
Boy, I will give thee forty pound
To set thee up in thy trade;
Recant to me in secrecy,
And all the dust shall be laid.'
'I cannot deny God's verity,
Nor shuffle my burden down,'
Said Hunter,
William Hunter,
Apprentice of London Town.

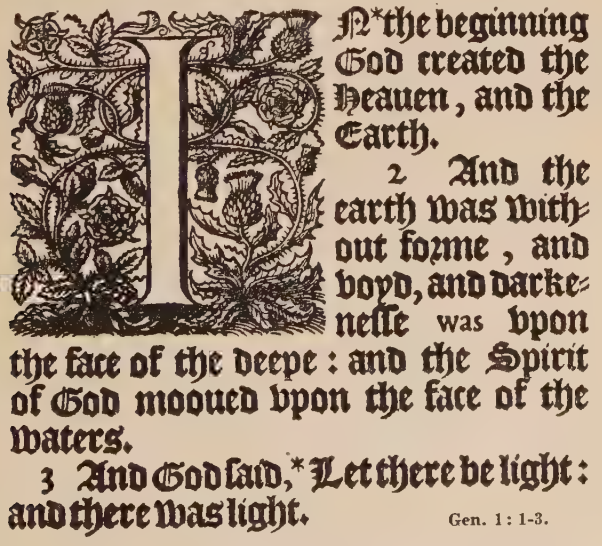
"They carted him down to Brentwood Cross;
They led him on to the pale;
Meeting him there his parents were,
With looks that did not quail.
'God bless and keep thee, William, my son!'
Up spake his father loud;
Beside her boy with a solemn joy
His mother walked in the crowd;
'That I bare and bred such a son,' she said,
'I am full happy and proud.'
''Tis only a little pain,' quoth he,
'And that good hope will drown'—
Hunter,
William Hunter,
Apprentice of London Town.
He lifted his skirt with a firm content,
And steadily on to the stake he went—
Young Hunter of London Town."

WILLIAM HUNTER AT THE STAKE

At the stake young Hunter knelt and read the fifty-first psalm. He said, "Pray for me while you see me alive, good people, and I will pray for you." To his mother he said, "For my little pain which I shall suffer, Christ hath promised me, mother, a crown of joy. May you not be glad of that, mother?" And the mother, kneeling, said, "I pray God strengthen thee, my son, to the end."

The agents of the church abused him with their tongues as they prepared the fagots. William, looking up, prayed: "Son of God, shine upon me." "And immediately," says Foxe, "the sun in the element shone out of a dark cloud so full in his face that he was constrained to look another way; whereat the people mused, because it was so dark a little time afore."

As the fire was lighted, this youthful witness called out, "I am not afraid," and with the prayer, "Lord, Lord, Lord, receive my spirit," he bowed his head into the smoke and flame and died — a working lad — for the Saviour who died for him.


IN the beginning God created the heauen, and the earth.

2 And the earth was without forme, and voyd, and darkenesse was vpon the face of the deepe: and the Spirit of God moued vpon the face of the waters.

3 And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. Gen. 1: 1-3.

Facsimile from the First Edition of the Authorized Version of the English Bible, Printed at London, 1611, Now in the British Museum.

MODERN VIEW OF CALVIN'S OLD SCHOOL FOR MISSIONARIES, IN GENEVA

Pioneer Witnesses of the Book Work

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!" Isa. 52:7.

ONCE the work of reform was started, a host of young students from the educational centers went out scattering the printed page. The names of most of them are written only in the book of life. Perhaps it was in France, which had not let in the Reformation as Germany did, that these pioneer colporteurs carried on their work amid the greatest peril.

The old building in Geneva, Switzerland, where Calvin conducted a training school for French-speaking youth, is still standing, and is still used as a school. It was no light thing in those times to take a book pack and cross the French border into towns where the Catholic crowds were singing their answer to the Protestants,

> "To the stake! to the stake! the fire is their home;
> As God hath commanded, let justice be done."

Young men went out by scores into the field, nevertheless. In those days young Peter Chapot came to the Geneva school from Southern France. The year 1546 found him back again in France, selling Bibles and tracts all the long way to Paris. There he was arrested, and at his request brought before three of the leading theological professors of the college of the Sorbonne, to be convinced of his error. He surprised these men by the manner in which he refuted the Catholic positions from the word of God. They became angry at being so humiliated by a youth, and ended

the interview with violent denunciation. Turning to his judges, Chapot said:

"You have yourselves heard, my lords, that these people, who are the support, according to your opinion, of the whole system of religion, can bring forth no other grounds than threatenings and scoldings. Therefore, you will readily acknowledge the justice of my cause."

No little difference arose in the parliamentary council as to what to do with a man who had only sold Bibles and Scripture tracts, and who was able to defend himself so dexterously with the Holy Scriptures. He was condemned at last, and led to the Place Maubert for execution. One of the professors whom he had discomfited promised he should be strangled before the flames reached him if he would but say one "Ave Maria." But young Chapot's last words were, "Forgive me, my Lord, my sins: Thou alone canst forgive me!"

After this the Protestant colporteurs became even more active in France, where public preaching could scarcely be undertaken. At twenty-two, Jean Jorey had gone to Geneva to study, and then returned, with a still more youthful helper, to the province of Languedoc, where hundreds of years before the Albigenses had so troubled the church. The two bookmen were brought to trial in Toulouse, and condemned to the stake. First the lad was fastened to the post, with the gaping crowd about. Jorey was detained on the way, by a group of disputatious monks. The young lad, left alone, was weeping. Life was sweet to boys in those days, as well as now. Jorey tore himself away from the crowd, the record says, and ran to console his companion.

"Why weepest thou, my dear brother?" he said. "Dost thou not know that we come nearer to our merciful Father the more we suffer?"

"I wept," said the boy, "because you were not near me."

Then Jorey was bound to the stake, and they sang one of those psalms that so often cheered the martyrs in their pains. With the older disciple repeatedly encouraging the younger, the flames took their lives.

The death of the five students from Lausanne, Switzerland, left a deep impression in France. They were book evangelists, seeking to win souls. There was safety on the Swiss side of the border; but the need was on the side of their native France. In Lyons they were arrested and held long in prison. Calvin wrote them from Geneva: "Your chains have become illustrious." On May 16, 1553, they were taken to the place of execution; there they mounted the funeral pile, to be bound to the stake, the youngest first, the eldest last. Dr. Hurst, in his "Martyrs to the Tract Cause," thus describes the closing scene:

"When Martial Alba's turn came, he kneeled some time upon the fagots in prayer. When seized by the executioner, he said to Lieutenant Tignac, 'Grant me one more favor.'

"'What is it?' asked Tignac.

"'Let me, O! let me kiss my brethren once more before I die,' was his earnest reply.

"'Well, do so,' said Tignac, with emotion.

"Then Martial Alba fell upon the neck of each of his friends, kissed them, and said to them, 'Adieu, my brethren!' The four embraced him, and exclaimed, 'Adieu, my brother! adieu, my brother!'

"Finally Alba put his arms around the neck of the executioner, and said, 'My friend, do not forget the words which I have said to you!' He was then bound to the stake, and the fagots were kindled about him.

"A hangman had received orders to make sure of their death, so he put a rope around the neck of each of the condemned young men, having attached it to a machine which would serve as a gallows. But the fire severed the rope before the machine could be put in motion. The flames streamed up in the air. The gazing crowd looked on. But many in that immense throng never forgot the last words which one of the five students of Lausanne said to his companions in death as in life, 'Take courage, brothers! take courage!'"

And from the band of youthful bookmen who laid down their lives in the pioneer days of the Reformation, comes the word to the youth in the closing message of reform, "Take courage, brothers! take courage!"

TIMED BY PROVIDENCE

No one can fail to see the hand of Providence in the coming of the printer's art just before the days of the Reformation, to put the books in the hands of the colporteurs. The new invention was on hand when needed to give wings to Reformation truth. In the quaint language of his time, John Foxe tells how blessedly this gift of the printing press was timed:

"To what end and purpose the Lord hath given this gift of printing to the earth, and to what great utility and necessity it serveth, it is not hard to judge, whoso wisely perpendeth both the time of the sending, and the sequel which thereof ensueth.

"And first, touching the time of this faculty given to the use of man, this is to be marked, that when the bishop of Rome, with all the whole and full consent of the cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, lawyers, doctors, provosts, deans, archdeacons, assembled together in the council of Constance, had condemned poor John Huss and Jerome of Prague to death for heresy, notwithstanding they were no heretics; and after they had subdued the Bohemians and all the whole world under the supreme authority of the Romish see, and had made all Christian people obedientiaries and vassals unto the same, having (as one would say) all the world at their will, so that the matter now was past, not only the power of all men, but the hope also of any man to be recovered: in this very time[1] so dangerous and desperate, where man's power could do no more, there the blessed wisdom and omnipotent power of the Lord began to work for His church, not with sword and target to subdue His exalted adversary, but with printing, writing, and reading: to convince darkness by light, error by truth, ignorance by learning. . . .

"By this printing, as by the gift of tongues, and as by the singular organ of the Holy Ghost, the doctrine of the gospel soundeth to all nations and countries under heaven; and what God revealeth to one man, is dispersed to many, and what is known in one nation, is opened to all. . . .

"First, when Erasmus wrote, and Frobenius printed, what a blow thereby was given to all friars and monks in the world! And who seeth not that the pen of Luther, following after Erasmus, and set forward by writing [printing], hath set the triple

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[1] Huss and Jerome were burned at the stake in the years 1415 and 1416, respectively, and the first book was printed in 1450.

crown so awry on the Pope's head that it is like never to be set straight again?"

STORY OF THE FIRST PRINTED BIBLES

Gutenberg, a young man, was set to studying on the problem of movable types for printing by the attempts of a master for whom he worked in Holland, Laurence Coster by name, who made wooden type. Back to his home in Germany Gutenberg came, and there invented metal types for printing. Faust, a man with means, joined him. Together, and secretly, they set up shop in Strassburg, the young inventor and his older partner, with the son-in-law of Faust as type founder. After eight years of toil they printed the first Bibles, in Latin. In the little book, "The Printing Press and the Gospel," by E. R. Palmer, a story of the marketing of these first printed Bibles is told as follows:

When the first Bibles were printed, these enterprising pioneers in the art were confronted with another difficulty. How were the books to be sold? There were no colporteurs upon whom they could rely. During the many years of experiment and labor, much money had been invested in this work. They must get their money back. The books might be sold at a high price if the method of printing could be kept secret.

Faust, who alone had invested in the undertaking, resolved to sell the Bibles himself. He could not trust the work to others. A quantity of these wonderful, newly printed books was sent to far-away Paris, and there he began his work.

With the keen instinct of the modern colporteur, he decided to head his list, if possible, with influential names.

He called first on Charles VII, king of France. Having secured an audience, he showed his beautiful Bible to the king in his royal palace. It was printed on vellum, and contained six hundred and seven leaves. The king was delighted, and believing that he was purchasing the most magnificent copy of the Scriptures in existence, he paid eight hundred and twenty-five dollars for it. . . .

Pleased, doubtless, with the success of his visit, and that he had the name of the king at the head of his list, Faust next called at the palace of the archbishop, and introduced his Bible. The archbishop subscribed at the same price paid by the king, and Faust went on his way looking for other customers.

THE GUTENBERG STATUE, STRASSBURG

A most interesting incident now took place, which gave a new turn to Faust's Bible-selling experience. This is related by Charles Coffin [1] in "The Story of Liberty," pages 75-77:

"The archbishop calls upon the king.

"'I have something to show you — the most magnificent book in the world,' says the king.

"'Indeed!' The archbishop is thinking of his own book.

"'Yes; a copy of the Bible. It is a marvel. The letters are so even that you cannot discover a shade of difference.'

"'I have a splendid copy, and if yours is any more perfect than mine, I should like to see it.'

"'Here is mine. Just look at it,' and the king shows his copy.

"The archbishop turns the leaves. 'This is remarkable. I don't see but that it is exactly like mine.' The pages are the same, the letters are the same. Can one man have written both? Impossible! yet they are alike. There is not a particle of difference between them. 'How long have you had this?' the archbishop asks.

"'I bought it the other day of a man who came to the palace.'

"'Singular! I bought mine of a man who came to my palace.'

"Neither the king nor the archbishop knows what to think of it. They place the two Bibles side by side, and find them precisely alike. There are the same number of pages; each page begins with the same word; there is not a shade of variation. Wonderful! But the archbishop, in a few days, is still more perplexed. He discovers that some of the rich citizens of Paris have copies of Bibles exactly like the king's and his own. More: he discovers that copies are for sale here and there.

"'Where did you get them?'

"'We bought them of a man who came along.'

"'Who was he?'

"'We don't know.'

"'This is the work of the devil.'

"The archbishop can arrive at no other conclusion. The Bible is a dangerous book. None but the priests should be permitted to read it. But here is the evil one selling it everywhere; or, if not himself in person, some man has sold himself to Satan for that purpose. He soon discovers that it is Dr. John Faust, of Strassburg.

"'You have sold yourself to the evil one, and must be burned to death.'

[1] Coffin follows the meager record of history, but in story form he has given the dialogue with king and archbishop after his own fancy of the scene.

"Till this moment the great invention has been a secret; but Dr. Faust must divulge it or be burned. He shows the archbishop how the Bibles are printed; and John Gutenberg has printed so many of them that the price has been reduced one half. The archbishop, the king, and everybody else is astonished. So Faust saves his life, but the idea of selling himself to the devil has gone into story and song." . . .

This simple story of the invention of movable type by Laurence Coster, the printing of the first Bible by Gutenberg, and the sale of the first printed book by John Faust, covers the first important steps in the development of modern printing, and in the world-wide distribution of literature. Well may the citizens of Strassburg point with pride to the little island which is believed to be the site of the Gutenberg shop, and say, "That is the spot from which the light shone forth upon all the world."

THE MODERN COLPORTEUR ARMY

In the spirit of that youthful bookman of France who cried at the stake, "Take courage, brothers! take courage!" an army of Christian colporteurs are carrying the printed pages of truth through all lands today.

The colporteurs of the Bible societies — many of them youth, though many grown veteran in service — are carrying the Scriptures to the peoples and nations in more than five hundred tongues. Millions of Bibles and Scripture portions are spread every year among people in highways and byways, in Christendom, in pagandom, and in the Moslem lands, least worked of all. Somehow Mohammedans must get the message of the Book that even they are taught to respect. A young Persian worker was attacked one night by Moslem robbers. The *Bible Society Record* tells the story of the witness borne in the robber stronghold:

"When these men found that the captive taken in the dark was poor, they were inclined to kill him. One of the robbers bawled out, 'He is a Gueber; let's kill him anyhow.' In a moment fifty men had drawn their swords to purge the earth of such a wretch.

"The frightened Christian had no weapons. But he had a Bible which he had been taught to regard as a sword for spiritual warfare. Drawing his Bible from his bosom, he cried out:

"'Men, you make a great mistake! Do you not see that I am a man of the Book? This is the Book that your prophet repeatedly declared to be true.'

"The flash of the light on the gilt edges of the Bible caught the gaze of the men; light seemed to blaze from the book. The swords dropped, and several of the robbers came closer to examine the volume curiously, without daring to touch it. At last they dragged the preacher to their village, that the mullah might tell them whether to spare the man for the sake of the Book.

"'It is indeed the Book,' said the mullah, after making sure that it contained the law, the psalms, and the New Testament, as the Koran says it does; 'it is the Book; and whoever unjustly kills one of the people of the Book, him will God smite.'

"So it came to pass that the poor preacher, so nearly murdered in the robbers' pass, finished his evening an honored guest in the village, reading to his wild hosts psalm after psalm by the flickering light of the oil wick. And as each of the beautiful psalms came to an end, the robbers, with one accord, said, 'Amen!'"

And colporteurs with religious books that open and explain the Bible, calling attention to the special message of God's Holy Word for our day and generation, are also abroad in all parts of the earth. Inside the arctic circle they sell thousands of volumes. One young man, descending the Lapland mountains, kneels down at the edge of a dangerous declivity to pray God to send an angel with him to keep him safely as he sets his feet on the perilous steep in order to carry the printed page to cottagers in the valley. He makes his way safely down, and at the first cottage the people want to know where his companion is; for they had clearly seen two men coming side by side down the place of danger.

Young men have carried the books over Patagonian plains and into Tierra del Fuego, the last inhabited land toward the antarctic circle. They entered Russia in the old days, pockets and coat linings stuffed with tracts, printed on tissue paper, so as to get as many of the precious pages as possible past the unholy censorship of the old régime. They placed the books in the palaces of kings and princes in the Old World, and took the signatures of presidents on their order books in New World republics. The Chinese men of the speaking page have gone in and out of the lines of con-

testing revolutionary armies, dared the robbers of the White Wolf's bands in Honan, and carried the volumes to the far West, by the borders of Burma and Tibet.

When the chief magistrate of a Peruvian town armed his police and ordered them to keep the colporteur away, our man of the books passed the guards, sold the magistrate's lady a book, and won the chief's friendship and approval for his work.

Tears of joy have been shed by people listening to the story of Christ and His love and of His soon return, as told by the colporteur in describing his volume. A Korean colporteur sells a book to a man partially drunk, with the result that the purchaser, when sober, reads the book, and a revival starts in the region round about.

From door to door in the homelands they have gone with the books and papers, leaving many a householder to feel that not a mere salesman but a man of God had called with a message from heaven.

"I am doing this because I love Jesus," said a timid girl rebuffed by a busy woman of wealth who had not time to look at a book. The phrase, "I love Jesus," kept ringing in the woman's soul until she sent out to find the young colporteur and to secure the book.

So in many lands and among many peoples and tongues the colporteurs — largely recruited from the ranks of our youth, though numbering veterans in the service — are sowing the gospel seed and hastening the world's harvest home. Their noble work is sung in these verses written by a young man who once carried the truth-filled volumes from door to door in "far Australia, newest land of earth:"

"THE COLPORTEUR

"Among the workers in God's vineyard wide,
That tell the tidings that the gospel saith,
Not least important, though less known than most,
The colporteur goes forth in simple faith.

"Mid mighty cities' busy, bustling din,
He hurries on to wage his war with sin;

And in the humble hamlets of the West,
To many a home he bears the message blest.

"Now, where the wintry sun doth disappear
For full three months of every passing year,
In ice-bound lands he joyful wends his way,
To sell his books that tell of endless day.

"In far Australia, newest land of earth,
He goes to tell them of another birth
This world shall know when God shall cause to cease
The curse of sin, and rule in sinless peace.

"In Eastern lands, where pagan temples rise,
And shrill muezzins startle morning skies,
He bears, to those who sit in error's night,
Truth's beacon pointing to the Source of light.

. . . . .

"By ancient castles on the far-famed Rhine,
Along the vales of Alps and Apennine,
E'en where the 'beast' is throned by Tiber's flow,
I see him tread, and angels with him go.

"Where the proud Briton in his 'castle' dwells,
In town and village joyfully he tells
Of that great day when earthly kingdoms fall,
And Christ shall rule eternal over all.

"Where Western genius marks its wondrous power,
And cities rise as moments in the hour,
And through the Spanish main that Southern ire
Has cursed with revolutions, sword, and fire,

"On goes the colporteur, nor slacks his zeal,
Through hard times or prosperity, through woe or weal,
Placing, in countless homes, books full of grace,
That point earth's weary to a resting place.

"Speed on thy holy work. Let no despair
Press down thy spirit; God for thee doth care.
By every water sow thy seed, and He
Who increase gives, shall bless thee mightily."

ON THE WAY TO GORCUM

A Netherlands Maiden and the Escape of Grotius

HOW Elsje Van Houwening, a Holland maiden, for the love of truth and fidelity to her famous master, risked her freedom and even her life in helping to deliver him from the castle of Loewestein, is one of the interesting stories of the stormy times of early seventeenth-century religious controversy in Holland.

Grotius was still a young man when imprisoned, and his was certainly an illustrious youth — illustrious childhood, one might say, in the light of such a record as this:

"He was a prodigy of accomplishment even in boyhood, composing good Latin verses at eight, entering the University of Leyden at twelve, and taking his bachelor's degree on graduating at fifteen. He accompanied Barneveld on his mission to France in 1598, and Henry IV, in presenting him to his courtiers, said, 'Behold the miracle of Holland!' The University of Orleans conferred upon him the honorary degree of doctor of laws. At seventeen he practised in the highest courts at The Hague, having previously edited difficult classic authors, and at twenty-three was made attorney-general of Holland." — *"History of the Netherlands," Young, p. 534.*

The side he took in the religious controversies of the time must draw our sympathies, though issues were sadly mixed. The Netherlands had come through the long struggle that drove back the forces of Catholic Spain, and the states of Holland were trying to find a basis for a settled religious and political system. None of the leaders of the time had caught the truth which their own William of Orange had enunciated long before, in declaring that the state should keep hands off religion,— perhaps the first declaration of

true religious liberty principles by a reigning prince since the days of Theodoric the Goth.

Grotius was a believer in the gospel of God's free grace, with its invitation, "Whosoever will, may come." This was the teaching Arminius had spread in Holland, as opposed to the popular Calvinistic doctrine of election. These ideas, with many fine distinctions, were threshed out at the famous Synod of Dort, with which Grotius was, in a way, mixed up. For one hundred eighty sessions the synod ran on. An English Protestant bishop and a Protestant delegate from Germany were surprised at the bitterness engendered. The latter said that he saw in that synod "some things divine, some things human, and some things diabolical."

Grotius and his friends were on the unpopular side, because of the good old doctrine of free grace, for one thing; and they also stood for the more liberal policy of allowing each state to regulate its religious affairs according to the desire of its people, as opposed to the plan of one general national religion. The opponents of this national plan in religion and politics were warned, and their meetings were proscribed. Their leaders were imprisoned, including Barneveld and Grotius. Barneveld was taken out and executed on the ground of disloyalty to the States-General, and nobody knew when Grotius might follow.

All this is just to get the setting of the story of Elsje and her part in delivering Grotius from the castle.

It was in the year 1621. The year before, the Pilgrim Fathers had sailed from Delfshaven, near by, for the New England coast. The fortress of Loewestein was a stern old prison. "The prisoners, after crossing the drawbridge, were led through thirteen separate doors, each one secured by iron bolts and heavy locks."

Motley, whose account we shall follow (in "John of Barneveld"), says truly that such a fortress prison seemed to say: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." It was here that Grotius (De Groot, this narrative sometimes spells it) was to be "immured for life." His wife was allowed to visit him, and had succeeded in getting permission for his friends to send him books,

which were now and then brought in and carried out in a wooden chest. All the time Grotius was busy with literary labors, helping Erpenius on a new edition of the Greek New Testament, and writing works that became standard textbooks in international law. Meanwhile he was praying devoutly for deliverance.

It seems to have been the wife, a spirited young woman of twenty-nine, who thought out the plan of escape from the prison with its thirteen iron-bound doors to pass.

As they talked it over and prayed, it was determined to try it, by the help of God, perilous as the attempt must be. Their conviction of duty was strengthened by a little incident just as they were to make the venture.

Watching a storm through the window of the prison one wild day, their little daughter Cornelia turned of a sudden to her mother, "without any reason whatever," and said, "Tomorrow papa must be off to Gorcum, whatever the weather may be."

Gorcum was the very place they had in mind to make for, over the broad waters of the Waal River. "De Groot, as well as his wife," says Motley, "was aghast at the child's remark, and took it as a direct indication from heaven."

Now they took their maidservant into their confidence, Elsje Van Houwening, a devout Christian girl. She was twenty years old, keen and bright and courageous of spirit. They explained the plan of sending Grotius out of prison and to Gorcum in the book chest, instead of sending the books in it. Would she be willing, they asked, to take the chest in charge, with her master in it, for the journey to Gorcum?

It was a suggestion that paled Elsje's cheeks. She asked what punishment would be hers in case of discovery.

"None, legally," said Grotius; "but I too am innocent of any crime, and you see to what sufferings I have been condemned."

It was surely a crucial test to come to a young girl. But Elsje's heart had courage to meet it.

"Whatever comes of it," she said stoutly, "I will take the risk and accompany my master."

They selected the time when the commandant of the castle was away at the Gorcum fair, having left his wife in charge. Permission was secured from her at this stormy week-end to send out the book chest on the Monday. The narrative runs:

"Monday morning the gale continued to beat with unabated fury on the turrets. The turbid Waal, swollen by the tempest, rolled darkly and dangerously along the castle walls.

"But the die was cast. Grotius rose betimes, fell on his knees, and prayed fervently an hour long. Dressed only in linen underclothes, with a pair of silk stockings, he got into the chest with the help of his wife. The big Testament of Erpenius, with some bunches of thread placed upon it, served him as a pillow. A few books and papers were placed in the interstices left by the curves of his body, and as much pains as possible taken to prevent his being seriously injured or incommoded during the hazardous journey he was contemplating. His wife then took solemn farewell of him, fastened the lock, which she kissed, and gave the key to Elsje."

They had put in also a few of the regular cargo of books, so that they might be able to talk about the books in the chest as they sent it out.

The soldiers were called in as usual to carry the chest out of the castle. They shoved it about and tried its weight.

"The Arminian himself must be in it," said one soldier, joking, "it seems so heavy."

"The Arminian books are heavy," said Mrs. de Groot.

They dragged the chest down the stairs and through the thirteen doors. Several times they jested about the weight and declared Grotius himself must have climbed into it with his books.

Elsje, with prayer in her heart, turned their jests aside with a laugh.

At the keeper's lodge, the commandant's wife, Madame Deventer, asked if it was customary to open the chest before sending it out. She was told it had not been done for a long time. So she let it go, and carriers took the precious freight to the boat.

Elsje sat down on the chest as the boat sailed away, and let her white handkerchief flutter over her head, the signal to the anxious watcher at the fortress-room window that all was well so far. The

wind blew, and the ship heeled so that Elsje persuaded the skipper to lash the chest down lest it slide overboard. So they sailed toward Gorcum, where the chest was to be delivered to the shop of one Daatselaer, whose wife had been the agent through whom friends had all along sent books to Grotius.

"No further incident occurred. The wind, although violent, was favorable, and Gorcum in due time was reached. Elsje insisted upon having her own precious freight carried first into town, although the skipper for some time was obstinately bent on leaving it to the very last.

"At last on promise of payment of ten stuivers, which was considered an exorbitant sum, the skipper and son agreed to transport the chest between them on a handbarrow. While they were trudging with it to town, the son remarked to his father that there was some living thing in the box. For the prisoner in the anguish of his confinement had not been able to restrain a slight movement.

"'Do you hear what my son says?' cried the skipper to Elsje, 'he says you have got something alive in your trunk.' 'Yes,' replied the cheerful maidservant; 'Arminian books are always alive, always full of motion and spirit.'

"They arrived at Daatselaer's house, moving with difficulty through the crowd which, notwithstanding the boisterous weather, had been collected by the annual fair. Many people were assembled in front of the building, which was a warehouse of great resort, while next door was a bookseller's shop thronged with professors, clergymen, and other literary persons. The carriers accordingly entered by the back way, and Elsje, deliberately paying them their ten stuivers, and seeing them depart, left the box lying in a room at the rear and hastened to the shop in front.

"Here she found the thread and ribbon dealer and his wife, busy with their customers, unpacking and exhibiting their wares. She instantly whispered to Madame Daatselaer's ear, 'I have got my master here in your back parlor.'

"The dame turned white as a sheet, and was near fainting on the spot. It was the first imprudence Elsje had committed. The good woman recovered somewhat of her composure, by a strong effort, however, and instantly went with Elsje to the rear of the house.

"'Master! master!' cried Elsje, rapping on the chest.

"There was no answer.

"'My God! my God!' shrieked the poor maidservant, 'my poor master is dead.'

"'Ah!' said Madame Daatselaer, 'your mistress has made a bad business of it. Yesterday she had a living husband, now she has a dead one.'

"But soon there was a vigorous rap on the inside of the lid, and a cry from the prisoner:

"'Open the chest! I am not dead, but did not at first recognize your voice.'

"The lock was instantly unfastened, the lid thrown open, and Grotius arose in his linen clothing, like a dead man from his coffin.

"The dame instantly accompanied the two through a trapdoor into an upper room.

"Grotius asked her if she was always so deadly pale.

"'No,' she replied, 'but I am frightened to see you here. My lord is no common person. The whole world is talking of you. I fear this will cause the loss of all my property, and perhaps bring my husband into prison in your place!'

"Grotius replied: 'I made my prayers to God before as much as this had been gained, and I have just been uttering fervent thanks to Him for my deliverance so far as it has been effected. But if the consequences are to be as you fear, I am ready at once to get into that chest again and be carried back to prison.'

"But she answered, 'No; whatever comes of it, we have you here, and will do all we can to help you on.'"

Suffice it to say that in the disguise of a journeyman mason, supplied by a Lutheran friend, he made his way to Antwerp, to the home of a banished preacher, Grevinkhaven, an old friend. As he called at the door, the daughter, who did not know him, said her father was upstairs waiting by the bedside of his sick wife. But when the daughter went up and announced the name of the guest, down came the minister and the sick wife also, rushing to greet him. The news was quickly spread through Antwerp.

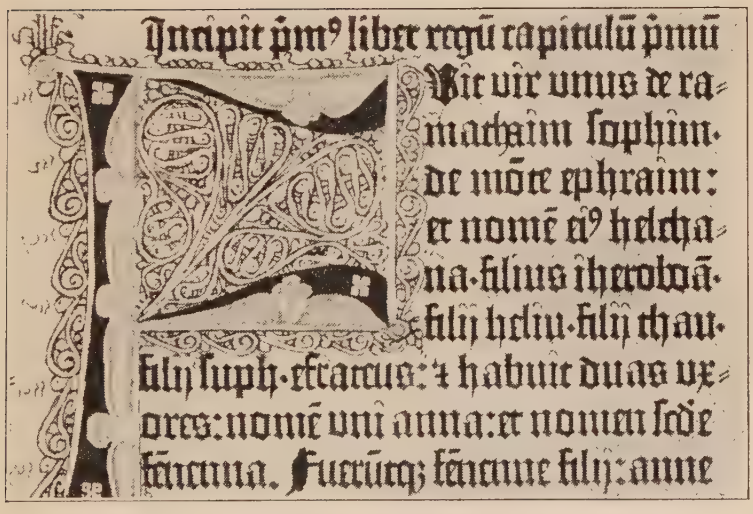
When Captain Deventer, the commandant, returned to Loewestein fortress, he met a surprise.

"Here is your cage," said Maria de Groot with a smile, "but your bird is flown."

He hastened to Gorcum and found the chest, empty but for a few books and the skeins of thread which had served as a pillow.

After a time Madame de Groot was released.

Elsje, the brave girl who saw the plan of escape through, suffered no punishment. She married a servant of Grotius, who, during the two years of the imprisonment in the castle, had studied Latin and the rudiments of law with his master. By this help, and by Elsje's wise-hearted encouragement also, we may be sure, he became a well-respected advocate in the tribunals of Holland.


Incipit primus liber regum capitulum primum
Fuit vir unus de ramathaim sophim
de monte ephraim:
et nomen ei helchana filius ieroboam
filij heliu filij thau
filij suph ephrateus: et habuit duas uxores: nomen uni anna: et nomen secunde
fenenna. Fuerunt fenenne filij: anne

From the First Printed Bible

"THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS IS HIS ALSO"

With the "Church in the Desert"

WHEN French Protestantism had been crushed out of every other part of France, it still maintained its witness in the mountainous southeastern districts, from the Cévennes Range to the Alps.

This was the region where the ancient Albigenses and Waldenses and yet earlier believers kept the light burning in the dark days of papal supremacy. The Scripture prophecy of those times represents the church as fleeing "into the wilderness, into her place, where she is nourished for a time, and times, and half a time, from the face of the serpent." Rev. 12:14.

Not only for the beautifying of the earth, but designedly as a refuge for truth in times of persecution, it would seem that Providence had formed the recesses of these everlasting hills. Many a generation of believers praised God for "the strength of the hills," of which the psalmist sang so long before. Here they could say, as in the "Hymn of the Vaudois Mountaineers:"

"For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made Thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain sod.
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge
Where the spoiler's feet ne'er trod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

"We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die;
We are guardians of an altar
Midst the silence of the sky;
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by Thy rod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

"For the dark, resounding caverns,
Where Thy still small voice is heard;
For the strong pines of the forests,
That by Thy breath are stirred;
For the storms, on whose free pinions
Thy Spirit walks abroad;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!"

— *Mrs. Hemans.*

In these regions the "Church in the Desert" was able to endure until the prophetic period of persecution ended and French Protestantism could openly bear its witness. It will be remembered that France very nearly shut out the light altogether in the days when the Reformation was sweeping over Northern Europe. Then came a time when there was recognition of Protestants, or Huguenots, as the French believers came to be called. But after bitter persecution there came, in 1685, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, an edict which had granted a measure of toleration and the right of public worship. Now came the darkest part of the night for France, just before the dawn of liberty.

The Huguenots were driven literally into the wilderness, and in these mountain districts the "Church in the Desert" grew up. A persecuting official, Louvois, said: "They pretend to meet in 'the Desert;' why not take them at their word, and make the Cévennes a desert?" And they did it, as nearly as human beings could do. Troops occupied the villages and the valleys. Children were taken from parents. One writer says:

"But still the meetings in 'the Desert' went on. The peasantry continued to brave all risks — of exile, the galleys, the rack, and the gibbet — and persevered in their assemblies, until the very ferocity of their persecutors became wearied. The people would not be converted either by the dragoons or the priests who were stationed amongst them. In the dead of the night they would sally forth to their meetings in the hills." — *"The Huguenots in France," Samuel Smiles, p. 88.*

The strength and faithfulness of the women and girls won the reluctant admiration of the persecutors. Baird quotes Cardinal Le Comus, who was reporting progress to his superiors:

"The women have shown themselves much more attached to their religion than the men. Their psalms, their notes of their Bibles, and the books of their ministers strengthened them in their views, and we see no way of taking the books away from them. We have been promised books, but none have been sent us to substitute in place of theirs. They hold small secret meetings, at which they read some chapter from their Bibles and their prayers: after that, the most able of their number makes an address. In a word, they do just what they did at the birth of heresy." — "*The Huguenots and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes,*" *Vol. II, p. 156.*

As leaders were slain and the believers were left with little instruction and help, varying currents tossed these remnants to and fro. There was a movement of armed resistance, which only made matters worse. Fanaticism came in as the stress and excitement intensified, and there were all manner of manifestations of speaking with tongues and prophesying, similar, doubtless, to that against which the apostle Paul warned the Corinthians. There was need of sound instruction and organized leadership; and for this God raised up two youthful witnesses, one to begin the work, the other to see it through to the days when the Huguenot church could come out of its "desert." They were Antoine Court and Paul Rabaut.

Of Court's school days Smiles says:

"Antoine Court, like many Protestant children, was compelled to attend a Jesuit school in his neighborhood. Though but a boy, he abhorred the mass. . . .

"At school, the other boys were most bitter against Court, because he was the son of a Huguenot. Every sort of mischief was practised upon him, for little boys are generally among the greatest of persecutors. Court was stoned, worried, railed at, laughed at, spit at. When leaving school, the boys called after him, 'He, he! the eldest son of Calvin!'

"They sometimes pursued him with clamor and volleys of stones to the door of his house, collecting in their riotous procession all the other Catholic boys of the place. Sometimes they forced him into church while the mass was being celebrated. In fact, the boy's hatred of the mass and of Catholicism grew daily more and more vehement.

"All these persecutions, together with reading some of the books which came under his notice at home, confirmed his aversion to the Jesuitical school to which he had been sent. At the same time he became desirous of attending the secret assemblies, which he knew were being held in the neighborhood.

"One day, when his mother set out to attend one of them, the boy set out to follow her. She discovered him, and demanded whither he was going.

"'I follow you, mother,' said he, 'and I wish you to permit me to go where you go. I know that you go to pray to God, and will you refuse me the favor of going to do so with you?'

"She shed tears at his words, told him of the danger of attending the assembly, and strongly exhorted him to secrecy; but she allowed him to accompany her. . . .

"At the age of seventeen, Court began to read the Bible at the assemblies. One day, in a moment of sudden excitement, common enough at secret meetings, he undertook to address the assembly. What he said was received with much approval, and he was encouraged to go on preaching. He soon became famous among the mountaineers." — *"The Huguenots in France," pp. 207, 208.*

Started thus early on his career as a missionary to the scattered remnants in the desert, he soon began to visit the provinces. He reached the seaport of Marseilles, on the Mediterranean, and there, at great risk, visited the galleys and ministered to the Huguenots condemned to slavery at the oars in those terrible prisons of the sea.

Young Court began to see that the scattered believers needed organization and orderly church system, for mutual help and service, and to prevent the excesses and fanaticism that have so often appeared in the midst of the peril and excitement of religious work under bitter persecution. So at nineteen he became the organizer of the churches. It was this that gave him in the history of France the title of honor, "The Restorer of French Protestantism."

We will let the young preacher tell of his plan in his own words. It was not enough in those times that men should be energetic and daring and courageous amid persecution. The time called for an organized movement to hold the believers together

until deliverance should come, and to provide for instruction and training in service. The burden and the wisdom to plan came upon this consecrated youth of nineteen. He says:

"To compass this end I called together on the twenty-first of August, 1715, all the preachers that were to be found in the Cévennes and in Lower Languedoc. To this meeting I invited a few of the most enlightened laymen. I drew for them a vivid and touching picture of the state of affairs. I showed them the necessity of applying all the remedies in our power. One of the most effectual, next to the good example which every preacher was bound to set of the cleansing of the sanctuary from all fanaticism, was the restoration of discipline. I had myself come among them that day for the purpose of laying the foundations of this discipline. We must begin by electing a moderator and a secretary, the former to preside over our deliberations, the latter to reduce them to writing. All having acceded to my proposal, I was chosen by a majority of votes, not only to be president of the little meeting, but also to be its secretary." — *"The Huguenots and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," Baird, Vol. II, p. 432.*

They were meeting in a deserted stone quarry, the seats were the rocks strewn about, and the table of the president and secretary of the conference was a slab of stone. That Court himself, so young, was pressed to fill both offices, shows how few were available with any training for such work. But with church order arranged for, with elders appointed for each church, the Protestant movement in Southern France was mightily strengthened.

Soon a new cry was taken up by the Catholic clergy. Where it was thought the heresy was at last dying out, lo, the secret meetings were multiplying and many supposedly converted to Catholicism were forsaking the church celebrations to attend conventicles in the mountains. It is said that several thousand were sometimes at the meetings.

"They were carefully guarded and watched by sentinels on the lookout, especially in those places near which garrisons were stationed. The fleetest of the young men were chosen for this purpose. They watched the garrison exits, and when the soldiers made a sortie, the sentinels communicated by signal from hill to hill, thus giving warning to the meeting to disperse." — *"The Huguenots in France," Samuel Smiles, p. 220.*

HUGUENOTS HIDING FROM THEIR PURSUERS

As among the Waldensian valleys long before, the youth of Languedoc and Southern France put themselves under training for service. Smiles says of the use made of the few Bibles available:

"When a Testament was obtained, it was lent about, and for the most part learnt off. The labor was divided in this way: One person, sometimes a boy or girl, of good memory, would undertake to learn one or more chapters in the Gospels, another a certain number in the epistles, until at last a large portion of the book was committed to memory, and could be recited at the meetings of the assemblies, and thus also it happened that the conversation of the people, as well as the sermons of their preachers, gradually assumed a strongly Biblical form." — *Id., pp. 215, 216.*

Schools were established for the training of gospel workers. The school had to move about with the teacher. Antoine Court was the first to begin. He has left this picture of a training school in "the Desert:"

"I had our field beds laid out by a torrent, and underneath a rock. . . . Here we encamped nearly a week. This was our lecture-room, these were our grounds, these our rooms for study."

The students shared the toils and perils of the teacher as he passed from place to place.

While still in his early thirties, Court removed to Switzerland in order to publish for the movement and to found a settled, permanent school at Lausanne, to train the many preachers needed in "the Desert." The French historian Michelet thus described this school:

"A strange school of death, which, while forbidding extravagant enthusiasm, with prosaic modesty never tired of sending forth martyrs and of furnishing food for the gallows to feed upon."

Thus it was that the flock was shepherded from the Revocation to the Revolution. Without such pastors, possessed by what Court called "the spirit of the Desert," the Protestant witness must surely have died out and ceased in Southern France.

One young man from the Lausanne academy, Rey by name, was apprehended during a trip into France. Baird gives the following report of a hearing before the officer of the court or precinct:

"INTENDANT: 'Mr. Rey, you still have time to save yourself.'

"REY: 'Yes, my lord, and it is that time I want to use for my salvation.'

"INTENDANT: 'Mr. Rey, you must change, and you shall have life.'

"REY: 'Yes, lord, I must change, but it is to go from this life of wretchedness to the kingdom of heaven, where a blessed life awaits me, which I shall soon have and possess.'"

Thus the interview went on until Rey said:

"'No longer think of terrifying me by death. If I had apprehended it, I should not be here.'

"INTENDANT: 'Where did you preach?'

"REY: 'Wherever I found the faithful gathered.'

"INTENDANT: 'But the king forbids it.'

"REY: 'The King of kings has ordered me to do it, and it is right to obey God rather than men.'"

Rey, then in his twenty-fourth year, was executed, leaving by his last words a message that cheered the believers on in the good cause.

Thus from the safety of Switzerland these young students crossed over into France to the work they loved, because the salvation of souls was more to them than all the world. Dr. Smiles says of these youth going out from school:

"They had passed the school for martyrdom, and were ready to preach to the assemblies. . . .

"The preachers always went abroad with their lives in their hands. They traveled mostly by night, shunning the open highways, and selecting abandoned routes, often sheep paths across the hills, to reach the scene of their next meeting. The trace of their steps is still marked upon the soil of the Cévennes, the people of the country still speaking of the solitary routes taken by their instructors when passing from parish to parish, to preach to their fathers.

"They were dressed, for disguise, in various ways; sometimes as peasants, as workmen, or as shepherds. On one occasion, Court and Duplan traveled the country disguised as officers! The police heard of it, and ordered their immediate arrest, pointing out the town and the very house where they were to be taken. But the preachers escaped, and assumed a new dress.

"When living near Nîmes, Court was one day seated under a tree, composing a sermon, when a party of soldiers, hearing that he was in the neighborhood, came within sight. Court climbed up into the tree, where he remained concealed among the branches, and thus contrived to escape their search." — *"The Huguenots in France," pp. 225, 226.*

There was little of the blessed quietness of home life for these pastors of "the Desert." Antoine Court had married a young Huguenot woman of Uzès, where he had become acquainted with her while being hidden from his pursuers in her father's house. For several years after their marriage, they were never seen together in the town, as Court knew well how quickly his wife would be seized by those who had set a price upon his head as leader of the Protestant movement. At last the suspicion and talk of neighbors brought spies to make inquiries. Then it was that Court hastened his wife and little ones over into Switzerland, and made Lausanne the base of the educational and publishing work to which he devoted himself.

It meant earnest decision and devotion for the young women of those days to accept comradeship in life's service with these young witnesses of "the Desert." But the young women, too, were strong in the faith and love of Christ to share the perils and hardships of the missionary's life. The persecuting cardinal, it will be recalled, reported that the women were even more devoted and courageous than the men. In a poem, "How the Pastor of the Desert Wooed His Bride," D. Alcock, a poet of the Protestant faith, describes the spirit of these Huguenot youth and maidens. He represents the young pastor asking:

"'What if 'twere asked thee to give that heart
To one who on earth had an exile's part;
Doomed to wander forlorn over mountain and plain,
In the burning sun, in the drenching rain;
Not even a stone to pillow his head,
Fed by God's hand, as the ravens are fed?'

"She raised her blue eyes, with teardrops dim,
And softly said, 'I should follow him.'

"'Think yet, my child, for I speak to thee
Of things that have been, and again may be.
One day, perchance, thou wouldst sit in thy home,
Watching, and wondering, "When will he come?"
Lo, steps at the door! Hark, a voice in the street!
Up starts the watcher — ah, what does she meet?
A litter of planks, a cloak-covered form,
With a wound in the side and the blood gushing warm!'

"From cheek and from lip the bright roses have died,
Yet calm and unflinching the maiden replied,
'My hand on his heart, if the least throb I found,
I would just say, "Thank God!" and bind up the wound.'

"'But what if a darker, more terrible doom
Enveloped thy life with its mantle of gloom?
If the fell, ghastly arm of the dread gallows tree
Were stretched o'er the one that was dearest to thee?
With the rope on his neck and the torch in his hand,
Alone on the ladder of death see him stand;
Not a pitying eye in the gazing crowd;
Not a farewell word, for the drums beat loud;
So he treads in the way that his Master trod —
Couldst thou suffer all this, and yet trust in God?'

"There was mystic fire in her blue eyes' glow,
As prompt she made answer, soft and low,
'Yea — and bless Him for grace to His martyr given;
Then look up to Him, and look on to His heaven.'"

Let the poet's truthful touch give but this glimpse of the very human side of youth's battle for the faith in the brave days of old. Life was not all sternness and hardness, even in the rocky wildernesses. The people of the valleys were a kindly, simple, human folk. Hearts were as gentle, and life as sweet, and home as dear as ever in our day. But the cause of Christ called to service, and love for Christ and His cause made the life of toil and hardship and peril a joyous one.

It was in the schools in the mountains that Court's successor was trained. Paul Rabaut accompanied Jean Bétrine, a pastor-teacher, studying and helping. While Court was in Switzerland, young Paul Rabaut was taking up the burden of leadership in the field of danger. A friend of his later years, Dr. Less, wrote of his experiences:

"For many years he was nowhere safe, not even in his own house. Soldiers came suddenly, both by day and night, surrounding his house and searching for him. Every trick was used for seizing and getting rid of one justly viewed as the chief support of Protestantism. Everywhere surrounded by spies and every moment in danger, he usually performed his ministerial duties only at night; or if it was needful in the day, he disguised himself as a bricklayer or a stocking weaver. Often he was obliged to leave his house, and to lie whole days and nights in the open fields, or in some remote, pitiful hut, certain that if seized he must instantly suffer an ignominious death.

"In these dangers his only human safety was the fidelity of his flock. They constantly watched over him, and at the first approach of hazard gave him warning. He assured me that he often escaped by secret forebodings of the designs of his enemies. One night at supper he felt a sudden and almost irresistible impulse to leave his own home and to sleep somewhere else. Accordingly he left it, though his wife entreated him to stay, as there was not the least appearance of danger. Next morning he was informed that about three o'clock in the morning a detachment of soldiers had surrounded his house and searched for him. I the rather regard these accounts, as I never knew a man further from enthusiasm."—*"The Protestant Church in France," Lorimer.*

In his youth, Paul Rabaut had taken as the motto on his seal, *"Né à pâtir et mourir"* (Born to suffer and die). In this spirit he threw his young life into the service. But it was given him to grow old in the work, to win the honored title of "The Apostle of the Desert," and to see the ending of the long reign of papal persecution. In fact, in his old age he was yet again a witness in peril, this time before the atheistic tribunals of the French Revolution. When high Roman Catholic ecclesiastics and some Protestant ministers were denying their faith in God, in the days of the Red Terror, Rabaut refused to yield his faith. He was arrested by order of the Convention, and sent to prison. "It was only the fall of Robespierre," says the historian, that "saved him from the guillotine at nearly eighty years of age."

After painting by Sir J. E. Millais

THE MARTYR OF THE SOLWAY

The Maiden Martyr of the Solway

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." Isa. 43: 2.

THE field preachings were on in Scotland. In those days people generally were supposed to accept change of religious faith along with change of government. Episcopacy had come into power by the union of England and Scotland. The Scottish people of Presbyterian convictions refused to accept "prelacy." The solemn covenant was signed in old Greyfriars churchyard, Edinburgh, and approved by hearts over all the realm.

There is on record a covenant drawn up and signed by young girls, in earnest but childlike phrase pledging themselves to listen only to the ministry of the word by their own beloved pastors.

But field meetings, or conventicles, were forbidden. Attendance at them was a crime, and the Covenanters were hunted over moor and mountain — men, women, youth, and children.

There was living in Glenvernock a man of means, named Wilson, who conformed to the Episcopacy. His children, however, Margaret, aged eighteen, Thomas, sixteen, and Agnes, thirteen, would not attend the Episcopal service, "but fled to the hills, bogs, and caves," says the old Scottish writer, Wodrow, "though they were yet scarce of the age that made them obnoxious to the law." Young as they were, their parents were forbidden "to harbor them, supply them, or speak to them, or see them."

The boy got away to Flanders, across the sea. The two girls were finally seized and condemned to death at Wigtown. The father was allowed to purchase the freedom of Agnes, but Margaret was led out to die along with another Margaret, a M'Lauchlan, aged sixty-three.

They were to be tied to stakes, set in the Wigtown sands at the mouth of the Solway, so that the rising tide would cover first the elder Margaret, then the younger, except they renounced the Covenanter faith. The story is beautifully told in verse by some anonymous writer, following very minutely the prose accounts:

"SCOTLAND'S MAIDEN MARTYR

"A troop of soldiers waited at the door,
A crowd of people gathered in the street,
Aloof a little from them sabers gleamed
And flashed into their faces. Then the door
Was opened, and two women meekly stepped
Into the sunshine of the sweet May noon,
Out of the prison. One was weak and old,
A woman full of tears and full of woes;
The other was a maiden in her morn;
And they were one in name and one in faith,
Mother and daughter in the bond of Christ,
That bound them closer than the ties of blood.

"The troop moved on; and down the sunny street
The people followed, ever falling back
As in their faces flashed the naked blades;
But in the midst the women simply went
As if they two were walking, side by side,
Up to God's house on some still Sabbath morn;
Only they were not clad for Sabbath day,
But as they went about their daily tasks:
They went to prison, and they went to death,
Upon their Master's service.

"On the shore
The troopers halted; all the shining sands
Lay bare and glistering; for the tide had drawn
Back to its farthest margin's weedy mark;
And each succeeding wave, with flash and curve,
That seemed to mock the sabers on the shore,
Drew nearer by a handbreadth. 'It will be
A long day's work,' murmured those murderous men,
As they slack'd rein. The leader of the troops
Dismounted, and the people, pressing near,
Then heard the pardon proffered, with the oath
Renouncing and abjuring part with all
The persecuted, covenanted folk.
But both refused the oath; 'because,' they said,
'Unless with Christ's dear servants we have part,
We have no part with Him.'

"On this they took
The elder Margaret, and led her out
Over the sliding sands, the weedy sludge,
The pebbly shoals, far out, and fastened her
Unto the farthest stake, already reached
By every rising wave, and left her there:
And as the waves crept round her feet, she prayed
That He would firm uphold her in their midst,
Who holds them in the hollow of His hand.

"The tide flowed in. And up and down the shore
There paced the provost, and the Laird of Lag,—
Grim Grierson,— with Windram and with Graham;
And the rude soldiers, jesting with coarse oaths,
As in the midst the maiden meekly stood,
Waiting her doom, delayed, said she would turn
'Before the tide, seek refuge in their arms
From the chill waves.' But ever to her lips
There came the wondrous words of life and peace:
'If God be for us, who can be against us?'
'Who shall divide us from the love of Christ?'
'Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature.'

"From the crowd
A woman's voice cried a very bitter cry,—
'O Margaret! my bonnie, bonnie Margaret!
Gie in, gie in, my bonnie, dinna ye drown,
Gie in, and tak' the oath.'

"The tide flowed in;
And so wore on the sunny afternoon.
And every fire went out upon the hearth,
And not a meal was tasted in the town that day.
And still the tide was flowing in:
Her mother's voice yet sounding in her ear,
They turned young Margaret's face toward the sea,
Where something white was floating,— something
White as the sea mew that sits upon the wave:
But as she looked, it sank; then showed again;
Then disappeared; and round the shore
And stake the tide stood ankle deep.

"Then Grierson
With cursing vowed that he would wait
No more; and to the stake the soldier led her
Down, and tied her hands; and round her
Slender waist too roughly cast the rope, for
Windram came and eased it while he whispered

In her ear, 'Come, take the test and ye are free;'
And one cried, 'Margaret, say but God save
The king!' 'God save the king, of His great grace,'
She answered, but the oath she would not take.

"And still the tide flowed in,
And drove the people back, and silenced them.
The tide flowed in, and rising to her knees,
She sang the psalm, 'To Thee I lift my soul'
[psalm 25].
The tide flowed in, and rising to her waist,
'To Thee, my God, I lift my soul,' she sang.
The tide flowed in, and rising to her throat,
She sang no more, but lifted up her face;
And there was glory over all the sky,
And there was glory over all the sea,—
A flood of glory,— and the lifted face
Swam in it till it bowed beneath the flood.
Thus Scotland's maiden martyr served her God."

Truly the grace of Christ has sustaining power for those whose trust is in the living God. At the stake, as the poem says, young Margaret sang the twenty-fifth psalm — "from verse seven downwards," says the old writer. Here are a few of the verses in the Scottish psalm book meter, inspired prayers and promises that were Margaret's strength and support that day:

"My sins and faults of youth do Thou, O Lord, forget:
After Thy mercy think on me, and for Thy goodness great.

"Now for Thine own name's sake, O Lord, I Thee entreat
To pardon mine iniquity; for it is very great.

"Mine eyes upon the Lord continually are set;
For He it is that shall bring forth my feet out of the net.

"Turn unto me Thy face, and to me mercy show;
Because that I am desolate and am brought very low.

"O do Thou keep my soul, do Thou deliver me:
And let me never be ashamed because I trust in Thee!"

So the young girl prayed in the psalmist's words as the waters rose. All thought of who was looking on was banished; Margaret Wilson had seen the elder Margaret far out go down beneath the waves that now crept higher and higher about her with every

wash of the incoming tide. And these words of God, expressive of communion with Him, held true. The divine words are sufficient for the supreme hour when the soul is face to face with God and eternity.

The cord that held her close to the stake was loosened once, as the waters were covering her; and she was drawn up a bit, and asked finally to yield her faith and conform.

"No," she cried, "no; let me go. I belong with the Lord's scattered people."

At the very last, as the waters rose about her neck, Margaret repeated or read from her treasured Testament the closing verses of Romans 8. How truly does the believing heart in dire need turn to the word that answers always with comfort and hope!

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? . . .

"Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.

"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

"Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

How sweetly, powerfully, must the words have come! They were all-sufficient then for one true heart; they are surely all-sufficient still for the heart that believes.

Then Margaret prayed, says Wodrow, and "while at prayer the water covered her."

As her face turned upward on the wave, said those who watched, the sun burst through a rift in the clouds, full shining in glory upon her face as it sank below the waters.

Much more to be noted is it that the glory that is above the brightness of the sun shone into Margaret's soul. And through her, again, as through others aforetime, was left the witness for all time that the promise of God never fails: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."

QUAKERS BEFORE THE COURT

When Quaker Youth Went Forth to Witness

WITH the Quaker profession one associates quietness and gravity and strict integrity of character. Religiously, one weakness in early Quaker teachings, we would say, was the substitution of inward impressions for the written Word by which God speaks. The voice of the Spirit comes generally by the Scripture — "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." By this sure standard every impression and every spirit must be tried.

But in a century when the popular view of Christian teaching lacked much, the Quaker came with his voice for peace and his protest against war and resistance of evil, and with insistence upon the iniquity of legally enforced religion. This testimony stirred up bitter opposition. In fact, the great offense of the Quakers was the steady witness to religionists in possession of civil power that it was wicked to use that power in religious enforcement. In isolated cases, under the strain of the natural excitement attending a spiritual resistance to intolerance, there were extravagant things done. But this was the exception, though the exception was naturally eagerly seized upon by enemies to represent the movement.

The first Quakers to land in New England were two women who came from England by way of Barbados in 1656. The leader was Mary Fisher, aged twenty-two years. New England ecclesiasticism, which had banished the Baptists, was startled. "Two poor women arriving in your harbor so shook ye," wrote George Bishop in England, "as if a formidable army had invaded your borders."

The two women were shipped back. But still the Quakers were to have a part with the Baptists in helping, by their sufferings, to teach the New England fathers a better way than that of physical force in matters of conscience. All these things were preparing the way for the recognition of religious liberty in the New World order.

Others came and went, or suffered and died, for no crime but that of wishing to bear witness to their faith, with protests against a religion of force and repression by civil power; and the witnesses increased.

So came the Southwick family into trial. Father and mother and elder son were in prison, leaving two younger children at home. This is the story of these young people:

"While the aged couple and Josiah the son were languishing in Boston jail, Provided and Daniel being left at home,— presumably in want, since the cattle and household goods had already been distrained in order to satisfy the fines repeatedly imposed upon them by the courts,— these two, who in the narrative are called children, are also fined ten pounds ($50), for not attending public worship at Salem. To get this money, the General Court, sitting at Boston, issued this order:

"'Whereas Daniel and Provided Southwick, son and daughter to Lawrence Southwick, have been fined by the county court at Salem and Ipswich, pretending that they have no estates, resolving not to work; and others likewise have been fined, and more [are] like to be fined, for siding with the Quakers and absenting themselves from the public ordinances — in answer to a question what counsel shall be taken for the satisfaction of the fines, the court on perusal of the law, title "Arrests," resolve that the treasurers of the several counties are and shall hereby be empowered to sell the said persons to any of the English nation at Virginia or Barbados.'

"Joseph Besse, in his account of the affair, goes on to state that,

"'Pursuant to this order, Edward Butler, one of the treasurers, to get something of the booty, sought out for passage to send them to Barbados for sale; but none were willing to take or carry them. And a certain master of a ship, to put the thing off, pretended that they would spoil all the ship's company; to which

Butler replied, "No, you need not fear that; for they are poor, harmless creatures, and will not hurt anybody."

"'"Will they not so?" replied the shipmaster; "and will you offer to make slaves of such harmless creatures?"

"'Thus Butler, notwithstanding his wicked intention, when he could get no opportunity to send them away, the winter being at hand, sent them home again to shift for themselves.'"

But the young woman, for her perversity in faith, was given a scourging upon the bare back. These sufferings were not in vain. The report of them reached the king; and Provided's elder brother was one of the witnesses in England whose testimony led Charles II, irreligious as he was, to order his colonial subjects in New England to cease their persecutions. The victory for freedom of faith was at hand, hastened on by the witness borne and the sufferings endured.

We who reap some of the benefits of the brave witnessing of older time, may well forgive where protest seemed to go too far, honoring the spirit and devotion to duty that characterized the lives of these confessors. As Whittier wrote of one of them, Barclay, the Quaker of Scotland:

"Not in vain, Confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
Of thy day of trial;
Every age, on him who strays
From its broad and beaten ways,
Pours its sevenfold vial.

"Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And while Hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter;

"Knowing this, that never yet
Share of truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow."

Having let the Quaker poet point the lesson, so too, long as are his lines, let him tell again the story of Provided Southwick's witnessing, as only the skilled poet's pen can tell it. Whittier used the mother's name, Cassandra, in the poem, whereas in the records the daughter's name is given only as Provided. She it is, the New England maiden, who speaks to us in this poem of God's delivering hand:

"CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK (1658)

"To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise today,
From the scoffer and the cruel He hath plucked the spoil away;
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faithful three,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set His handmaid free!

"Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison bars,
Last night across my damp earth floor fell the pale gleam of stars;
In the coldness and the darkness all through the long nighttime,
My grated casement whitened with autumn's early rime.

"Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by;
Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the sky;
No sound amid night's stillness, save that which seemed to be
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea;

"All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the morrow
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in my sorrow,
Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for and sold,
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the fold!

"Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there,— the shrinking and the shame;
And the low voice of the tempter like whispers to me came:
'Why sit'st thou thus forlornly,' the wicked murmur said,
'Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy maiden bed?

"'Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and sweet,
Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant street?
Where be the youths whose glances, the summer Sabbath through,
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's pew?

"'Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra? — Bethink thee with what mirth
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm, bright hearth;
How the crimson shadows tremble on foreheads white and fair,
On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

"'Not for thee the hearth fire brightens, not for thee kind words are spoken,
Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods by laughing boys are broken;
No first fruits of the orchard within thy lap are laid,
For thee no flowers of autumn the youthful hunters braid.

"'O weak, deluded maiden! — by crazy fancies led,
With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread;
To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure and sound,
And mate with maniac women, loose-haired and sackcloth bound,—

Paul and Silas in Prison

"'Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things divine,
Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread and wine;
Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the pillory lame,
Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in their shame.

"'And what a fate awaits thee! — a sadly toiling slave,
Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage to the grave!
Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,
The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all!'

"Oh, ever as the tempter spoke, and feeble nature's fears
Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing tears,

I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent prayer
To feel, O Helper of the weak! that Thou indeed wert there!

"I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's cell,
And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prison shackles fell,
Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's robe of white,
And to feel a blessed Presence invisible to sight.

"Bless the Lord for all His mercies! — for the peace and love I felt,
Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my spirit melt;
When 'Get behind me, Satan!' was the language of my heart,
And I felt the evil tempter with all his doubts depart.

"Slow broke the gray, cold morning; again the sunshine fell,
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within my lonely cell;
The hoarfrost melted on the wall, and upward from the street
Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of passing feet.

"At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open cast,
And slowly at the sheriff's side, up the long street I passed;
I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared not see,
How, from every door and window, the people gazed on me.

"And doubt and fear fell on me, shame burned upon my cheek,
Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling limbs grew weak:
'O Lord! support Thy handmaid; and from her soul cast out
The fear of man, which brings a snare, the weakness and the doubt!'

"Then the dreary shadows scattered, like a cloud in morning's breeze,
And a low, deep voice within me seemed whispering words like these:
'Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven a brazen wall,
Trust still His loving-kindness whose power is over all.'

"We paused at length, where at my feet the sunlit waters broke
On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall of rock;
The merchant ships lay idly there, in hard, clear lines on high,
Tracing with rope and slender spar their network on the sky.

"And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped and grave and cold,
And grim and stout sea captains with faces bronzed and old,
And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk at hand,
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land.

"And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's ready ear,
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with laugh and scoff and jeer;
It stirred my soul, and from my lips the seal of silence broke,
As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit spoke.

"I cried, 'The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the meek,
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of the weak!
Go light the dark, cold hearthstones,— go turn the prison lock
Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf amid the flock!'

"Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and with a deeper red
O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the flush of anger spread;
'Good people,' quoth the white-lipped priest, 'heed not her words so wild,
Her master speaks within her,— the devil owns his child.'

"But gray heads shook, and young brows knit, and while the sheriff read
That law the wicked rulers against the poor have made,
Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priesthood bring
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

"Then to the stout sea captains the sheriff, turning, said:
'Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take this Quaker maid?
In the isle of fair Barbados, or on Virginia's shore,
You may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl or Moor.'

"Grim and silent stood the captains; and when again he cried,
'Speak out, my worthy seamen!' — no voice, no sign replied;
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words met my ear,—
'God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl and dear!'

"A weight seemed lifted from my heart, a pitying friend was nigh,—
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his eye;
And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice, so kind to me,
Growled back its stormy answer like the roaring of the sea:

"'Pile my ship with bars of silver, pack with coins of Spanish gold,
From keel piece up to deck plank, the roomage of her hold,
By the living God who made me! — I would sooner in your bay
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this child away!'

"'Well answered, worthy captain, shame on their cruel laws!'
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the people's just applause.
'Like the herdsman of Tekoa, in Israel of old,
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver sold?'

"I looked on haughty Endicott; with weapon halfway drawn,
Swept round the throng his lion glare of bitter hate and scorn:
Fiercely he drew his bridle rein, and turned in silence back,
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode murmuring in his track.

A NEW ENGLAND QUAKER IN THE STOCKS

"Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bitterness of soul;
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and crushed his parchment roll.
'Good friends,' he said, 'since both have fled, the ruler and the priest,
Judge ye, if from their further work I be not well released.'

"Loud was the cheer which, full and clear, swept round the silent bay,
As, with kind words and kinder looks, he bade me go my way;
For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of the glen,
And the river of great waters, had turned the hearts of men.

"Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed changed beneath my eye,
A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of the sky,
A lovelier light on rock and hill and stream and woodland lay,
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the bay.

"Thanksgiving to the Lord of life! to Him all praises be,
Who from the hands of evil men hath set His handmaid free;
All praise to Him before whose power the mighty are afraid,
Who takes the crafty in the snare which for the poor is laid!

"Sing, O my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's twilight calm
Uplift the loud thanksgiving, pour forth the grateful psalm;
Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did the saints of old,
When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter told.

"And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty men of wrong,
The Lord shall smite the proud, and lay His hand upon the strong.
Woe to the wicked rulers in His avenging hour!
Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks to raven and devour!

"But let the humble ones arise, the poor in heart be glad,
And let the mourning ones again with robes of praise be clad,
For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the stormy wave,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to save!"

MARY FISHER BEFORE THE GRAND TURK

We must have a word further about Mary Fisher, the young Quaker who came first to Boston, as we have seen, and who was shipped back to Europe. George Bishop tells her story in his book, "New England Judged," a book the reading of which, by the way, led King Charles II to take the steps to end the persecutions for religion in New England. After speaking of her visits

to Paris and to Rome, Bishop tells of a missionary journey remarkable indeed for a young woman in those times. He says:

"Mary Fisher, a servant of the Lord, a maiden Friend, being moved of the Lord to go and deliver His word to the Great Turk, who with his army lay encamped near Adrianople, went thitherward to Smyrna; but being hindered in her passage that way by the English ambassador, who sent her back to Venice, passed by land from the seacoasts of the Morea to Adrianople aforesaid very peaceably, without any abuse or injury offered in that long distance of about five or six hundred miles.

"Being come to Adrianople, near unto which was the Grand Turk and his army, she acquainted some of the citizens with her intent, and desired some of them to go with her; but when none of them dared to go, fearing his displeasure, she passed alone, and coming near the camp, procured a man to inform at the tent of the Grand Vizier, or chief general of the army, that there was an English woman who had something to declare from the Great God to the Great Turk, who soon sent her word that she should speak with him the next morning.

"So she returned to the city that night, and the next morning came to the camp, and so to the Great Turk, who, being with his great men about him, as he uses to be when he receives ambassadors, sent for her to come in; and she coming before him, he asked her whether it was so as he had heard, that she had something to say to him from the Lord?

"She answered him, 'Yea.'

"Then he bade her speak on, having three interpreters by him; and when she stood silent for a little while, waiting on the Lord as to when to speak, he, supposing that she might be fearful to utter her mind before them all, asked her whether she desired that any might go forth before she spoke?

"She answered, 'Nay.'

"Then he bade her speak the word of the Lord to them, and not to fear, for they had good hearts and could hear it; and strictly charged her to speak the word she had to say for the Lord, neither more nor less, for they were willing to hear it, be it what it would.

"While she was speaking what the Lord had put into her mouth to say, they all gave diligent heed, with much soberness and gravity, till she had done; and then he asking her whether she had any more to say? she asked him whether he understood what she had said? He replied, 'Yes, every word,' and further said that it was the truth, and desired her to stay in that country, saying

that they could not but respect such a one as should take so much pains to come to them, so far as from England, with a message from the Lord; and proffered her a guard, to bring her into Constantinople, whither she intended. Which she accepted not, trusting in the arm of the Lord, which had brought her thither and prospered her work, to bring her back.

"He told her it was dangerous traveling, especially for such a one as she, and wondered that she had passed so safe as far as she had, saying it was in respect and kindness to her that he proffered it, and that he would not for anything she should come to the least hurt in his dominions.

"They were all desirous of more words than she had freedom to speak, and they asked her what she thought of their prophet Mahomet? She replied that she knew him not; but the Christ, the true Prophet, the Son of God, who was the light of the world, and enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world, Him she knew. And further said, concerning Mahomet, that they might judge him to be true or false according as the words and prophecies he spoke were either true or false; saying, 'If the word that the prophet speaketh cometh to pass, then shall ye know that the Lord hath sent that prophet. But if it come not to pass, then shall ye know that the Lord never sent him;' to which they confessed and said it was the truth.

"And so she departed through that great army to Constantinople, without a guard."

That was missionary journeying, sure enough, nearly two hundred fifty years ago. George Robinson, a London youth, went to the Holy Land and Jerusalem, being protected by the Moslems from the friars. Ann Gargill faced twenty-five bishops in the hall of the Inquisition in Lisbon, and declared against their works and quoted to them Scriptural warnings against the anti-Christian system.

It was too detached and unsystematic a work, these missionary tours, to bring permanent results; but the courageous spirit of these Quaker young people inspires to greater daring and less timidity in the cause of Christ. We may not hesitate to go anywhere in the Master's service.

HUGUENOT WOMEN IN THE TOWER OF CONSTANCE

In the Round Tower of Constance

"Not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection." Heb. 11:35.

WHAT a story of faith and constancy and of enabling grace would be told if the stones of some old prison keeps still standing could cry out!

To this day, it is said, a stone in the Tower of Constance, at Aigues-Mortes, France, bears literally the register of one young woman's answer of enduring faith to the offer of quick deliverance by compromise of soul.

One unnamed writer has summed up the general history of the prison Tower of Constance as follows:

"Aigues-Mortes is situated on the southern coast of France, on the Gulf of Lyons, about four miles from the Mediterranean. The population is about five thousand. It is of great historical interest, and is surrounded by the most perfect old embrasured wall in France, built in the form of a parallelogram. The wall is thirty-six feet high, and is flanked by fifteen massive towers, one of which is the famous round Tower of Constance. This tower is ninety-six feet high and seventy-two feet in diameter, and contains two vaulted superimposed circular chambers used by Louis XIV and Louis XV as prisons for their Protestant subjects of both sexes, who here suffered such cruelties that the Dutch and Swiss governments were roused to interfere in their behalf, and even Frederick the Great is said to have interceded for them, but in vain."

One occupant of the woman's prison was a young girl, Suzanne, brought from a distant part and immured here for her Protestant faith. She had left a mother and a sister in the faith back in the old home village. And how love does battle to find a way to send its messages!

Once a year, the story goes, the mother and the sister, disguised as beggars, made the long journey to Aigues-Mortes. They watched by the tall Tower of Constance until the sentinel was at a distance from the part where their loved one was immured.

Then clearly they sang a psalm, one of the hymns of the old home circle. Then "Suzanne! Suzanne!" cried the mother.

From a narrow opening, far above, we are told, would come the reply, "*Ma mère! ma mère!*" (My mother! my mother!)

That was all. Then the sentinel on his beat would be coming back. There was no possibility of conversation. But just to hear the daughter's voice, just to send a message of love that lasts till death, the mother would take the long and perilous journeys.

This, too, was the scene of Marie Durand's lifelong witness to the spirit that no power of earth can crush, because it is the gift of Christ, the faithful and the true Witness.

Her story is well sketched by an unnamed writer, as follows:

"In the vicinity of the city of Aigues-Mortes lived Marie Durand, her family, and a young man, Matthieu Serre, to whom she was engaged. Marie Durand's mother died when Marie was a young child, leaving her and a brother several years older to be brought up in the Protestant faith by their godly father. The son became the minister of a Huguenot congregation in a near-by town.

"About the time the daughter Marie was fifteen years of age, persecution broke out afresh, and the king's soldiers arrested, among many others in the town, her father and Matthieu Serre, to whom she was betrothed. The only pretext for their arrest was that Etienne Durand was the father of a Huguenot preacher, and that Matthieu Serre was betrothed to the preacher's sister. These two men, the father and the lover, were dragged away to a prison on an island within sight of the shore. Within a short time Marie, too, was arrested for the sole crime of being a sister of a Protestant minister, and was sent to the awful Tower of Constance, a young girl only fifteen years old.

"While in these separated prisons, almost in sight of one another, the father and daughter and the lover were permitted to correspond with one another. Many of the letters have been preserved. They show not only the intensest affection, but the sweetest Christian spirit and endeavor to encourage one another under

their trials and to confirm their purpose to stand fast in the faith.

" How well this purpose was kept is revealed when we know that to Marie Durand and her many companions in suffering, every week on Thursday the offer of freedom was made. A priest came to the door of the cells and offered liberty to every one who would recant. Very few in the course of years ever embraced the opportunity. Marie traced her answer deep in the stone curb, ' Resist.' What that meant can be realized when it is known that youth passed, middle age dragged its slow length along, old age and white hair set their seal upon her, and disease racked her frame, but never for thirty-eight years did she change her answer to the weekly invitation, or pass out of the tower; for never would she renounce the Bible as her all-sufficient teacher.

" There is in existence today a list of prisoners at one time in that tower. After each of the thirty-three names are written by their jailer these significant words, *' Sa croyance toujours la même '* (Her faith always the same).

" In the course of years her father was released, her lover was released, her brother died a martyr's death, and most of her relatives became refugees in Switzerland. No one of them changed his faith, but all obtained their liberty through the influence and efforts of Protestants in various European countries.

" But those in the Tower of Constance were firmly held, Marie Durand with them, until the year 1768, when she was permitted to go out from her frightful prison, leaving her name as a synonym of that love and faith in God and His divine word which is more than conqueror over all the oppressions of men."

Some years ago the editor of the London *Sunday at Home,* Mr. F. G. Smith, who evidently, only a short time before writing, had visited the tower, made some observations that add interest to the story of Marie Durand. He wrote:

" More liberally educated than the majority of her companions, it is she who becomes the comforter and adviser of the little community. It is she who attends the sick, reads aloud the word of God, takes the lead in singing the psalms in which the French Protestants were accustomed to breathe their aspirations, and encourages her weaker sisters to remain faithful and true. In the whole history of Protestantism there is nothing more pathetic than the simple inscription, roughly scratched by Marie Durand on the stone edge of the grating in the ward, an inscription that can still be seen, though almost effaced by time — *Résistez* (or in the

THE ROUND TOWER OF CONSTANCE

original, but incorrect orthography, *Réçister).* The characters are irregularly formed, the spelling is incorrect, but what oratory from impassioned lips can equal the sublimity and eloquence of that simple word with which a brave heart sought to encourage her sisters in the faith? *Résistez!"*

Whatever the spelling scratched laboriously into the stone, whether an error or a provincialism, the word was written correctly in Marie Durand's heart. The poet pen of an English writer, Mr. W. Stevens, passes on the message of the Tower of Constance:

"More drear, more drear the circling years
Within those walls of gloomy fame,
Where the bright dawn like eve appears,
And joy and sorrow seem the same.
None goeth forth but must forswear
The faith that is the soul's true breath;
Yet love is stronger than despair,
Life crowns the faithful unto death.

"Here pines the mother for her child,
The wife laments her husband lost,
The grandame withers, maiden mild
Droops like a flower in northern frost:
Slow pass the years, yet each one grows
To riper virtues in her lot;
Come summer heats, come winter snows,
She knows the Christ who changeth not.

"Here weaker woman waits and prays,
Enduring in the strength divine;
A simple faith her spirit stays,
And round her unseen glories shine:
She fades and dies. One word alone
She leaves to rouse the drooping will,
Fast graven in the dungeon stone,
'*Résistez!*' — There it speaketh still.

"The years shall come, with summer glow,
Past shining seas, o'er lands all fair,
And wide the gloomy portals throw,
And breathe the life of God's free air.
'*Résistez!* still that word abides,
In strenuous strife of good with ill;
When pleasure lures, or scorn derides,
'*Résistez!*' — gird thy fainting will."

JOHN ELIOT PREACHING TO THE INDIANS

Young Pioneer Missionaries of the American Colonial Frontiers

JOHN ELIOT

THE frontiers were close to the coast line when John Eliot, the young Puritan pastor, began his work, about the year 1645. His first mission was in the wilds five miles west of Boston. Concord and Pawtucket were outposts, deep in the forests.

There were not many who gave their lives to Indian evangelization in those early days, but a few missionary names stand out conspicuously in the history of the colonial frontiers. Eliot was the first, and his Indian version was the first Bible ever printed in the New World. He was a worker. The keynote of his life was written at the end of his Indian grammar: "Prayer and pains, through Jesus Christ, will do anything."

HORTON AND BRAINERD

A century after John Eliot began, Azariah Horton was sent to the Indians at the eastern end of Long Island, and about the same time David Brainerd began his work sixteen miles east of Albany. Young Brainerd toiled in the wilderness between Albany and the lower Delaware, only wishing that he had more than one life to devote to service. This was his prayer:

"Here I am, Lord, send me; send me to the ends of the earth; send me to the rough, the savage pagans of the wilderness; send me from all that is called comfort in the earth; send me even to death itself, if it be but in Thy service and to promote Thy kingdom."

Results followed these early efforts. But as the settler's ax pushed back the wilderness, and wars desolated the frontiers, the

very people for whom labor was put forth all but vanished, and the fruitage in later times is difficult to trace.

CHRISTIAN RAUCH

Christian Rauch was the pioneer of Moravian missions to the Indians. He had heard at Herrnhut, in Germany, of the sad need, and to hear the call was to go. The young man landed in New York in 1740, determined to find some way to bring the gospel to the Indians. He met two Mohicans, who could speak a little Dutch, and proposed to return with them to their village as a teacher. They were under the influence of drink when they accepted his offer, and when they became sobered on the journey, they dodged into the forest and left their companion. Rauch pushed on, and managed at last to reach Shekomeko, their village, on the boundary between New York and Connecticut. The story of his arrival in the Indian camp was told by a convert in the Moravian missionary conference in 1745. Some one has put the Indian's account into verse:

"He told us of a Mighty One, the Lord of earth and sky,
Who left His glory in the heavens, for men to bleed and die;
Who loved poor Indian sinners still, and longed to gain their love,
And be their Saviour here, and in His Father's house above.

"And when his tale was ended, 'My friends,' he gently said,
'I am weary with my journey, and would fain lay down my head;'
So beside our spears and arrows he laid him down to rest,
And he slept as sweetly as the babe upon its mother's breast.

"Then we looked upon each other, and I whispered, 'This is new;
Yes, we have heard glad tidings, and that sleeper knows them true;
He knows he has a Friend above, or would he slumber here,
With men of war around him, and the war whoop in his ear?'

"So we told him on the morrow that he need not journey on,
But stay and tell us further of that loving, dying One;
And thus we heard of Jesus first, and felt the wondrous power
Which makes His people willing, in His own accepted hour."

Two years after Rauch began work, Count Zinzendorf visited his station, and baptized the first Indian converts. The count's guide on this, as on all three of Zinzendorf's visits to the Indian country, was Conrad Weiser, the colonial interpreter,

MAMUSSE

WUNNEETUPANATAMWE

UP-BIBLUM GOD

NANEESWE

NUKKONE TESTAMENT

KAH WONK

WUSKU TESTAMENT.

Ne quoſhkinnumuk naſhpe Wuttinneumoh *CHRIST*
noh aſoowelit

JOHN ELIOT.

CAMBRIDGE:

Printeuoop naſhpe *Samuel Green* kah *Marmaduke Johnſon.*

1 6 6 3.

Title Page of Eliot's Indian Bible

Those were no easy missionary trails to follow. In 1744 John Mack and Christian Froelich, young colonials, were sent from Bethlehem, the Moravian headquarters in Pennsylvania, to the Wyoming Valley, where Zinzendorf had arranged for a mission. It is a three-hour journey now. The young men clambered over the rocks and forded streams for a week in following the winding Lehigh. The daily text of the Moravian calendar — after the manner of the Morning Watch Calendar — was a strength and comfort to them on their journey. The day they started, the watchword was:

"I will make with them a covenant of peace, and will cause the evil beasts to cease out of the land: and they shall dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods." Eze. 34:25.

On their return journey they had an experience thus related in John Mack's journal:

"The woods were on fire all around us. . . . After dinner we came between two great mountains. . . . Before us there was sent such a great flame that we were a little afraid to go through it, and we could find no other way to escape it. Brother Christian went through first. The flame went quite over his head; it looked a little dismal. He got through, but I did not know it, because I could not see him for the smoke. I called to him; he answered me immediately. I thought I would wait, but the fire grew fiercer. He called me again and prayed me to come through, saying our dear Saviour promised, 'When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned.'"

Mack plunged safely through, and then they thanked God that He had kept them through perils by water and fire. "When we came to Bethlehem," the journal says, "we found that the watchword for that day had been Isaiah 43:2."

DAVID ZEISBERGER

Foremost of all the Moravian missionaries among the American Indians was David Zeisberger. He had had discipline in the school of hardship from childhood. He was five years old when his parents fled from Moravia to Herrnhut, in Saxony, where Count Zinzendorf welcomed the refugees on his estates.

At seventeen Zeisberger was in the New World, studying and learning the ways of frontier life. He was no mean student. Before leaving Herrnhut, at the age of fifteen, he was skilful in Latin, and in Holland he mastered the Dutch. But his life was unsettled. The turning point came when he was twenty-two. The elders at Bethlehem had chosen him to be one of an escort to accompany Count Zinzendorf back to Europe. He was in the boat, disconsolate at the thought of leaving. Bishop Nitschmann was there, saying good-by to Zinzendorf, and noticed the young man's dejected look.

"David," said he, "do you not return to Europe willingly?"

"No, indeed," was David's reply, "I would much rather be in America."

"For what reason?"

"I long to be truly converted to God, and to serve Him in this country."

"If this be so," said the surprised and delighted bishop, "and I were in your place, I would at once return to Bethlehem."

David got out of that boat quickly and went back to Bethlehem. But he longed for the experience of conversion. It came simply, blessedly. While at the table, as the Moravian hymn of grace was being sung before eating, the thought of the love of Jesus for him, David, a sinner, came into his heart. He left the table, and in prayer gave his heart to God, and found the joy and peace of forgiveness. It always comes by the asking and the taking. Never since Adam left Paradise has the Lord ever refused one who came to Him.

Now but one thought was his,— to carry the good news to the Indians. On the first record of students in the school at Bethlehem is written: "David Zeisberger, *destinirter Heidenbote* [purpose, messenger to the heathen]."

He took charge of the Wyoming Valley work. He lived in the wigwams, and learned the Indian languages. The greatest Indian power in those times was the Iroquois confederacy, the Six Nations. These were the Onondagas (who headed the league), Mohawks, Oneidas, Cayugas, Senecas, and Tuscaroras. The capital of the confederacy was Onondaga, in western New York.

Zeisberger was adopted into the Onondaga tribe of the Turtle clan. This adoption saved him more than once in the fierce border warfare that followed, first between the English and the French, and later between England and the colonies. Rum had worked havoc among the Indians. Young Zeisberger found vice rampant in the villages. But hundreds of Indians found the Lord, and hardened, stoical hearts were made tender. One old warrior said:

"Whenever I saw a man shed tears, I used to doubt his being a man. I would not have wept if my enemies had even cut the flesh from my bones, so hard was my heart at that time; that I now weep is of God, who has softened the hardness of my heart."

Zeisberger bore witness to many a deliverance when "in perils in the wilderness." Once he was traveling with several Christian Indians, when they stopped at a trader's post for the night. They were permitted to sleep on the straw in a storeroom where gunpowder was stored, some of it in open casks with grains of powder scattered all over the straw-strewn floor where the trader had measured out sales for his customers. On this account Zeisberger preferred to retire without a light.

But a stranger came in, who insisted on having a tallow candle, promising to be careful. Zeisberger fell asleep quickly with weariness. The stranger was still using his light. But he too fell asleep, leaving the candle burning. In the morning Zeisberger called the trader aside, and taking a little piece of candle from his pocket, said:

"My brother, had we not had the eye of Him upon us who never slumbereth nor sleepeth, we would all this night have been sent into eternity, and no one would have known how it happened. I slept soundly, being fatigued, and was in my first sleep, when I felt as if some one roused me. I sat up and saw the wick of the candle hanging down on one side in a flame, and on the point of falling into the straw, which I was just in time to prevent. I could not fall asleep again; but lay awake, silently thanking the Lord for the extraordinary preservation we had experienced."

Another incident of providential deliverance told in Zeisberger's "Life" (by Dr. Schweinitz), we may also repeat, as it

shows how rigorous were these missionary journeys in the wilds in seasons when food was scarce.

Bishop Spangenberg, Zeisberger, Conrad Weiser (colonial guide and Indian interpreter, of whom we must tell later), and two Christian Indians, Chief Shikellimy and his son, had visited the Onondagas. Weiser was called to take a different route homeward, leaving the others to return by the way they had come. Their food gave out, and the country was suffering famine. On the banks of the Susquehanna they sank exhausted. The history says:

" Faint and silent, the bishop and his young companions waited to see what God would do; while Shikellimy and his son, with the stoicism of their race, resigned themselves to their fate. Presently an aged Indian emerged from the forest, sat down among them, offered his pouch, and gave them a smoked turkey. They could not but recognize in this meeting a direct interposition of their heavenly Father."

Enduring hardness as a good soldier, Zeisberger and others built up a substantial work. Then came the wars,— the French and Indian, and the Revolutionary,— in which the Christian Indians were suspected and attacked by both sides, French and English, and by their pagan tribesmen.

In later years Zeisberger moved with the Christian converts into northwestern Pennsylvania, and then into Ohio. At last he was driven with a little remnant into Canada, where he founded Fairfield, as a Christian Indian village. After the Revolution he returned to the scenes of his former labors south of Lake Erie. He had established thirteen Christian villages, but at the close of his sixty years of missionary service, only a remnant was left. His Onondaga and Delaware grammars and lexicon, chiefly the labors of his youth, and other books in manuscript were never published. According to his wish, Zeisberger, at death, was buried in the Indian graveyard of his last mission (Tuscarawas County, Ohio), " that he might await the resurrection among his faithful Indians."

The peoples for whom he labored had begun, ere his death, that long westward journey of the old Hiawatha tradition,

"To the portals of the Sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind."

Those early colonial missions came to an end along with the Indian's vanishing hunting ground. But the men who labored in them, and the Christian converts who found the way of life through them, left a bright testimony to the power of divine grace; and here and there, among the scattered remnants of the Indian peoples, the seed sowing of the young pioneer missionaries of colonial times may still be bringing forth fruit.

CONRAD WEISER: HELPER TO THE MISSIONARIES, COLONIAL INDIAN AGENT AND INTERPRETER

The man who first interested the Moravians in mission work among the Indians of the great Iroquois league, or Six Nations, and who accompanied Zinzendorf in his three missionary journeys in the American wilds, was Conrad Weiser, Indian agent and interpreter of colonial times.

Conrad Weiser was a Sabbath keeper. The part he played in the history of the colonies is of interest. It was not as a soldier,— though he did serve later as a colonel in the French and Indian War,— but as a peaceful ambassador, that he did his great work. His religious earnestness, and the confidence the Indians had in his sterling character, enabled him to accomplish much more than some whose names are written larger across the history of those times. In those days it was being decided whether Catholic influence from France or Protestant influence from England, should predominate in shaping the American colonies. Harper's "Encyclopedia of United States History" sums up Weiser's part in colonial history as follows:

"Through his influence with the Six Nations on the one hand, and the colonial governments of Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, Virginia, and Carolina on the other, he succeeded in deferring the alliance between the French and the Indians until the American colonists had grown strong enough to successfully defend themselves."

We may count him in with the young pioneers of missions, for it was in his youth that he found the Lord on the colonial

frontiers, and he was only in his thirties when he found the Sabbath truth, having already gained the languages and the influence with the Indians which made him one of the historic characters of colonial times.

Conrad Weiser was born in Germany, in 1696. His father landed in New York in 1710, a widower with eight children. They first settled near Schenectady, where young Conrad pleased a Mohawk chief, who was allowed to take the lad to live with his tribe for a time. He suffered torture from the cold in the Indian camp that winter, but says he forgot the cold with hunger. He learned the Mohawk language, however, which was a preparation for his work as Indian agent in later years.

The family removed with other German colonists to Pennsylvania, where a stepmother made home no very pleasant place for Conrad. His troubles cast him upon the Lord. "I frequently did not know where to turn," he said, "and learned to pray to God, and His word became my most agreeable reading."

When he grew up and was married, he secured a farm at Tulpehocken, in the wilds three or four days' journey west of Philadelphia. The study of that Bible which had been his comfort in boyhood, prepared him to receive the Sabbath truth in 1735. He learned of this through Beissel, of the German Baptist Sabbath-keeping settlement at Ephrata, who also baptized him.

"His talents soon attracted the attention of the government," says Dr. J. J. Mombert, in his "History of Lancaster County." "He attended all the principal Indian treaties held for a period of more than twenty-five years." The same authority says that he "was a man of unbounded benevolence, and disposed to hope all things." This gave him his influence with the Indians.

In 1737 the government sent him to treat with the Iroquois. Their capital was at Onondaga, N. Y., and the journey of five hundred miles was beset with hardship and peril. One day, exhausted, Weiser fell to the ground under a tree and expected to die. The three Indians leading on the trail before him, pagans of the forest, turned back, and one exhorted him to be of good courage; for "good days cause men to sin, and God cannot extend

mercy to them; but contrariwise, when it goeth evil with us, God hath compassion upon us." Ashamed of his discouragement, Weiser rose up and pushed on.

It was after the return from this trip that he met the Moravian Bishop Spangenberg, and urged the cause of missions to the Iroquois. Spangenberg drew the attention of Zinzendorf to the information given him, and one day, in 1742, Zinzendorf felt a definite impression that he should go and see Weiser, a journey of several days. He arrived just in time to meet an embassy of Iroquois chiefs who were returning from Philadelphia, and had stopped at Tulpehocken to visit Weiser's home. Count Zinzendorf addressed the chiefs, asking permission to establish missions among the Six Nations. Weiser interpreted the speech, and added: "This is the man whom God hath sent, both to the Indians and to the white people, to make known His will unto them."

Zinzendorf confirmed his words, after the Indian custom, by presenting the chief with a piece of red cloth. The chief made a stately reply:

"Brother, you have journeyed a long way from beyond the sea, in order to preach to the white people and the Indians. You did not know that we were here; we had no knowledge of your coming. The Great Spirit has brought us together. Come to our people, you shall be welcome. Take this fathom of wampum; it is a token that our words are true." — *"Conrad Weiser, and the Indian Policy of Colonial Pennsylvania," J. S. Walton.*

Shortly afterward, Weiser guided Zinzendorf to the Wyoming Valley, which had never before been entered by the white man. The interpreter here left the party to go on without him to the Shawanese village (now Plymouth), under the guidance of Andrew Montour, a half-French Indian. Weiser returned to engage in business elsewhere. But he was seized with the conviction that Zinzendorf was in danger. Hastening back, he arrived just in time to thwart a plan to massacre the missionaries.

He served with the governor and Benjamin Franklin and several others on educational work in York, Lancaster, and Reading, and altogether seems to have been a busy man in the affairs of his

time. The only hint we have of the personal appearance of this colonial frontiersman at this time is in the pleasant remark of the governor, at a treaty council, that inasmuch as the Indians had cut off one part of Conrad Weiser's beard, because he frightened their children, — the Indians being beardless, — he would see to having the rest removed.

It is evident that Weiser loved the Indians, and he won an influence over them that saved much trouble and bloodshed in the frictions and conflicts of the time. The Moravian missions to the Indians, which he aided Zinzendorf in establishing, developed Indian converts who were true even to the martyr's death. But that work, as we have seen, was almost completely wrecked by the cruel scenes of the French and Indian War, as well as by the strife between English and colonials in the American Revolution that soon followed.

Weiser died in Germany in 1760, a few weeks after the death of Zinzendorf.

PETER MILLER'S INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE WASHINGTON

While we are in these times of the early American frontier, one story ought to be told, of a witness borne to George Washington by a colonial Sabbath keeper named Peter Miller.

Young Peter had come from Germany with others to seek freedom of faith and a field of usefulness in the New World. He was a graduate of Heidelberg and an exceptional linguist, having gained fair mastery of the leading languages of Europe. At twenty-one he was pastor of a Reformed church in Pennsylvania. He found the Sabbath truth four years later through the German Baptist Sabbatarians of the Pennsylvania settlement at Ephrata, near Lancaster. On account of his well-known linguistic gifts, he was called upon years afterward to translate the Declaration of Independence into various languages, and to assist the Continental Congress in the diplomatic correspondence with the governments of Europe.

How George Washington was moved to grant Peter Miller's plea for the life of an enemy is the story repeated here, even though

it is not a story of missions and though Miller was now no longer young.

The American army was in camp at Valley Forge. Their prospect was dark, with the British in possession of Philadelphia. One Widman, who kept a tavern near Ephrata, had been a trusted friend of the colonial cause, and was in possession of secrets regarding supplies and plans. He decided to betray these secrets to General Howe, and went to Philadelphia for the purpose. The British general, however, scorned the spirit of the man in offering to betray his friends, and refused to have any dealings with him. He was sent back to the American lines, where he was arrested and condemned to death as a traitor.

Peter Miller knew Widman. They had once belonged to the same German church. But ever since Miller had left his former church to join the Sabbatarians, Widman had let pass no opportunity to persecute and insult him. He used even to spit in Miller's face.

On hearing of the sentence passed on his enemy, Miller set out at once for Valley Forge to see General Washington. Washington was well acquainted with the Ephrata settlement, which had received and cared for the wounded after the battle of the Brandywine. So Peter Miller needed no introduction. The following story of the interview, from an original manuscript account, is quoted by Dr. Sachse in his "German Sectarians of Pennsylvania:"

"Washington requested him to be seated, but Miller replied that his business with him would not admit of a moment's delay,— that it required immediate dispatch,— and instantly proceeded to plead for mercy toward Widman, most forcibly, most eloquently.

"It was a majestic tableau to look upon, the commander in chief, General Lee, and several other staff officers, and Peter Miller, in his monastic robe, standing in front, forming a most imposing group. Rev. Peter Miller was a tall man, of much grace.

"All began to regard the commander in chief as disposed to exercise his prerogative of mercy, but rallying to the responsibilities of his station, he replied:

"'Friend Miller, there is scarcely anything in this world that I would deny to you, but such is the state of public affairs that it

would be fatal to our cause not to be stringent, inexorable in such matters, and make examples of renegades to the cause of liberty; otherwise I should most cheerfully release your friend.'

" ' Friend! ' exclaimed Miller, interrupting General Washington, and at the same time throwing up both his hands, as if in attestation to the Searcher of hearts, ' He is my worst enemy — my incessant reviler. For a friend I might not importune you; but Widman being, and having been for years, my worst foe, my malignant, persecuting enemy, my religion teaches me to pray for those who despitefully use me.'

" The tears coursed down the brave old commander's cheek, and taking Miller by the hand, he replied: ' My dear friend, I thank you for this lesson of Christian charity. I cannot resist such a manifestation of our divine religion; the pardon shall be granted on one condition, and that is, that you be the bearer of it yourself, and hand it to the commanding officer at Turk's Head in Widman's presence.' "

To make the story short, Miller hastened away on foot that night to Turk's Head, or Westchester, about twenty miles distant. Early next morning he went to the grounds where the troops had formed in a hollow square about the gibbet prepared for the execution. Widman, on the scaffold, had acknowledged his guilt, and was asking mercy from Heaven, as Miller stepped forward and handed the commanding officer the message from General Washington.

Widman thought the man whom he had persecuted had come merely to witness the fate of his enemy. Conscience smitten, he summoned courage to address Miller, saying: " Peter Miller, whatever has prompted your presence at this place, I avail myself of the occasion to acknowledge my great and multiplied abuse and persecution with which I have followed you, and to crave your forgiveness."

At this point the officer interrupted Widman by announcing that the commander in chief had granted him a pardon, and, presenting Peter Miller, he added, " Here is your deliverer."

Thus Peter Miller followed the instruction, " Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

THE MACEDONIAN CALL

Pioneers of Missions

THE lives of the pioneers of modern missions bear witness how generally the decisions of youth are the shaping influences for the life-work, though, thank God, His voice does not cease to call to age that has earlier refused to hear.

Often in childhood the interest and the conviction have come that led to missionary service in later years. One who went into the matter to get a survey of determining influences in the lives of missionaries, wrote:

"Decisions in childhood are very numerous. In the biographies examined, about one third of the missionaries distinctly attribute their first interest in missions to impressions received as children. In about half these cases the impressions seem to amount to a distinct call. The roll of missionaries impressed or called in childhood includes Zinzendorf, founder of Moravian missions; Paton, of the New Hebrides; Coleridge Patteson, Bishop Steere, Gütslaff; Gundert and Krapf and Pfander; Mackay of Formosa, Mackay of Uganda, Cyrus Hamlin of Turkey, Verbeck of Japan, Chalmers of New Guinea, and Eugene Casalis, among many others.

"A child's missionary purpose is sometimes the result of a passing fancy: its motive is often trifling or fantastic, a desire for travel, or 'to see wild beasts and bright birds.' In many instances, however, the call is from the beginning a serious one, which is never doubted or set aside. In other cases, a forgotten early impression, suddenly revived with strength, has been the final means of call.

"Robert Moffat was converted at the age of twenty, while working as a gardener in Cheshire. One day, not long after, while walking into Warrington, he was meditating on a future position of honor and trust. Suddenly he caught sight of a placard announcing a missionary meeting. Immediately stories of Moravian missionaries in Greenland and Labrador, read to him by his mother, came back vividly, though forgotten for many years. He was thrown into a tumult of mind. The power of earthly pros-

pects at once vanished; from that time his thoughts were entirely occupied with how to serve the missionary cause.

"Many and various are the means by which the missionary call comes home to children. Comber of the Kongo, Chalmers of New Guinea, and others responded to a direct appeal made by a Sunday school teacher to his class; Isenberg, Pfander, and many other German boys, to the reading of the Basel *Missionsmagazin;* Robert Noble of Masulipatam and Roberts of Tientsin, while boys at school, to personal appeals from their sisters. Missionary stories, missionary pictures and games, and missionary boxes have all played their part. But investigation of missionary calls in childhood brings out more than anything else the supreme influence of father and mother. Instance after instance occurs of parents who have dedicated their children to the mission field, but have never the fact revealed till God gave the call.

"Hudson Taylor's father, James Taylor, was for many years an earnest evangelist. Through reading an account of the travels of Capt. Basil Hall in China, he was much impressed with the spiritual destitution of China. As he could not go himself, he prayed that his son might be called to devote his life to China's millions. This was two years before Hudson Taylor was born. All hope of his being a missionary was given up on account of his extreme delicacy. Yet, when a boy of sixteen, he received a distinct call for the wonderful work of founding the China Inland Mission, with its more than one thousand missionaries." — *International Review of Missions, April, 1917.*

Many others might be added. A teacher in a New York City public school told a class of girls about the heathen. Little Eliza Agnew, aged eight, resolved to be a missionary. The purpose was always with her. But home needs held her until she was thirty. Then the call to Ceylon came, and she went out to engage in the girls' school work that won her the name of "Mother of a thousand daughters."

So God has called from earth's Macedonias, and young hearts have heard, and merest youth has gone over seas and into the unknown to carry the message. Some one has listed the age at which some of the pioneers were called to mission work:

"Adoniram Judson was but twenty-two when he resolved to devote himself to foreign mission work, and he started for India at twenty-four.

" Robert Morrison was but twenty-two when he was accepted by the London Missionary Society and commissioned to open Christian work in China.

" David Livingstone was twenty-one, Jacob Chamberlain nineteen, and Bishop Thoburn only seventeen when called to foreign mission work.

" These ages are not exceptional, but illustrate the rule: ' Wherever in history we mark a great movement of humanity, we commonly detect a young man at its head or at its heart.' "

The lives of men who blazed the trail into missionary wilds show that if riper years wrought the great tasks, the blessed achievements were the result of the decisions and consecrations of earlier years.

It is a gratifying thing to see young people, with every influence about them to draw them into the world, steadfastly resisting the plea of associates and the temptations of the enemy, and giving life and service to the truth and cause of God. We are seeing this again and again in all lands.

Strange, and sad, too, it is, that while such youth are taking their stand for God against all surrounding influences, some young people who have grown up within the influence of God's truth, and with parents and friends pleading with them to hold to it, are found now and then throwing away their hope of eternal life for the positions or the pleasures of the world. It is a poor exchange.

COUNT ZINZENDORF

The story of Count Zinzendorf's early life shows how the grace of Christ made him victor over efforts to draw a rich and talented young nobleman into the service of the world. He was noble by grace and character as well as by birth.

The Countess of Huntingdon thanked God for the letter " m " in the text, " Not many noble are called." Without that letter it would read, " Not any noble." Of noble birth, of the highest society in England, she counted it the highest earthly honor to join with the humble seekers after God in the early and unpopular days of Methodism. Despised though that people were by

society and the popular church, she wrote her heart's experience in her hymn:

"I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious throne to bow,
Though weakest of them all;
Nor can I bear the piercing thought,
To have my worthless name left out,
When Thou for them shalt call."

While never have the many mighty or many noble responded to God's call, the door of service has ever been open to those of noble birth and exalted station. Count Zinzendorf found his own people and his life's work among the persecuted peasants from Moravia, to whom he became a leader and organizer in the great pioneer movement of modern missions.

He was born in Dresden, in 1700, and was left fatherless in infancy. From earliest boyhood his heart seemed responsive to noble impulses. "In all matters that depended upon me," he wrote of his childhood days, "my first thought always was, What will best please my mother?"

His training and earliest education were under his grandmother. Like young Timothy's grandmother Lois, of ancient Lystra, the Baroness Gersdorf, of Hennersdorf, devoted herself to planting the principles of righteousness in her grandson's heart. Regarding his first experience in the Lord, Count Zinzendorf said: "It was at Hennersdorf, when I was a child, that I learned to love Him." As a little boy he made a written covenant with the Lord, "Be Thou mine, dear Saviour, and I will be Thine." And true he was to his boyhood's covenant.

To fit him to fill high positions in state, as his fathers before him, his guardians sent him to Halle. There he gathered about him some serious-minded youth, and formed a young people's society, called the "Order of the Mustard Seed." The pledge of the society declared the aim to be "to follow Christ in walk and conversation, to love your neighbor, and strive for the conversion of Jews and heathen." Even here was the mustard seed of missionary endeavor that in later years was to grow into the great Moravian missionary movement.

Zinzendorf was no dawdler with his books. He was an earnest student as well as an earnest Christian. After Halle came Wittenberg, where his uncle hoped he would lose some of that religious devotion which seemed to stand in the way of the ambitious plans his friends had for him. Then an educational tour of Europe, with plenty of money to spend, including life in the social whirl of Paris, was looked to as something to draw young Zinzendorf more into the current of the world of society and politics. All was as emptiness to the count, however, and nothing would he allow to come between him and his Saviour. The early covenant held, "Be Thou mine, dear Saviour, and I will be Thine."

He was for a time judge and member of the council of Saxony, but ever his heart was toward the work of the Lord. He found his work when a band of exiled Christians from Moravia sought refuge on his estates. They were men after his own heart. Joyfully he permitted them to settle on his lands, and the little village of Herrnhut was begun, Herrnhut meaning, "Watched of the Lord."

These were the people to be organized and sent forth as missionaries to the dark places of the earth. To this work the count devoted the rest of his days. His wife, the Countess Dorothea, was a noble helper in all his labors. On their wedding day they entered into a marriage contract "that they should both be ready, at a moment's warning from the Lord, to enter upon the mission, take up the pilgrim's staff, and ever be prepared to endure the scoffs of mankind."

This is to be no outline of Zinzendorf's life, but a mere glimpse at a youth whose every attitude, as we look, shows a mind bent on the glory of God and the advancement of His cause in the earth. He had wealth, high station, everything that could lure a man to a life of ease and honor among men. He was of brilliant mind and of fine presence.

But he was one of God's noblemen. The Moravian missionaries, ready to give their lives in sacrifice, whether in the arctic regions of Greenland or in the heart of the tropics, found in him

an organizer and leader after their own kind. He was here and there, in Europe, in America, in the West Indies, always on the move, and always at work.

While still of youthful age, he had his attention drawn to the study of the Sabbath question, and saw that the change of the Sabbath from the Lord's day of rest, the seventh day, to the first day of the week, was not of divine appointment or by authority of Scripture.

While in America, in 1741, he explained to the Moravian church at Bethlehem, Pa., that for a long time he had been keeping the seventh day as the Sabbath of rest, and after full discussion of the reasons for and the objections against it, there was said to be a unanimous agreement in that company to observe the day. His biographers tell us that Sabbath observance was his habitual practice.

On one occasion, in colonial Pennsylvania, he was arrested for working at hymn writing on Sunday, and fined under the old Sunday laws. While he evidently did not fully understand the importance of the Sabbath truth, it is interesting to know that this pioneer of missions was a Sabbath keeper.

He was the first white man to set foot in the Wyoming Valley of Pennsylvania, whither he went, with his daughter and a few companions, to open mission work among the Shawanese. The Indians were suspicious and covetous. They begged all the count's buttons, until he had to tie his clothing on with strings. The party suffered from lack of food, but they held on, trying to win the hearts of the Indians. Zinzendorf meanwhile worked at his writing or composed hymns in the solitude of the forest. Possibly that hymn of his in " Hymns and Tunes " was written under some such conditions:

> " Eternal depth of love divine,
> In Jesus, God with us, displayed,
> How bright thy beaming glories shine!
> How wide thy healing streams are spread! "

Differing versions have been given of Zinzendorf's deliverance from poisonous snakes, and from the tomahawk of an assassin,

while at the Shawanese camp. Charles Miner, in his "History of Wyoming," gives it as follows:

"Zinzendorf was alone in his tent, seated upon a bundle of dry weeds which composed his bed, and engaged in writing, when the assassins approached to execute their bloody commission. It was night, and the cool air of September had rendered a small fire necessary to his comfort and convenience. A curtain, formed of a blanket and hung upon pins, was the only guard to the entrance of his tent.

"The heat of his fire had aroused a large rattlesnake, which lay in the weeds not far from it, and the reptile, to enjoy it more effectually, crawled slowly into the tent, and passed over one of his legs undiscovered. Without, all was still and quiet, except the gentle murmur of the river at the rapids about a mile below. At this moment the Indians softly approached the door of his tent, and slightly removing the curtain, contemplated the venerable man, too deeply engaged in the subject of his thoughts to notice either their approach or the snake which lay extended before him.

"At a sight like this, even the heart of the savages shrunk from the idea of committing so horrid an act, and quitting the spot, they hastily returned to the town and informed their companions that the Great Spirit protected the white man; for they had found him with no door but a blanket, and had seen a large rattlesnake crawl over his legs without attempting to injure him. This circumstance, together with the arrival soon afterward of Conrad Weiser, procured the friendship and confidence of the Indians."

This Conrad Weiser, as we have seen, was a Sabbath keeper also, and a man who acted a large part in the Indian affairs of colonial days.

This was in the year 1742. The next year Zinzendorf returned to Europe, continuing his labors as general leader of the Moravian missionary expansion until his death in 1760.

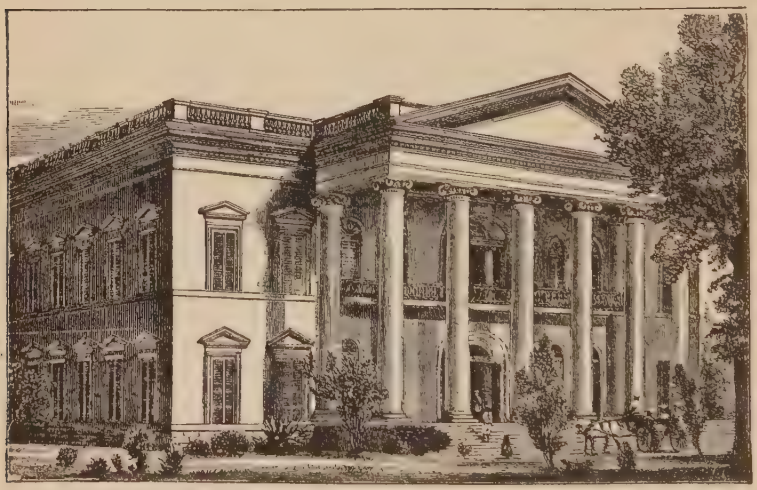
WILLIAM CAREY

"Young man, sit down!" was the first answer that William Carey got to his pressing inquiry, in a ministers' meeting, if the time had not come for the Christian church to give attention to the needs of the heathen.

And that was fairly expressive of the attitude of Christendom generally, notwithstanding the pioneer work the Moravians and some individuals were doing.

But " the time of the end " was at hand, the time of which the angel had spoken in the word to Daniel:

" Thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Dan. 12:4.



Carey's College, Serampur, India

This meant the opening not only of an era of travel and general enlightenment, but of world-wide missions as well; for the knowledge of God is the chiefest thing of all.

Mark, it was a young man who was asked to sit down at that ministerial meeting in 1786. Youth had been called to pioneer service again.

Carey's boyhood and youth had been a toilsome way. He began apprenticeship with a shoemaker at sixteen. His education was meager, but he had the student mind. He read and studied as he worked. Speaking of the books of his boyhood days, he once said:

"I chose to read books of science, history, voyages, etc., more than any others. Novels and plays always disgusted me, and I avoided them as much as I did books of religion."

At eighteen, however, he found Christ, and soon was preaching to others. Now he added religious books to his store. As he worked at his cobbler's bench, he read and thought. He studied Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, getting help where he could, but mostly finding his own way through. Language study was a gift in his case, though developed only by toil. He picked up somewhere a Dutch book, and from it secured a reading knowledge of that tongue. He got a French book, and French was added to his list. The linguistic gift was his, surely; but as Dr. George Smith says, this alone would not have carried him through.

"This gift would have been buried in the grave of his penury and his circumstances had his trade been almost any other, and had he not been impelled by the most powerful of all motives. He never sat on his stall without his books before him, nor did he painfully toil with his wallet of new-made shoes to the neighboring towns or return with leather without conning over his lately acquired knowledge and making it forever, in orderly array, his own."

The Lord was watching for agencies through whom the great missionary awakening of the prophecy was to come as the time of the end should arrive. Many agencies had long been set in motion to prepare the way. The world was opening up. Captain Cook's voyages had revealed the new island world of the Pacific. Early in his studies Carey had been impressed with the sad state of these peoples in Africa and Asia and the islands, without the light of the gospel and with no concerted effort in Christendom to carry the light to them.

He had a map of the world hung up in his shop, and day by day he gathered and classified on it the facts as to the conditions and needs of the heathen world. It was with this knowledge that he had risen in the ministers' meeting at Northampton, in 1786, to propose a discussion of the responsibility of the church to carry the gospel to the world.

"Sit down, young man!" he was told. He was but twenty-five years old. To the presiding officer of the meeting it seemed impertinent of the youth to suggest such a proposition.

"You are a miserable enthusiast for asking such a question," he was told. "Certainly nothing can be done before another Pentecost and the gift of tongues."

But the burden upon Carey's heart was not to be shifted off by such unwise rebuke. He set to work writing an appeal for missions, an "Enquiry" into the duty of Christians to give the gospel to the world. It was methodical in its plan, and full of the facts of the case. One paragraph must suffice to show the style of this historic document:

"As to their distance from us, whatever objections might have been made on that account before the invention of the mariner's compass, nothing can be alleged for it with any color of plausibility in the present age. Men can now sail with as much certainty through the great South Sea as they can through the Mediterranean or any lesser sea. Yes, and Providence seems, in a manner, to invite us to the trial, as there are to our knowledge trading companies whose commerce lies in many of the places where these barbarians dwell. At one time or other ships are sent to visit places of more recent discovery, and to explore parts of the most unknown; and every fresh account of their ignorance or cruelty should call forth our pity, and excite us to concur with Providence in seeking their eternal good. Scripture likewise seems to point out this method, 'Surely the isles shall wait for Me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring My sons from far, their silver and their gold with them, unto the name of the Lord thy God.' Isa. 60:9. This seems to imply that in the time of the glorious increase of the church, in the latter days (of which the whole chapter is undoubtedly a prophecy), commerce shall subserve the spread of the gospel. The ships of Tarshish were trading vessels, which made voyages for traffic to various parts; thus much therefore must be meant by it, that navigation, especially that which is commercial, shall be one great means of carrying on the work of God."

The sure word of prophecy inspired Carey's faith in missions as a latter-day enterprise. Of this historic document, Dr. Smith, Carey's biographer, says:

" This ' Enquiry ' has a literary interest of its own, as a contribution to the statistics and geography of the world, written in a cultured and almost finished style, such as few, if any, university men of that day could have produced, for none were impelled by such a motive as Carey had. In an obscure village, toiling, save when he slept, and finding rest on Sunday only by a change of toil, far from libraries and the society of men with more advantages than his own, this shoemaker, still under thirty, surveys the whole world, continent by continent, island by island, race by race, faith by faith, kingdom by kingdom, tabulating his results with an accuracy and following them up with a logical power of generalization which would extort the admiration of the learned even of the present day."

The " Enquiry " had been leavening the ideas of men. Carey had been called to a larger work, the ministry of a Baptist church in Leicester, though still cobbling shoes to help out expenses. Then came the meeting of 1792, again at Nottingham, when not in an inquiry, but in a sermon, Carey, now thirty-one years old, poured out his heart's appeal for missions. The sermon was based on the second and third verses of Isaiah 54. " Expect great things from God," and " Attempt great things for God," were the main divisions. These two great sentences are now painted on the wall back of Carey's old pulpit at Leicester.

Still there was hesitancy, though men's hearts were stirred. Carey's nearest friend and sympathizer, Dr. Fuller, had said to him, " If the Lord should make windows in heaven, then might this thing be." As the ministers' meeting was separating, Carey seized Fuller and said, " Are we going away without doing anything? " Then out of Carey's persistence came the appointment of the committee meeting that year in Kettering, where the first of the modern missionary societies was formed, the Baptist Society, to be followed rapidly by other churches. Carey's appeals had won, and the great missionary era of " the time of the end " was opened. Later, speaking of these days when young Carey studied, and agitated, and wrote, refusing to be silenced, Dr. Ryland, who had opposed him, said:

"I believe God himself infused into the mind of Carey that solicitude for the salvation of the heathen which cannot be fairly traced to any other source."

Of course that was it. The time had come for the work to be done, and the burden was laid upon the heart of a young man, devoted, studious, and with his life before him for the service.

The next year Carey was off for India. The work there belongs to his middle age and ripest years. But it was as a young man of thirty-three that William Carey at last set foot in Bengal, in 1793.

All the honors that came to him in later life never led him to think less of the experiences in the toilsome days of youth, when God was fitting him for the task. Once at a government dinner, when he was a famous professor of Oriental languages, he sat next a noble peer of the realm.

"Let me see," said the lordly nobleman, "I believe you were once a manufacturer of shoes?"

"O no," replied Carey, "only a cobbler of shoes."

In his earlier years in India, the idea of missions to the heathen was still an amusing one in parts of the home field. When the Rev. Sydney Smith described the Bengal mission staff — Carey, Marshman, and Ward — as a "nest of consecrated cobblers," Southey, the poet, replied that Carey was a more learned Orientalist than ever any European had been before him. He added:

"These low-born and low-bred mechanics have translated the whole Bible into Bengali, and have by this time printed it. They are printing the New Testament in the Sanskrit, the Orissa, Marathi, Hindustani, and Gujarati, and translating it into Persic, Telinga, Karnata, Chinese, the language of the Siekhs and of the Burmans, and in four of these languages they are going on with the Bible.

"Extraordinary as this is, it will appear more so when it is remembered that of these men one was originally a shoemaker; another, a printer at Hull; and a third, the master of a charity school at Bristol. Only fourteen years have elapsed since Thomas and Carey set foot in India, and in that time have these missionaries acquired this gift of tongues; in fourteen years, these low-born,

low-bred mechanics have done more toward spreading the knowledge of the Scriptures among the heathen than has been accomplished or even attempted, by all the princes and potentates of the world, and all the universities and establishments into the bargain."

On Carey's death, in 1834, at the ripe age of seventy-three, John Wilson, of Bombay, wrote thus of the "Father of Modern Missions:"

"Perhaps no man ever exerted a greater influence for good on a great cause. Who that saw him, poor and in seats of learning uneducated, embark on such an enterprise, could ever dream that in a little more than forty years Christendom would be animated with the same spirit, thousands forsake all to follow his example, and that the word of life should be translated into almost every language and preached in almost every corner of the earth?"

This was the fruitage of the loyal devotion to the missionary cause of the young man Carey, upon whom God laid the burden of beginning the new era of missions.

THE JUDSONS OF BURMA

News of the beginnings of modern missions in Old England quickly reached the New England over the sea. First to catch the meaning of the new era were a few consecrated youth, students in Williams College, Massachusetts. They heard in their hearts the modern Macedonian call from over the seas.

There were no missionary societies in America to send missionaries into the fields and to stand by such a work. But where there was no way, faith found a way. The young men in whose hearts burned a zeal to kindle the light of salvation in dark lands, met under the shelter of a haystack, and in a prayer season dedicated their lives to the work of agitating and promoting the missionary idea among the American churches. They rose from that prayer meeting — celebrated as the "Haystack Meeting" — with the motto, "We can do it if we will." The leaven was set working. Providence was preparing the agencies that were to lead the missionary awakening in the New World, and consecrated youth was again called to pioneer the way.

THE HAYSTACK MONUMENT

Just here it is interesting to note that Providence was also preparing material agencies for hastening the gospel message to the nations beyond the sea. It was in 1806 that the Haystack Meeting was held by a few young men; and in the same year another young man, against ridicule and conservatism, was developing one of the means by which God has made "a path in the mighty waters" to every shore. Dr. Edward Lawrence, in his "Introduction to Foreign Missions," well draws the lesson of this timely providence:

"There was one other force which was needed to fully equip the church for its universal activity, and to draw the nations of the world together into a net, as the peoples of old had been drawn into the Greco-Roman Empire. That was the power of steam, which was to bind the lands together with bands of steel, turn the oceans into a Mediterranean, make the locomotive an emissary of God's kingdom, and the steamer a morning star to herald the day. That invention was not ready to begin its task of annihilating space until the dawn of the nineteenth century. But it was ready in time, for not until then was the purified church itself roused to a fidelity grand enough to undertake the work for which God had been preparing this equipment. It was in 1807, while the young men at Williamstown [Massachusetts] were praying and studying about missions, that Robert Fulton was making the first trip of the 'Clermont' from New York to Albany." — *Page 20.*

How we thank God today in the missionary movement for the hundreds of steamships furrowing the seas and uniting all lands! It is indeed an agency of God's providence.

> "He hath made the deep as dry;
> He hath smote for us a pathway to the
> ends of all the earth."

On the second trip of the "Clermont" a youth named Adoniram Judson was a passenger. Fresh from college, a young agnostic, he was traveling over the frontiers of New England. Next year, however, he had recovered from the unbelieving spirit of his college days — a spirit that had swept in like a pestilence with the rationalistic teachings of the French Revolutionary period. Judson gave his heart to God, and entered Andover Theological Semi-

nary. There came to this school, in 1810, several of the young men from Williamstown with the idea of foreign missions. Judson joined them heart and soul.

Judson and several others addressed to the Congregational body an appeal for missions to the heathen, and offered themselves as volunteers to go. This led to the formation of the first American society, in 1810. Thus, again, where there was no way, faith found a way.

In 1812 Adoniram Judson and his young wife, Ann Hasseltine Judson, with two others, sailed for India, the first missionaries to go out from America. Judson was but twenty-three, Mrs. Judson but a girl in the eyes of her friends.

Public opinion was mixed regarding the propriety of such young people's going into the unknown lands to work for the salvation of the heathen. Many religiously minded thought it quite improper for a woman so young to go.

"I hear that Miss Hasseltine is going to India," said one lady to another, shortly before the marriage of the missionary volunteers. "Why does she go?"

"Why, she thinks it is her duty. Wouldn't you go if you thought it your duty?"

"But," said the first, "I would not think it my duty."

Some thought Miss Hasseltine not serious enough for a missionary's wife, just because she was happy and bright and joyful in planning for the life of service in needy fields. Well did her brief life of service in Burma vindicate her conviction that there was no reason why high spirits and a happy disposition should not be consecrated to Christ's service with hopeful courage.

The loyalty of the young missionaries to the truth of God was put to a severe test on the long voyage out and on their first arrival in India. They had left Massachusetts as Congregationalists, but they landed in Calcutta with their minds agitated over the question of baptism.

Judson knew that he would meet Carey and his associates in the Serampore Baptist Mission, just outside Calcutta. So he went at the study, to be prepared to maintain his own position. But as

he studied during the four months' voyage and the few weeks after landing, he was fully convinced that the Baptists were right, and to know this was to follow the new light.

So he gave notice to his society that he had changed his views; and while cheered by the friendship of Carey and his associates, the young people lived in uncertainty as to whether the Baptists of New England would own them and rally to carry on mission work.

It came out all right. But those were days of slow communication. It was more than two years before they heard from home. In the meantime they were expelled from India and ordered to England by the anti-missionary East India Company, which had opposed Carey and compelled him to go to the Danish settlement of Serampore. It was a stirring time. Judson tried to get off to the island of Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean, as a base nearer by; and he achieved it. Any one who has been up and down the river between Calcutta and the sea in these days of steamers must wonder how little Mrs. Judson could have maneuvered as she did from ship to shore with baggage, dealing with native boatmen, in the treacherous river currents, while Judson went back and forth by land, making efforts to get the authorities to relent and not force him away to Europe. He succeeded and she succeeded. Then came the return from Mauritius to Madras, the order of expulsion again, and the flight by ship to the next place — Rangoon, Burma, the most threatening field of all in those times.

That was pioneering, of a truth, and the pioneers were but youth, under twenty-five years, blazing the trail into the unknown, their only hope and trust the God of heaven, whose they were and to whose service they had devoted their whole souls. As they settled upon the flight to Burma, Ann Judson put down in her journal that day:

"June 20. We have at last concluded, in our distress, to go to Rangoon. . . . O our heavenly Father, direct us aright! . . . I have been accustomed to view this field of labor with dread and terror, but I now feel perfectly willing to make it my home the rest of my life."

And she did. Thirteen years she toiled there; and then lay down to rest under the hopia tree at Amherst, on the banks of the Irawadi. What years those were! The fruitage was beginning to appear when the war between the Burmese and the British came, and Judson, at Ava, the Burmese capital, was put in prison with English and foreign residents. Then for twenty-one months Mrs. Judson stood between the prisoners and death.

The story of her tireless ministry seems incredible. In sickness, in loneliness, in want, and in constant peril, she ranged between the prison pens and the palace and official houses, securing this and that mitigation of the intolerable lot of the fettered prisoners, and keeping them in food at times when, without her supplies, life would have been insupportable in the filthy death pen, under the tropical sun. Mrs. Judson once wrote to her brother:

"O how many, many times . . . have I returned from that dreary prison at nine o'clock at night, solitary, and worn out with fatigue and anxiety, and thrown myself down in that same rocking-chair which you and Deacon L. provided for me in Boston, and endeavored to invent some new scheme for the release of the prisoners. Sometimes, for a moment or two, my thoughts would glance toward America and my beloved friends there; but for nearly a year and a half, so entirely engrossed was every thought with present scenes and sufferings, that I seldom reflected on a single occurrence of my former life or recollected that I had a friend in existence out of Ava."

That is isolation. And the only thing that supported a frail woman through such times was a childlike trust in a loving Father above.

The reference to the rocking-chair from old Boston — a really New England invention — gives a homely touch to the depiction of the scenes of suffering at Ava. One other such stroke of New England color appears in the account of the wife's efforts to provide for Judson in the prison. The story is:

"His food was such as Mrs. Judson could provide. Sometimes it came regularly, and sometimes they went very hungry. Sometimes, for weeks together, they had no food but rice, savored with ngapi — a certain preparation of fish, not always palatable

to foreigners. But once, when a term of unusual quiet gave her time for the softer and more homely class of loving thoughts, Mrs. Judson made a great effort to surprise her husband with something that should remind him of home. She planned and labored, until by the aid of buffalo beef and plantains, she actually concocted a mince pie. Unfortunately, as she thought, she could not go in person to the prison that day; and the dinner was brought by smiling Moung Ing, who seemed aware that some mystery must be wrapped up in that peculiar preparation of meat and fruit, though he had never seen the well-spread boards of Plymouth and Bradford. But the pretty little artifice only added another pang to a heart whose susceptibilities were as quick and deep as, in the sight of the world, they were silent.

"When his wife had visited him in prison, and borne taunts and insults with and for him, they could be brave together; when she had stood up like an enchantress, winning the hearts of high and low, making savage jailers, and scarcely less savage nobles, weep; or moved, protected by her own dignity and sublimity of purpose, like a queen along the streets, his heart had throbbed with proud admiration; and he was almost able to thank God for the trials which had made a character so intrinsically noble shine forth with such peculiar brightness. But in this simple, homelike act, this little unpretending effusion of a loving heart, there was something so touching, so unlike the part she had just been acting, and yet so illustrative of what she really was, that he bowed his head upon his knees, and the tears flowed down to the chains about his ankles.

"What a happy man he might have been had this heavy woe been spared them! And what was coming next? Finally the scene changed, and there came over him a vision of the past. He saw again the home of his boyhood. His stern, strangely revered father, his gentle mother, his rosy, curly-haired sister, and pale young brother were gathered for the noonday meal, and he was once more among them. And so his fancy reveled there. Finally he lifted his head. Oh, the misery that surrounded him! He moved his feet, and the rattling of the heavy chains was as a death knell. He thrust the carefully prepared dinner into the hand of his associate, and as fast as his fetters would permit, hurried to his own little shed." — *Wayland's "Memoir of Dr. Judson."*

Mrs. Judson saved the precious manuscripts of the Burmese Bible translations by making them into a pillow, so hard and ill-

looking a cushion that no one stole it, even though Judson long had it with him in the prison pen.

God gave Mrs. Judson friends. The old governor doubtless saved the lives of the prisoners more than once by delaying and misinterpreting orders. Once when Mrs. Judson had been shut away from the prison gate and it looked as if the prisoners must die, she made her way to this governor and reproached him for reversing long-continued kindness and now apparently allowing Mr. Judson and the prisoners to die. The story goes:

"At her words the old man broke down and cried like a child. 'I pity you, Tsa-yah-ga-dau,' the name by which he always called Mrs. Judson, 'I knew you would make me feel; I therefore forbade your application. But you must believe me when I say I do not wish to increase the sufferings of the prisoners. When I am ordered to execute them, the least that I can do is to put them out of sight. I will now tell you what I have never told you before, that three times I have received intimations from the queen's brother to assassinate all the white prisoners privately, but I would not do it. And I now repeat it, Though I execute all the others, I will never execute your husband. But I cannot release him from his present confinement, and you must not ask it.'

"Never before had Mrs. Judson seen the governor display so much feeling nor such firmness in denying her a favor. His words and manner aroused her worst forebodings for the future."

At last the torments were over. Judson and others were released as the British army drew nearer and nearer, and the cruel king needed interpreters and advocates to intercede for terms. Only the providentially timed release saved the life of Ann Judson, for her husband, making his way home, found her at death's door and helpless to care for herself or for her little babe. But through the longest drawn-out period of sorest trial that ever came to modern missionaries, God's grace sustained these pioneers of Burma.

A few weeks later, with strength returning rapidly under the changed conditions and proper food, Mrs. Judson sat at a banquet table with British officers, who were entertaining in semistate the peace representatives of the Burmese king. One Burmese official was noticed to be nervous and perspiring with apparent terror.

The host, Gen. Sir Archibald Campbell, commander of the British force, asked Mrs. Judson what the trouble was with the man. She told what the trouble was. She had met this man in the days of trial.

"One day Mrs. Judson had walked several miles to his house, to beseech a favor for her husband, who was bound with five pairs of fetters in the inner prison, and suffering from fever. It was early morning when she had left home, but so long was she kept waiting for an audience, that it was high noon when she presented her petition, only to receive a gruff refusal. As she turned to go, he caught sight of the silk umbrella she carried, and since it pleased his fancy, he must needs possess it for his own. In vain she pleaded the danger of walking the long distance with no protection from the scorching midday sun. If he must have her parasol, would he not furnish her with a paper one to shield her from the heat? Whereupon he laughed a sneering laugh, and replied that only stout people were in danger of sunstroke, the sun could not find such as she, thus mocking the very suffering which had wasted her to a shadow.

"Mrs. Judson could almost smile now in recollection of the incident, especially at sight of the poor man's dismay, which pity bade her relieve. In her clear Burmese she spoke a few encouraging words to him, assuring him he had nothing whatsoever to fear. The British officers who had sensed the situation, joined her in efforts to set him at ease, but with small success. Throughout the feast he was possessed by a fear he could not conceal. So much for the difference between Christian and heathen standards of conduct!" — "*Ann of Ava," by Ethel D. Hubbard, pp. 227, 228.*

With anxious hearts the Judsons hastened back to their station to gather together the little band of first believers. The work was resumed under better conditions. Burma was now open to the gospel. But Ann Judson's strength had been too far hazarded in the days when she stood between her husband and all the white prisoners and death. She could not rally, and soon her work was done, while still but a young woman. She had, however, the answer to her prayer as she went to Burma:

"God grant that we may live and die among the Burmans, though we never should do anything else than smooth the way for others."

Photo, U. & U., N. Y.

VICTORIA FALLS, ZAMBESI RIVER

She had helped to begin the building on the sure foundation. She loved the Burmese women, and love wins its way. It is said that the women used lovingly to touch her shadow as she passed along the street.

Judson lived on to see a great work in Burma, and his translated Bible is his memorial, together with a great and growing community of Burmese believers.

The two young people who sailed out from Salem in 1812, to lead the way from the New World into the heathen lands, were guided into a blessed field of service.

THE CALL OF THE FIELDS

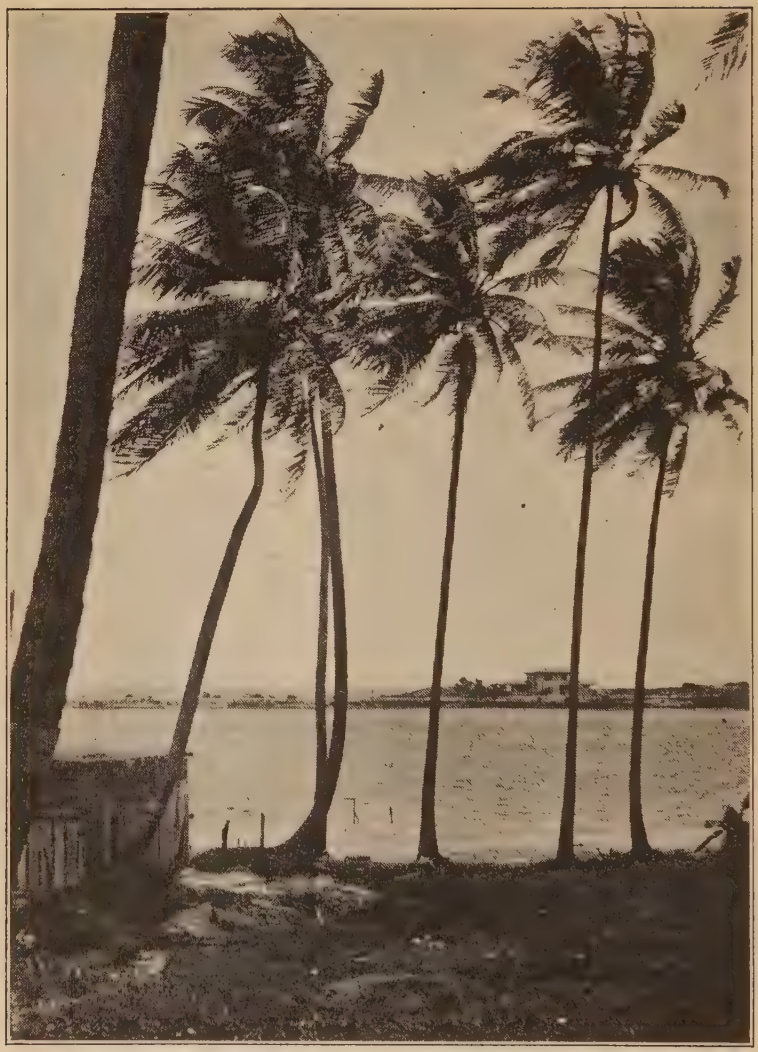
As youth has pioneered the way into the great mission fields, so the call of the fields is still a call to youth.

Young people are needed, who are active, devoted, practical, and with student minds, to learn languages, to endure hardness as good soldiers, and to devote the high spirits and enthusiasm of consecrated youth to the winning of souls to Christ in dark lands where still the millions wait.

No higher calling can command the devotion of young men and women. Adoniram Judson, at twenty-one, was offered the post of assistant pastor in the largest church in Boston and all New England. Suppose he had chosen that and missed Burma!

Spangenberg, the missionary bishop of the Moravian movement, was offered the professorship of divinity and philosophy in the University of Jena. "But I utterly refused it," he says, "and begged of God with my whole heart that I might not be famous, but very little and unknown." His labors made him well known, for that matter, in the history of missions. Just who took his place in the professorship at Jena would require some searching to find out.

Young Morrison, beginning the Protestant era in China, had laid foundations in language study and translations that were of greatest value as the doors of China swung open in 1844, with the imperial recognition in that year of freedom to propagate and follow the religion of Christ.



"WAFT, WAFT, YE WINDS, THE STORY"

Young Livingstone, preparing for China, found the Opium War hindering immediate entry. Just then he heard Moffat of Africa tell of having seen "in the morning sun the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary had ever been." "I will go," said Livingstone. And he was there when, in 1845, the overmastering conviction and burden came upon him, "Who will penetrate Africa?" And he set his face northward to devote youth and middle age to the work which God used to open the Dark Continent.

So over land and sea the messengers of Christ's saving power have been pressing on through this century of missions. Our own youth have gone forth; some are already growing old in service. They are in all the countries of South America, in the border lands and the interior of Africa, in most of the countries of Asia, and in the island groups of all the seas. The great missionary army of all lands and of all societies presses onward with ringing call to the youth of every home base to come on in the spirit of the apostolic missionaries who fared forth to carry the gospel to every nation in the generation that followed the resurrection and ascension of our Lord.

"And still o'er all the earth they fare, where'er a soul has need;
My heart leaps up and calls to them: O brothers mine! Godspeed
What time within the jungle deep ye watch the daylight die,
Or on some lonely Indian steep see dawn flush all the sky.

"Far is the cry from here to there, yet hearken when we say:
Ye are the brethren of the Book; in Khartum or Cathay,
'Tis ye who make the record good; 'tis ye, O royal souls,
Who justify the chronicles, writ in the ancient scrolls.

"O missionaries of the blood! Ambassadors of God!
Our souls flame in us when we see where ye have fearless trod.
At break of day your dauntless faith our slackened valor shames,
And every eve our joyful prayers are jeweled with your names."

— *McIntyre.*

MARY JONES

On the Journey to Secure the Welsh Bible

The Welsh Girl, and the Beginning of Modern Bible Distribution

THE story begins with a little Welsh girl's question, "Why haven't we a Bible of our own, mother?"

"Because Bibles are scarce, child, and we're too poor to pay the price of one."

Two miles from Mary Jones's home lived a farmer who owned a Bible. She secured permission to call and read its pages now and then. The story of the first visit we must repeat:

"The good farmer's wife went away, leaving Mary alone with a Bible for the first time in her life.

"Presently the child raised the napkin, and, folding it neatly, laid it to one side.

"Then with trembling hands she opened the Book, opened it at the fifth chapter of John, and her eyes caught these words, 'Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of Me.'

"'I will! I will!' she cried, feeling as if the words were spoken directly to her by some divine voice. 'I will search and learn all I can. O, if I had but a Bible of my own!'

"And this wish, this sigh for the rare and coveted treasure, was the keynote to a grand and glorious harmony which, years after, spread in volume until it rolled in waves of sound over the whole earth. Yes, that yearning in a poor child's heart was destined to be a means of light and knowledge to millions of souls in the future." — *"Mary Jones and Her Bible," pp. 58, 59.*

Now the girl began to work untiringly to gather money to buy a Welsh Bible of her own. It was in the year 1800, after six years of saving, that she made the barefoot journey of over twenty-five miles to the town of Bala, with the price of the book in her pocket.

How her hunger for the living word was used to start an agency for feeding the hunger of the nations is told briefly by one of the British Bible Society's secretaries:

" She was told she had better go to Mr. Charles at Bala, and perhaps he would be able to procure her a Bible. Bala was a great way off — twenty-five miles or more among the hills; but she set out very gladly on her journey. Now you must think of her going on that long and lonely way; walking barefoot on the mountain track or the hard highroad, for like a thrifty country maid, she carried her shoes and stockings ' to save them; ' singing to herself, I have no doubt; resting a little sometimes on the green turf or under the shadow of a tree, and eating a little from her store; but always busy in her thoughts with her Bible, and her meeting with Mr. Charles, and her joyful journey home again.

" As she drew near Bala, she stopped to wash in a brook and to put on her shoes; but it was already late when she reached Mr. Charles's house, and she could not see him, for it was his custom to go early to rest and to rise at cockcrow. So she stayed that night at the house of the worthy elder, David Edward, and next morning, between five and six o'clock, he took her to Mr. Charles's. Yes, there was a light in his study window, and he was already hard at work. They knocked and were admitted, and David told Mr. Charles her story.

" ' Really,' said the good minister, ' I am very sorry that she should have come from such a distance, for I fear, indeed, that I cannot spare her a copy; Bibles are so very scarce.'

" For thirteen years Mr. Charles and other devout ministers of the gospel had been trying to obtain a plentiful supply of the Scriptures in Welsh for their fellow countrymen, but they had met with little success. At last the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge had consented to print ten thousand Bibles and two thousand Testaments. It was a large number, you think; but as soon as the books were ready, they were eagerly bought up, and by April in that very year every copy had gone, and the people were asking for more. The only copies that Mr. Charles had belonged to friends for whom he had obtained them.

" Poor Mary! When she heard his answer, her disappointment was so great that she burst into tears, and sobbed as if her heart would break. Mr. Charles was deeply moved, and tears filled his eyes, partly in sorrow for his country, where the word of God was so scarce, and partly in pity for Mary. He could not bear that she should return home in grief and disappointment.

" 'You *shall* have a Bible,' he said, and he gave her one of the reserved copies. Mary's tears were now tears of joy as she paid for her treasure.

" 'Well, David Edward,' said Mr. Charles, turning to the elder, who had been weeping too, 'is not this very sad — that there should be such a scarcity of Bibles in the country, and that this poor child should have walked some twenty-eight or thirty miles to get a copy? If something *can* be done to alter this state of things, I will not rest till it is accomplished.' " —*" Little Hands and God's Book," by W. Canton, p. 22.*

And he did not rest. He told the story of Mary Jones at a meeting in London. The idea of a society to multiply and distribute the Scriptures in all languages, began to form. In 1804, at a meeting held in the commercial warehouse of Old Swan Stairs, still standing near London Bridge, the Bible Society was launched. It was fully organized at a meeting called later. One who was there entered that day in his diary:

" March 7, 1804.— Memorable day! The British and Foreign Bible Society founded. I and others belonging to the tract society had long had it in view; and after much preparation, in which we did not publicly appear, a meeting was called in the London Tavern, and the society began with a very few. . . . Nations unborn will have cause to bless God for the meeting of this day." —*" After a Hundred Years," p. 2.*

It was a true utterance. The societies for Bible distribution multiplied, and the word of God speaks today, in whole or in translated portions, in more than six hundred tongues. God, who uses the weak things of this world so often in His work, used the journey of the young Welsh girl to start His word journeying to and fro through this world in these latter days.

Stirring scenes have been witnessed again and again as the first Bibles have reached a people or tribe. It was the joy of Mary Jones over her first Bible, re-enacted over and over again.

The first issue of the British Bible Society, appropriately enough, was the Welsh New Testament. The first shipment of five hundred was ordered sent to Mr. Charles, of Bala, the place where Mary Jones had wept her tears of grief and then of joy. The news that the books were coming spread through the valleys.

"By the Thursday week, the whole country was wild with excitement, and people began to pour into Bala from the neighboring villages and hill slopes at an early hour. When the time came for the carrier to be at no great distance from the town, the people went out in crowds to meet him; the old mare, which had ever before been obliged to struggle with her load as best she could, was now relieved of it, and muscular farm servants pushed themselves into the shafts. Ropes were adjusted and manned and maidened, and the cart was literally swarmed on all sides; then the joyful procession proceeded toward the town, where they were hailed by crowds which blocked up the streets." — *"Life of the Rev. Thomas Charles," Vol. III, p. 68.*

In 1810 the Moravian missionary, Benjamin Kohlmeister, returned to the bleak coast of Labrador with the first Scripture portion, the Gospel of John. The little kayaks, or canoes, filled with men, women, and children, crowded about the ship, and with tears and shouts of joy the missionary and his Book were welcomed home. Mr. Canton says:

"The books were distributed in the winter, when all had come home from their hunting excursions; and as they were given only to those who could read, considerable progress was made by scholars of all ages. The people took 'St. John' with them to the islands when they went out in search of fish or game, seals, wild geese, or berries; and in their tents or snow houses they spent the evenings reading by the glimmer of the moss in their lamps of soapstone. But most they liked to gather in some large dwelling at nightfall, when they returned from the sea or the hunting ground, and hear the word of God read by some one, child or adult, who had been taught in the schools of the mission." — *"Little Hands and God's Book," p. 44.*

Again, one of the secretaries of the Bible Society tells of the arrival of a ship in the Society Islands in 1816, bringing the paper from the society for the printing of the Gospel of Luke in Tahitian. The islanders had been turned from cannibalism within a few years, and "the stones which had been used in human sacrifices, the missionary employed for his printing press." Mr. Canton says:

" Now was not this a marvelous thing, that in 1800 a little barefoot girl went fifty miles over the Welsh hills for a Bible, and that in 1816 some portion, if not the whole, of that Sacred Book had reached the ends of the earth — that the Eskimo read it under the glow of the northern lights, and the Hottentot child spelled it under the pear tree in the Clough of Baboons, and the Negro learned it by heart on the sugar plantations, and the Red Indian carried it in his breast as he threaded the forest or paddled on the Great Lakes, and that the society had sent it to the seaports of South America and the Australian settlements, and was having it translated into the languages of India and China and the Malay Archipelago? " — *Id., p. 49.*

In 1852 the missionary, Mr. Buzacott, returned to Rarotonga with the printed Bible for which the people had waited. Mr. Canton describes the scene:

" A rush was made for the boat when it approached the shore; the crew jumped out, and the boat, with all on board, was lifted onto the shoulders of the people, and carried up the beach toward the house, the men shouting, the women weeping, for joy. . . . The heavy packages were brought through the surf over the reef, and the happy ' sons of the Word ' lightened their labor with a song in their own tongue:

" ' The Word has come!
One volume complete!
Let us learn the good Word!
Our joy is great!
The whole Word has come! '

" ' It is enough,' said Papehia, when the books were distributed, — Papehia, the old native teacher, who first landed on Rarotonga thirty years before, when the people were savages and cannibals,— ' my eyes have seen what my heart has so long desired. I say with Simiona, " Now, Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace! " ' " — *Id., p. 105.*

Space fails to tell of long journeys made through wildernesses to secure the precious Book. " In the West Indies an old gray-headed slave trudged fifty miles to obtain a Bible in order that it might be read to many of his friends; and at the end of three months he returned, as he had promised, with the price of it, which

had been collected among the slaves." Thus to hearts in darkness in all parts of the world has come the blessed "dayspring from on high."

One of the treasures of the Bible House Library in London is the "buried Bible," in the Malagasy tongue, from Madagascar. The wicked Queen Ràvanàlona I had turned against the Christians. It was in the year 1835. To be found with a Bible was punishable with death. Search was made for the books. How this copy, now in London, was saved by the Christians of one village is told by the organ of the society, *The Bible in All the World:*

"A little to the northeast of their village was a hill, near the foot of which stood a cluster of large bowlders. Inside that cluster, from ten to thirty of the converts used to hold a service each Sunday. Underneath one of the largest of the bowlders at the foot of the hill, the people had dug out a cave to serve as a smallpox hospital for the village; in a dark corner of this cave their Bible was hidden between two slabs of granite.

"The queen's officers arrived at the village to search for the Bible and other Christian books which the queen and government believed, from the reports of spies, were to be found there. A search was made in vain in the huts of the suspected and in the rice fields; and then the officers made straight for the cluster of bowlders on the hillside. When they were actually on the point of entering the cave where the Bible lay, a villager said, 'I suppose you know that this is the smallpox hospital.' 'We did not,' they said, starting back in horror. 'Wretch! Why did you not tell us sooner? Why did you let us come so near?' The officers beat a hasty retreat, and the Bible was safe."

It is not the words of man about the Book, but the inspired words themselves, that have the power to let the light into our dark hearts. Of the planting of one Bible in the heart of the Dark Continent, the late Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, told the following story:

"Janet Livingstone, the sister of David Livingstone, made me a present of a richly bound Bible. Not liking to risk it on the voyage round the Victoria Nyanza, I asked Frank Pocock, my companion, to lend me his somewhat torn and stained copy; and I sailed on my way to Uganda, little thinking what a revolution in

Central Africa that book would make. We stayed in Uganda some time, and one day during a morning levee, the subject of religion was broached, and I happened to strike an emotional chord in the king's heart by making a casual reference to angels. Kings and chiefs were moved as one man to hear more about angels. My verbal descriptions of them were not sufficient. 'But,' said I, 'I have a book with me which will tell you far better, not only what angels are, but what God and His blessed Son are like, to whom the angels are but ministering servants.'

"'Fetch it,' they eagerly cried, 'fetch it now; we will wait.'

"The book was brought, opened, and I read the tenth chapter of Ezekiel, and the seventh chapter of the Revelation from the ninth verse to the end; and as I read the eleventh and twelfth verses, you could have heard a pin drop; and when they heard the concluding verses, 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat,' I had a presentiment that Uganda would eventually be won for Christ. I was not permitted to carry that Bible away. Mtesa never forgot the wonderful words, nor the startling effect they had on him and on his chiefs. As I was turning away from his country, his messenger came, and cried: 'The Book! Mtesa wants the Book!' It was given to him. Today the Christians number many thousands in Uganda. They have proved their faith at the stake, under the knobstick, and under torture till death."—*"The Modern Mission Century," Arthur T. Pierson, pp. 95, 96.*

The psalmist said: "He sendeth forth His commandment upon earth: His word runneth very swiftly." Ps. 147:15. In this time of the end the printed word has been running to and fro through all lands. And God, who is ever bringing great results from small beginnings, used the Bible-loving Welsh girl's plea as the call to Christendom to spread the word of light throughout the world.

WITNESSES ON THE PLAIN OF DURA

Under the Iron Regulations of Militarism

THROUGH the years, in various lands, young men called to military service have faced trying conditions in standing loyally for God's law, while seeking to do their duty as loyal subjects of the country and the powers that be. As among men in every association of life, such youth have found in army camps officers in command who regarded and respected religion and were quick to see that regulations could often be interpreted to favor individual convictions. Over again and again, however, under the traditions of unbending militarism, and sometimes in the power of men who feared not God and who exceeded regulations in the effort to break down religious convictions, young men have borne witness to the truth that Christ's grace is sufficient in every crisis of the soul's experience.

SPECIAL GRACE AMID TRIAL

While in Europe, before the war, the writer sat one day with Secretary R——, of one of the union conferences, taking notes as he told the story of his experiences under military discipline for loyalty to the Sabbath of the Lord. With notes abbreviated here and there, the story is transcribed as follows:

"I was several times in prison, but through it all I was granted the blessing of the Lord in an unmistakable manner. And the more severe the punishment, the greater the blessing of the Lord.

"When tasks were set on the Sabbath which I was unable to fulfil, I had opportunity to explain the obligations of the fourth commandment. Upon failure to do the work, my case was taken in hand. First I was placed under disciplinary punishment, which is set by the captain immediately in charge. This punishment is of two kinds: First, three days of 'middle arrest,' in a cell having only a board bed as furniture, and with only bread and water to

eat. When the next occasion brought fresh punishment, the second form was that of seven days in the dark cell. That means three days in complete darkness, so dark that one cannot see his hand before him, or see the bread and water that is passed in at mealtime; then for a day one is allowed to be in a light cell, and good food furnished, and then comes another three days of the total darkness.

"However, the Lord was with me in the darkness as well as in the light, and I always insisted on keeping the Sabbath as commanded by the Lord. This brought me up for the formal judgment of a military court. The special charge on which I came before the court was brought about in this wise: I was with my regiment on the drill ground. It was Friday evening, just at the beginning of the Sabbath. The first lieutenant came to watch the orders, because it was well known that I would refuse to continue work into the Sabbath hour. I had been standing at one side.

"Just at the Sabbath hour I went to the lieutenant in command and begged him to let me go, as the Sabbath was at hand, the day commanded of God to be kept holy. However, he did not grant my request, and the command was given me to bring a cannon ball. I was compelled to refuse. This first lieutenant had never shown a bitter spirit toward me before; but now it seemed as if an evil influence possessed him, and he cried out in a loud voice, berating me. The Lord kept me very quiet. Others of the men appeared very much excited by the unusual incident and the tension of the situation.

"After telling me to take myself away, the officer called me back again, and said, 'What are you? What are you, then? Are you a heathen?'

"'No, I am a Christian,' I said.

"'What!' he replied, 'you are a heathen. Take yourself away.' And with further harsh words he denounced me.

"It was a defeat for him, and victory for me. I felt it, for the Lord kept me very quiet and calm. The men and inferior officers knew that I had been upright and conscientious in my work and life, and their sympathies were with me.

"A few minutes later the leader of the cannon to which I was appointed again said, 'You must fetch the ball.'

"I said, 'I cannot.' He gave a new order, and again I said, 'I cannot, on account of my conscience.'

"Then the officer in command again denounced me severely, commanding me to take myself away to the Turks and to the heathen.

" ' Lieutenant,' I said, ' it is not I who am erring in this matter; for the Bible commands distinctly that we should keep the seventh day holy unto the Lord; and it is the Lord himself who commands.'

" He roughly told me to cease speaking of the Bible, and declared he would send me to prison instantly. ' Sergeant,' he said, ' take this man at once to prison.'

" So to prison I went, and fourteen days later I was tried before the formal military court. This same first lieutenant came and bore a very good testimony for me. He spoke in the kindest manner concerning my faithfulness in everything except the question of work upon the Sabbath. Inasmuch as officers are not allowed to speak abusively to the men under them, he evidently wished to make amends for his former course. Eight to ten officers constituted the court, and in the end I was sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

" I was ushered into the prison cell on the evening before Christmas, ' holy evening,' as it is called. Before taking me into the cell, the prison officer said to me: ' Well, you are not the first of these to come. We have had experience before with those who suffered in a holy cause. Now I will tell you at once that I do not believe in anything. I believe all that is required of any one is to be honest, and that is enough.'

" I spoke a few words to him regarding my religious experience, and entered the cell. It was cold, and I felt my teeth chattering. It was still light enough to see in the cell, and I sat down on the bed, which was old and very dirty; and my eyes caught sight of a Bible on a shelf over the door. I took down the Bible and opened it to read from the psalms. As I sat reading those psalms that evening, the blessing of the Lord came into my heart as I never had experienced it before. Tears of love and thankfulness flowed down my cheeks. It was a wonderful experience. The moment I found myself shut into the prison, the blessing came in overflowing measure.

" My work in the prison was the sewing of bags, and I was supposed to do so many hours' work each day. On Friday evenings, however, I laid aside the work. The sergeant, noticing this, gave orders for me to go on with the work. I had quietly to tell him that I could not. For this he gave notice to the chief of the prison, and an investigation was ordered. However, this investigation was deferred in some providential way, so that it did not come before my two months of imprisonment were up, and I was again free from the prison.

" All through those days the blessing of the Lord was with me. Often as I worked, tears of thankfulness and love dropped down

upon the bags, and often I was impelled by the Spirit of God to kneel down and thank the Lord for His love and grace. By His grace I was resolved to endure to the uttermost. All the hardness of the experience was as nothing compared with the overflowing love of Christ that visited me.

"As the prison term was expiring, I sought the Lord earnestly to deliver me, so that I might not come a second time into this prison; for during these two months I was shut away from all others, so that I had no opportunity whatever to speak to any concerning religion. Other prisoners were together at times, but I was kept alone. I felt that it could not be the Lord's will that I should be such a long time shut away from any opportunity of being a help to others.

"The last day of my imprisonment I prayed: 'Lord, if it is Thy will, do not let me come back into the prison; but Thy will be done.' Almost as clearly as if I could see it, though really I could not, there came to me mentally a view of the cross lifted up on Golgotha, overspread by beams of light; and with the thought came very clearly the conviction that I must endure yet another time of punishment.

"As I stepped out of the cell on my release, I could not help turning and saying, 'Now farewell, beloved cell;' because I had experienced there so much of the blessing of the Lord.

"The sergeant said to me, 'What are you saying? No one has ever said such a thing as that before.'

"'I say it,' I replied, 'because I have experienced the blessing of the Lord here.'

"That night I was allowed to return to my room in the town near the barracks, where I had been living in the home of one of our sisters in the truth. Next day I was to report again at the barracks. I had again to prepare my clothing for the return to service, and as I expected it would be a return to punishment, I felt as if preparing the instruments for my own suffering. I thought of Isaac carrying the wood for the offering.

"Next morning I reported at the barracks. I was not looking very well, as I had not slept much the previous night; also I had been considerably burdened owing to the grief that my family felt over my conduct and experience. None of my own family believing as I did, it was naturally a great hardship to my parents and brothers and sisters to see me taking a course which they could not understand, although they knew I was conscientious.

"The officer to whom I reported suggested that I announce myself sick, so I would be excused for a time. I said, 'No, I can-

not do that.' However, when the doctor came to examine me, he found that I was somewhat feverish, and sent me to the hospital.

"I was left in the hospital until a petition which I had sent from prison to the war office had been replied to. In the petition I had requested to be allowed to serve in the sanitary corps, where, in the care of the sick, I should be able to regulate Sabbath duties in such a way as not to infringe upon the requirements of the regular military régime. However, the minister of war denied the application.

"Again as the Sabbath came, I was upon the drill ground, and had to refuse to serve. The officer in command laid his hand upon my shoulder and said, 'You are arrested.'

"This time the officers were very angry. In due time I came before the court. It is the rule that the officer who makes the complaint make also the request for punishment. Now the officer demanded a punishment of four months and fourteen days. The military court went still farther, and the sentence was six months' imprisonment.

"As I walked from the courtroom, I felt a measure of gratitude to see that the newspaper reporters were present, and I thought that possibly by their presence the testimony given before the court would make known the Sabbath truth to many people. And sure enough, the report truly went out generally to the press.

"However, when I reached the prison, the cold sweat stood on my forehead, as I thought of my parents and the experiences that might be before me. I knelt down and prayed the Lord that through the newspapers and by other means He would make known His Sabbath truth, and turn all things to His glory. This brought comfort to me.

"I spent some days in prison while the sentence was being confirmed. During these days I did not experience the blessing of the Lord in the measure that I had felt before in the prison cell. This brought grief to my heart. 'What does this mean?' I asked myself. 'Is it that I have done something of which the Lord does not approve? Why does the Lord not help?' One moment only Satan came with his doubts, but I prayed to the Lord: 'Lord, it is Thy cause, and not mine; and because it is Thy truth, it cannot be defeated.' As I prayed, the blessing of the Lord came, though not so fully as before.

"Soon the sentence was confirmed, and I was taken to the military fortress at ——, and ushered into a cell. The moment I found myself again shut in alone, that instant there came flooding

into my heart the grace and the love of God, and I was filled with joy and with courage as in the former experience. I can never cease to praise the Lord that His grace came, so all-sufficient in the time of trial.

"This time the circumstances were yet more unfavorable. The chief of the prison could offer no mitigation of the sentence. I felt indeed that the only hope was in the Lord.

"The Sabbath came. That morning I had prayed very earnestly, and felt at peace. I felt that there was some experience coming in which I would need help. In a short time I heard the doors of the prison opening and shutting. As the sergeant came to my door, each time I had to call out, 'Cell number eight! occupied by Prisoner R——. He has six months' imprisonment.'

"This time, although I was not working, the officer gave me no order.

"Shortly afterward came the lieutenant, and said, 'Where is your work?'

"I replied, 'This is the Sabbath of the Lord, and the Lord forbids me to work upon it.'

"'You must show your work,' he said.

"I told him it was there, pointing to the floor, and he passed it, entering his signature on the record, as if I were doing the work.

"Again and again during these months of imprisonment, officers threatened to report, and assured me of still more severe punishment; but somehow the Lord prevented any orders' being given, so that I escaped further difficulties that might have come on account of keeping the Sabbath while in the prison.

"After four months I was one day ordered to dress in other than prison garments, for removal to the hospital.

"'Why is this?' I said; 'I am not ill.'

"'I do not know,' said the officer; 'you will probably have your head taken off and another head put on.'

"'No,' I said, 'only another heart.'

"He said, 'Your heart is good enough; what you need is another head.'

"So I was taken away, accompanied by two men with guns, and put into a hospital, where I learned I was to be held under observation to ascertain whether I was mentally sound or not. Asked if I had any special wishes, I requested only that I might be allowed to have a Bible.

"'Yes,' said the sergeant, 'give this man a Bible. He shall have a Bible; but no one shall try to speak or converse with him about religion.' If I endeavored to talk with any one about religion, I was to be isolated.

"A yet higher medical officer often spoke with me, and as he was a man greatly interested in literature, we became very friendly together. In college I had studied literature, and was well acquainted with works of which the medical officer was fond.

"After six weeks in the hospital, under observation as to my mental soundness, a report was made in my case, and I was returned again to prison, where I remained for some days, working as before. Eighteen days later a medical officer came asking me various questions, which I answered, maintaining simply my duty to obey God and to keep the fourth commandment of His law.

"'Now,' he said, 'if you like to be here your whole life, you may remain here if you will.'

"I told him that it was not my wish to remain there, but that I was only telling him what the Bible plainly commanded men to do.

"'This is logical nonsense,' he said.

"I felt that hope for release was gone, and that I was to be left indefinitely.

"Four days later the sergeant came to me with orders to put on my better dress, and report to the captain. On reporting to him, I was told that they were resolved to investigate thoroughly my mental responsibility, and for this purpose I was to be sent to another city, to undergo observation in a clinical hospital.

"Before leaving, a superior officer said, 'Now, R——, when you get free from military service, I suppose you will say that God looked upon your martyrdom and helped you.'

"I said, 'Yes; I certainly believe that God does help.' And so I left for the clinic at ——.

"The day after my arrival at the clinic, the physician in charge, a well-known professor, came with his staff and spoke with me.

"'You are an intelligent man,' he said. 'You must remember also your obligations, and relate yourself to circumstances. We will help you. We do not want your young mind crumpled up and shattered.'

"A few days afterward he talked with me in his office, urging that I drop these notions which had brought me into trouble. I explained to him that I could not do otherwise and be true to the plain word of God, which all Christians profess to believe.

"'Then you must bear the consequences,' he said. 'The responsibility is your own.'

"I was given to understand that my behavior was on test, and I prayed the Lord that He would give me grace before this man and before others.

" For a fortnight I went in and out, doing the duties which had been assigned me in the fields, along with others under observation for various physical ills or mental weaknesses.

" One day an assistant in the physical laboratory came into the ward where I was. He had in his hand a parcel, that by the wrapping seemed to me a little mathematical device with which I was familiar, used by mechanical engineers and others in working out the finest measurements of spaces and capacities.

" I said, ' Have you not there a device for reckoning logarithms? '

" ' Yes,' he replied, and wanted to know if I understood the use of it, saying that the chief professor was looking for some one to show him how to use it.

" I told him that I understood its use, so he asked me if I would come that afternoon to the laboratory. I told him that I had been ordered to work in the fields, and moreover my misfit working clothing was hardly appropriate for the laboratory.

" ' Well,' he said, ' I will tell the professor.'

" He reported to the professor, and brought back orders that I was to be released from field work, and was to come to the laboratory to assist this young man in certain investigations and mathematical estimates on which he was engaged.

" As I had had training as a mechanical engineer, I was familiar with these things. The head professor came also, and as we worked on the investigations and experiments, I came into very friendly contact with him.

" Six weeks passed in this way, and I had been invited to visit the professor at his home. One afternoon, as I had refused the offer of a cigar, he said, ' You do not smoke? '

" ' No,' I replied, ' Seventh-day Adventists do not smoke, believing it to be a harmful practice, and that we should conserve all our powers for the active service of God.'

" He said he did not smoke very much, but now and then he used tobacco because he had found his friends testifying that it was a help to drive away sad thoughts.

" I, however, was glad to suggest that in all difficulties and trials I found solace and comfort in the Lord.

" At last he asked me if I would like to have my liberty. I said, ' Certainly; there are only two things, freedom and the prison, and the choice is not difficult.'

" ' Well,' he said, ' we will find a way. I will direct this thing so that you shall be free.'

"I went from the interview with my heart singing for joy. My friend, the mechanic whom I had been helping, let me know that the professor was trying to secure my release from the army, and to arrange so that I would not have to go back to the prison for the remaining time of my sentence. He said the professor had asked the authorities if I could not remain four weeks longer helping him, until I should be released.

"The reply from the authorities, however, denied the professor's request, so it was settled that I must return to the hospital where I had first been under observation, until all my papers were ready. It was apparent that some report had been made on which it was expected that I would be released altogether from army service.

"Before I left the clinic, the professor called me and said: 'We are sorry you must go. We have telephoned twice to ——, to get permission for you to remain here for a few weeks, but did not get a favorable answer. Now as you go, keep the clinic always in remembrance, and also bear us in mind when you no longer wear the king's uniform.'

"As I returned to the hospital, he sent with me a letter instructing the authorities that I should not be treated as an evil person. Four weeks after that I was free.

"Of course, I never was shown the report that had been made by the professor on my case. By the assurances of his friendly determination that I should not be compelled to suffer punishment for conscientious convictions, and by the fact that I had been assigned to the clinic to have my mental responsibility investigated, it is evident what the report must have been. Owing to the fact that I was compelled to maintain unwavering loyalty to the Lord in the matter of keeping His holy day, a thing looked upon as quite unnecessary and abnormal, the professor could readily set forth the case as one indicating a peculiar mental bias.

"But I was not yet quite free, being subject to call to military service at some later time. When I had returned to my home, however, I became ill from the effects of the experiences passed through, and was compelled to undergo a serious operation. Now by the medical reports in this case I am quite free for all time from the call to enter the army.

"In some ways this sickness was a greater trial even than the imprisonment; but through it all the blessing of the Lord has been mine. Looking back to the prison experiences, and the special help that came in time of trial, when one could never tell what the next step might be, I must testify that the Lord's grace was every day

sufficient. 'His strength is made perfect in weakness.' Even the weakest could have endured all by the love of Christ which was shed abroad in my heart so abundantly through His grace."

AFTER FIVE YEARS

In the days before the Great War, there came a time in Germany when it seemed that the military authorities were about to recognize the conscientious convictions of young Seventh-day Adventists in the matter of Sabbath observance, while serving the two years in camps as required of every able-bodied youth in those times. But the course advocated by some was rejected, and it was determined to endeavor by severity to break down their religious convictions. Refusal to do ordinary manual work on the Sabbath brought sentences more and more severe. One young man, M——, wrote from prison to the annual meeting of his fellow believers:

"Eight years ago I made my vows to Christ by baptism at the annual meeting. Four years of the time I have spent in military fortress, a prisoner. There have been trials severe. But I can say from my heart that these four years of imprisonment have been the sweetest of my life because of the presence and blessing of my dear Saviour, who has been with me all the way."

And from the prison cell the young man sent as his song of hope and prayer a poem by Sturm, the first verses of which may be roughly translated thus:

"Be still, my heart, be still;
In quietness lies wondrous power,
As now temptation, grief, and pain,
A thousand dartlike fears shall shower.
Be still, be ever still.

"Thou knowest that thy God is near
As fortress, shield, and guard;
While on thy vision, like a star,
Shines through the night His word,
Be still, be ever still.

"With God fare trusting in and out
Through night and tempest wild.
Into the Father's house of love
He'll lead at last His child.
Be still, be ever still."

After five years, this young man and another, N——, of nearly the same term of punishment, were released. Their cases had gone before councils and courts and the highest powers, and those who had thought to crush religious conviction were distressed at their failure. The severities of the punishment threatened the lives of the prisoners. "They neither drink nor smoke," said officers; "they use no profane language, they do nothing that one can criticize. They are honorable, intelligent young men who only obey their God. This is terrible." And out of it all, at last, came the order of release. "I talked it all over with those boys," said one visitor to them after they were set free, shattered for a time in health, "and they said they would go through it all again rather than disobey Christ and be untrue to Him."

THE POWER OF THE MESSAGE

Following is the report of a talk by Elder A. G. Daniells at a young people's gathering in America after his visit to France in the pre-war times. In the days of peace, however, military conscription laid its hand upon every youth as he reached the prescribed age of service. Elder Daniells said:

"When I was over in France last summer, attending the camp-meeting, I saw coming on the camp-ground a French soldier boy about twenty-two years old. I said, 'There is a soldier. Is he a Sabbath keeper?'

"'Yes,' was the reply, 'and I want you to have a talk with him and learn the experience he has gone through.'

"So I got a stenographer, and called in Brother B——. He told me this story:

"He had been the secretary and stenographer to the president of the Latin Union Conference; and when he came of age, he was called into the service — the army. Every one in France had to spend three years in the army. Brother B—— answered the call — there was no way out of it. When he was called in by the captain to receive his instructions, he ventured to tell the captain that he was a Sabbath keeper, and to ask if his work could not be arranged somehow so that he could keep the Sabbath.

"The captain flew into a terrible passion, and jumped to his feet exclaiming, 'Are you a fool? Do you think you are going to run the French army and boss the lot of us?' He struck the

desk a terrible blow, and said: 'Don't let us have any more such nonsense from you. You are going to obey orders, like any of the rest of us, and we will teach you that you are not going to run the affairs of the army.'

"Brother B—— said: 'I don't wish to dictate to the army. That isn't it. And I don't think I am a fool, either. I tell you plainly, I do this from a conscientious standpoint. I fear God, and believe the Bible, and am trying to live a Christian life; and I feel that it is my duty to obey that commandment of God.'

"The captain tried to show him that there was nothing in that; when it came to the requirements of the army, a man had to obey them above everything else.

"The young man replied: 'I can't do that in disobedience to God.'

"The commander told him to stop, and go back to his barracks, and obey the orders and regulations of the army. He said: 'If you don't do that, — if you venture to disobey, — we will send you to the fortress.'

"Brother B—— replied: 'Then I shall have to go, Captain.'

"'Well,' the officer remarked, 'you will only want to go once.'

"But our brother said: 'Captain, we might as well understand this thing now. I shall go to the fortress until I go to my death before I will work on the Sabbath. You may as well know, when you start in, that it isn't imprisonment in the fortress for one week, or one month, but for the rest of my life. That is where I stand.'

"Then the captain declared: 'I will draft you off into the African fortresses. I will send you to the worst climate in Africa, and with the scum of the French army — with the worst lot of rascals we have.'

"'Very well,' the young man said, 'I can go there, but I cannot work on the Sabbath and disobey my God.'

"The captain drove him out, and said, 'You will report Saturday for duty.' But Sabbath morning B—— took his Bible and went off through the woods, and stayed there all day, and read the Bible and prayed to God; and he settled it with the Lord. He went over the experience of death in the fortress and down in the African jungles, and he faced it all, and took his stand to live for God, no matter what the consequences might be.

"He expected to be summoned before the captain Sunday morning, but he wasn't. Monday morning the captain called for him, and said, 'You were not on duty Saturday.'

"He replied, 'No, I was not.'

"The captain wanted to know where he was and what he was doing, and he told him. The captain was furious, and he said, 'Now I am going to take you to the higher officer, and he will give you your sentence.' So he led this young man in, and reported to the higher officer.

"This officer looked at him kindly. 'Well,' he said, 'my man, what's the matter?' Brother B—— explained to him about the Sabbath. The officer listened, and then said, 'Do you think you can't do any work whatever on the Sabbath, on Saturday?'

"He said, 'No.'

"'Well,' he said, 'do you think that the French government can surrender to your whims?'

"He answered: 'I don't know what they can do. I only know what I cannot do — I cannot work on the Sabbath day.'

"After some conversation, the commander stepped out with the captain, and the young man remained in the room, and he prayed to the Lord to move on their hearts, that the right thing might be done. After a bit, the captain came back, but the commander went away. The captain asked, 'Well, how do you feel just now since seeing the officer?' He answered, 'I feel just the same.'

"'You do not intend to do any work on Saturday?'

"'No.'

"'You say you were a stenographer and secretary before you came here, and you can do that work now?'

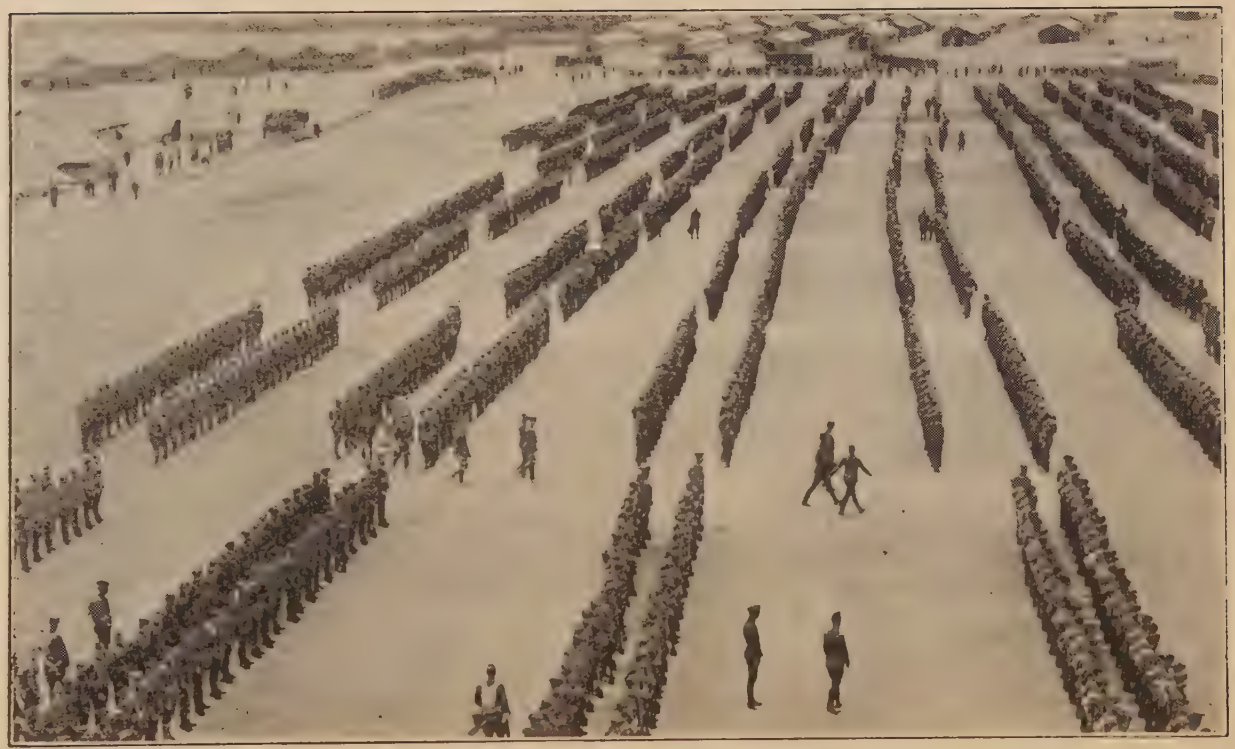
"'Yes, if I have a chance.'

"Then the captain asked, 'How would you like to be my stenographer and secretary?'

"'Why,' he said, 'Captain, I would like it fine, only no work on the Sabbath.'

"'Very well,' he said, 'that's taken for granted now.' And he made that boy his secretary, and gave him the Sabbath from sundown Friday until sundown Saturday night.

"He had been there a full year, and his two weeks' holiday was to come in connection with our camp-meeting; but it was to begin on Friday, just as our meeting was about to close, so he would only get one Sabbath, the meetings closing on Sunday. He had his work all finished, so he went to the captain and told him about the camp-meeting, and asked him if he would be willing to let him leave early, and cut the time off the other end of his vacation. He said: 'Captain, I would stay up all night tonight, and all night tomorrow night, and do everything necessary, if you would let me go.'



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A MODERN TRAINING CAMP

"The captain said: 'I haven't anything to do now, and you have everything finished, so you can go now.'

"Brother B—— said: 'Very well, Captain. I will come back as soon as it is over.'

"But the captain replied, 'Your regular time closes Saturday, and you are no good Saturday, and I don't want to be fussing around here Sunday, so you needn't come back until Monday.' So there he was, with the full time of his holiday and eight days over.

"His story was a revelation to me of splendid Christian heroism, of real, firm, definite loyalty to God. Just a French boy, only twenty-two years old, and he would have died in the fortress or in the jungles of Africa rather than have worked on the Sabbath.

"How I wish every young man and every young woman in our ranks in the United States had that fixedness of purpose, that loyalty, that conscience, that devotion to God! I see some going away from the truth, away from God, for the merest baubles, for the allurements of the world, picture shows and dress, and some for money, losing heaven for these trifles. But out in some of these lands we have men and women enduring all kinds of persecution for the cause of Christ."

EXPERIENCE IN ARGENTINA

This story tells how God helped young Pedro Kalbermatten to pioneer a pathway for other youth through the trials of service in the military camps of the Argentine Republic, South America. The young man had grown up in our Argentine school, and was in the nurses' class at the River Plate Sanitarium. He tells the story of his experience as follows:

"For many years here in Argentina our young Adventist brethren who were obliged to serve in the army did not refuse to work or do service on the Sabbath when they entered the ranks, for fear of the severe punishments threatened by the military authorities. Two of my brothers, when called to enter the service, asked their superior officers to grant them the freedom of the Sabbath, but were threatened with the most severe punishments if they did not conform to the rules of the army. So they served and worked on the Sabbath as did the rest.

"Many times before I entered the ranks, while talking with my parents and my brothers, I insisted that our young Advent-

ist brethren ought not to do service on the Sabbath, for it is contrary to the commandments of God; but they declared that it was impossible to keep the Sabbath, for the military laws would not permit it. However, I always said that when the day came that I should enter the service, I would not work on the Sabbath, but would remain true to God.

" On the first of July, 1907, I was notified by the minister of war that on the fifteenth day of August that same year I must present myself at a designated place to be enrolled, and to complete the required service of one year. In my heart I felt that God demanded of me an example of fidelity before my brethren, but I also felt very weak and incapable of carrying to a finish the work that God had given me. Many times I had a great struggle in my heart; often I was sad and everything was very dark. I did not know what would be the result; life and death were before me, and my only comfort and hope were that God would help me to carry to a finish the struggle that I was about to enter.

" As never before I felt the need of seeking the Lord in prayer, and night after night I sought a solitary place and presented my needs and the afflictions of my soul before God. No more could I love the things of this world; to me they were all vanity, and the only comfort and satisfaction that I had was to do the will of God. Notwithstanding, it was very sad and painful for me when came the day and the hour that I must separate from my loved ones, perhaps never to see them more in this world. But I felt in my heart a profound comfort and peace, for I knew the prayers of the brethren went with me, and I had the full assurance that if I remained faithful, I should see them in the earth made new.

" The fifteenth day of August, 1907, I was enrolled in the third artillery, Diamante, Entre Rios, R. de Argentina. The same day I presented myself before the *comandánte* of my regiment, and stated that I wished to be a faithful and obedient soldier in all my duties to my superiors, but that I had a burden upon my heart that I wished to make known to my commander. I told him that I was a Christian, and as such professed to keep the commandments of God, and then begged him to give me the Sabbath free from work or military duties, that I might keep it according to the commandments of God. He asked me who had put those ideas into my head. I answered, that from youth I had read the Bible, and that it taught us to keep holy the Sabbath day according to the fourth commandment, ' Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.'

"The *comandánte* said that the Bible is a very good book and teaches many good things, but that in the army it was impossible to follow its teachings; that now I was serving my country, under the law of compulsory service, and during this time I must forget my religion and do whatever my superiors commanded.

"I answered that I was very sorry, but it was impossible for me to forget my religion, for that was contrary to my conscience and to the law of God.

"The *comandánte* then ordered me to retire, and gave orders to the captain of my company that I should be taught the military and penal codes, also the obligations and duties of a soldier that is serving his country.

"So the first week, from morning until night, they were teaching me the codes and instructing me in my duties; in fact, doing all they could to make me a valiant soldier. Not only did they seek to develop in me a military spirit, but they did all they could to destroy my religious convictions and to convince me that I must work on the Sabbath. But all was in vain; I remained the same, always manifesting and affirming the same opinions.

"When the Sabbath came, I did not wish to work, and soon found myself surrounded by all my superiors, counseling and warning me of the great danger that I should incur if I persisted in such ideas. At last, when weary with me and convinced that they could get nothing from me, I was taken to the guardhouse. Here I passed the day standing with my face to the wall, and a sentinel at my side to see that I did not move. At night when I was put at liberty I could scarcely move my hands or feet because of numbness.

"The second week passed with the same program, only worse. It was a constant fight from morning until night against the whole regiment, for without exception they all persecuted me and fought against me and the Sabbath. I did not have a quiet moment; all despised and hated me. When I opened my Bible to read, they surrounded me to mock; and when I did not expect it, they would snatch the book from my hands and toss it from one to the other until tired, and then finish by throwing it at my head, shouting, 'The saint has finished the mass.' At night when I retired, they would throw rubbish, biscuits, bones, shoes, and anything else that they could find, at my bed. When tired of this, they would tip the bed over, saying, 'The poor saint, why doesn't the Lord help him?'

"In all this I could see that the devil was trying to discourage

me and gain the victory; but I had the assurance that God was on my side, and would give me the victory.

"Again the Sabbath came, and again I refused to work. The officers were infuriated, and rudely hustled me off to the guardhouse, where I was placed upon a low bench with my feet securely fastened in irons, and stretched out so I could not bend my knees. I was compelled to remain in this position all day. At times it seemed that I could endure it no longer, and would drop from exhaustion, but the guard compelled me to resume my former position. So passed the second Sabbath, very painful and fatiguing. At night I was released, but the struggle only became more intense. The *comandánte* gave orders that everything possible should be done to convince me that I must work on the Sabbath.

"The next Friday I asked again to speak with the *comandánte,* but he refused to listen to me, and warned me that by that time I ought to be convinced that my obstinacy was useless; that in the army I must work on the Sabbath, and I could not follow my strange ideas without meriting the severest punishment, and in the end be compelled to yield. With this encouragement I was ordered to retire, and I knew what to expect on the morrow.

"At six o'clock all the troops were ordered to go to the river to wash their clothes. I refused to violate my conscience, choosing to suffer punishment rather than to disobey God. I was immediately hustled to the guardhouse. When the *comandánte* arrived and the captain told him how in the presence of the whole regiment I had refused to go with the rest to the river, he was furious with anger. Before them all he said that to that time the '*Sabatista*' had had his way, but the time had come when he had to learn that in the army there is no other religion than obedience to superiors. He ordered a tub to be brought, and that before the regiment I should wash my clothes.

"One of the officers and a soldier escorted me to my bed, and the officer ordered me to gather up my clothes. I told him that I was very sorry, but could not do so, for it was contrary to the law of my God and to my conscience. The officer then ordered the soldier to put the blankets upon my shoulders, and so I was led out to the tub. The clothing was thrown on the ground; one soldier brought soap, another a whip. The rest were lined up to see the result, while around me stood the officers, ordering me to wash.

"I knelt beside the tub and began to pray that God would give me strength to bear the trial. When the prayer was finished, the strokes of the whip began to descend, and the officer ordered me: 'Wash, wash.' I was upon my knees beside the tub, and

the officer lashed me with all his strength. The pain was fearful, but the power of God sustained me. The chastisement continued until the whip was worn out, and then a heavier one was brought and plied with the same force across my back. A sergeant put the soap in one of my hands and the clothes in the other, then taking them in his he went through the operation, saying, 'Wash, wash;' but when he let go of my hands, the soap and the clothes fell into the water. I had no fear of my superiors nor of the punishment, but I did fear to disobey God.

"The punishment continued for two hours, until they were convinced that they could do nothing with me. The *comandánte* was furious. He said to the other officers that it seemed impossible that in the twentieth century there should be found a man who was willing to be maimed and mutilated for his religion; that I must be a Jew to the last extremity, for he had heard that they would rather die than work on the Sabbath, and that I seemed capable of doing the same thing. Two soldiers took me by the arms and raised me from the ground and escorted me to the *calabozo,* where I was inclosed with the tub and the clothes, and told that if I did not wash them, I should die there.

"The Sabbath passed, but the clothes were unwashed. In my heart I felt a profound peace and joy because I could see that God had helped me and had given me the victory. I had more courage, more faith, and more confidence than ever before, for I had experienced the power of God in my behalf, and I was convinced that He would carry me through.

"At eight o'clock I was taken out. The officer of the guard said that if I still refused the next Sabbath, I should never again leave the *calabozo.*

"During the week I was at liberty in the barracks, but the struggle continued; officers and men, night and day, persecuted and criticized me. At night, after I had gone to bed, they drugged me and crammed tobacco into my mouth. They also stole nearly everything I had. This was done because the *comandánte* had offered a medal of honor to the officer who could persuade me to work on the Sabbath. I had to exercise much patience, humility, and meekness, for I was as a sheep among wolves. All were against me; none were in my favor. Often at night I escaped from the barracks to a solitary place to seek the Lord and pour out my soul to Him.

"At the beginning of the next Sabbath, officers and men came to me and asked if I would work this Sabbath. When I told them no, they said one to another, 'The poor saint! He doesn't know what awaits him tomorrow,'

"All that night I lay awake, my heart palpitating with anguish and crying out to God. At six o'clock the men lined up to go to the river; I only remained, reading my Bible. The officers came and asked why I had not formed ranks with the rest. I told them that my clothes were clean and did not need washing. They said that made no difference; that I should go with the rest to the river, but if I wished I could take my Bible and spend the day quietly there. Not suspecting any evil, I accepted their counsel.

"No sooner had we arrived than I was told that I had not come there to read the Bible, but to wash clothes, and putting a huge pile before me they ordered me to wash them; failing to do so would result ill for me, as this was the last Sabbath that any consideration would be shown, and failure to obey orders would be followed by life imprisonment.

"With tears in my eyes I confessed my regret at not being able to comply with the order, for it was violating my conscience and the command of God.

"After maltreating me until they were tired, one of the officers mounted a horse, took a whip, put me on a run, lashing me as he would an animal, for a mile and a quarter back to the barracks. I was again delivered to the officer of the guard, and was made to sit on the stool with my feet extended and fastened in irons, with a guard at my side to prevent a change of position. There I remained from a little after seven in the morning until eight o'clock at night, when I was once more put into the *calabozo*.

"The following day I was taken to the hospital to be examined as to my sanity. The doctor took me into a room, closed the door, with a guard outside, and then ordered me to strip. He examined me from head to foot, but found no defect. In his report to the *comandánte* he said I was the healthiest and sanest man in the regiment.

"The same week the judge, or inspector, of military instruction came from Buenos Aires, and before him I was accused of disobedience and insubordination, which constituted a terrible indictment. The judge sent me into close confinement for seven months.

"I had never been thus confined, so suffered a great deal the first month. I have experienced how sad is the lot of the prisoner, and know how precious is the enjoyment of liberty.

"One day when I least expected it, my father was brought to the door of the *calabozo*. His face was very sad, and he burst into tears as he embraced me. He said that he had passed two weeks of sleepless nights, and that my mother and brothers were

in sorrow and anguish because of my present state. He also said that the *comandánte* had promised him that if he could convince me that it was my duty to work on the Sabbath, I should be put at liberty and he would pardon all my past offenses. On the other hand, if I persisted in my course, I should be imprisoned for life; in fact, I should soon be taken to the penitentiary, where it would be work on the Sabbath or death.

"In anguish of soul my father promised to do what he could to convince me that I was mistaken in my convictions, that it was my duty to obey my superiors, and that God would not hold me accountable for what I could not help. And yet from my youth my father had always taught me that we ought to obey the commandments of God. He sincerely sought to help me, but I could not accept his counsel. In reality my own father was working against me, and I was called upon to defend the fundamental principles of the word of God by citing such experiences as Daniel's refusing to obey the decree of Darius; the three Hebrews who preferred to suffer the fiery furnace rather than to worship the golden image; and how Peter and John, because they refused to obey the command of the Sanhedrin to cease their preaching, were cast into the common prison, and then Peter said that we ought to obey God rather than men. The Lord tells us to be subject to all authority and to render it obedience and respect, but that we are not obliged to disobey God in so doing.

"My father labored with me for two hours, until he was well assured that I had determined to remain true to the teachings and promises of the word of God to the end of the fight. With tears and great grief he bade me farewell, and returned to inform the *comandánte* that I was unmovable, and was disposed to die rather than to yield. After that the officers despised and oppressed me the more because I had refused to accept the counsels of my own father.

"Every one was against me; no one defended me. But God did not leave me alone. I had a friend that comforted and encouraged me; and that friend was my Bible. But one day while I was asleep some one crept into the *calabozo* and stole it. With sadness of heart and tears in my eyes I searched and searched for it, but was unable to find it. I was told by one of the officers that he had torn it up and thrown it away. Two weeks later a good brother came to visit me, and secretly brought me another Bible. How great was my joy and how happy I was to have the Bible with me once more! After that I always carried it concealed in my clothing. During my imprisonment I read the Bible through twice, and found it to be indeed my spiritual food.

"At the end of seven months there came an order from the council of war that I should be taken to Buenos Aires to be sentenced. While making the journey on the boat, with an armed guard at my side, I thought of faithful Paul when he was taken prisoner to Rome.

"Arriving at Buenos Aires, I was placed in a cell, with the usual armed guard at the door. There I remained for a month, when I was brought before the council to receive my sentence. After the indictment was read, the prosecutor asked for a sentence of five years. The president of the council rose and said that this was the first time in the history of the country that a man was being sentenced because of his religion, and that he was very sorry to do so, but it was impossible to avoid it, as my crime was very grave. He asked why I had disobeyed so many times. I told him that it was because I had a profound respect for my conscience and for the law of God, citing at the same time the fourth commandment.

"I was sentenced to one year of imprisonment, and earnestly warned that I should regain my liberty only upon condition that I comply with the rules of the prison. In a few days I was taken to Martin Garcia, an island prison in the river, where I found a great many other prisoners. Immediately I began to teach them the gospel. Some listened attentively, others mocked. During the day the prisoners worked in the quarries, making bricks and excavating. At night they were inclosed in large cells like a drove of steers. Many times there were fights among them, caused by their robbing one another of their food.

"The second day after my arrival I asked to speak with the *comandánte*. My request was granted, and in the presence of several others, including the priest, I stated the cause of my imprisonment and asked to be relieved of work on the Sabbath. They discussed the matter with me for an hour, trying to show me the futility of my request. The priest, however, had to admit that the Catholic Church had changed the law of God, and that the Sabbath — the seventh day — is the day of the Lord. The *comandánte* at last dismissed me with the warning to drop such ideas and to think well what I was about to do, for if I refused to work, he had full right to have me hanged, for I was then a felon and had lost all my rights. So closed the first encounter.

"The next day the priest had me brought to the church, or chapel, and talked with me for a long time, but was convinced that I could not be moved. He promised to present my case to the *comandánte* and to do all that he could to give me the Sabbath free from work.

"On Friday I again asked to see the *comandánte*. The officer of the guard asked me what I wanted. I told him that I wished to ask again that I should not be compelled to work on the Sabbath. 'It is not necessary,' he said, 'I have been given orders not to ask you to work.' It seemed too good to be true. All the week I had been trembling, sad and downcast, for I knew not what was before me, or what the end of the week would bring. Day and night I had been praying that I might find grace before my superiors and not suffer further punishment. The moment that I learned that my prayers had been answered, a great burden rolled away, and I was filled with inexpressible joy. I could see that God was with me and had touched the hearts of the officers to grant my request.

"At the usual hour Sabbath morning the rest of the prisoners were called out; I only remained, reading my Bible. In my great joy I burst forth in song and praise to God. When least expecting it, I discovered that the officers were standing near, listening. They asked me what I was doing. I told them that I was praising and worshiping the Lord, and reading His word. They asked if I always expected to do that. I said, 'Yes, I mean to be true to my God as long as I live.' Then I explained to them the fundamental principles of the truth. They listened attentively, and then went away. Soon after this the priest came and greeted me most cordially. He asked if I had not been called out to work. When I told him that I had not, he said, 'I presented your case to the *comandánte* and asked him to grant your request.' I thanked him for his kindness, conversed with him for a time, and then he went away. So passed the first Sabbath.

"A month later I had the joy of seeing one of the prisoners accept the truth. Baldonero Sereal was a faithful companion. Many times when I was speaking the word to the prisoners he stood at my side and helped me. He would tell them: '*We* were brought here for crimes that we committed, but this man the Lord has sent here to teach us the way of life.' What great joy was this to me! During our imprisonment we helped and encouraged each other, and so the time passed more quickly.

"I had been at Martin Garcia four months when there came an order for the minister of war to transfer all the prisoners to Cámpo de Mayo. My superior advised me of that beforehand, and predicted that I would have difficulty in keeping the Sabbath there, and that it would be better for me to yield for the rest of my term than to risk life imprisonment. The priest also visited me and expressed regret that I should be taken away to encounter

new difficulties. I told him that God had helped me so many times in the past that He would still be with me to the end of the fight.

"Two days later the boat arrived at the island, and the prisoners embarked for Buenos Aires. At that port we were met by an armed guard and herded like a troop of wild steers to the Retiro station, where we boarded a train. At eleven o'clock at night we arrived at our destination and were put into the guardhouse. At twelve o'clock the *comandánte* of the Compañía de Disciplína arrived. He ordered us to form in two lines, then beginning with the first, he passed down the line to the last, asking each one the cause of his imprisonment. Many hung their heads in shame. When he asked me, I felt no fear nor shame, but freely confessed. The *comandánte* was astonished, and said that my imprisonment was unjust, for this country guaranteed religious liberty, and no one had a right to prohibit its free exercise. This was a great surprise to the rest of the prisoners, and they said to one another, 'God is helping the saint.'

"All that week I prayed that I might find grace before my new chief. On Friday I asked to speak with him; and he not only granted me freedom from work on the Sabbath, but said that I should be taken out of the prison. He called the guard and gave him an order to that effect. What great joy and happiness was mine! All my troubles of the past seemed as nothing, and I could see the hand of God in all my experience.

"The next week I was given charge of the *comandánte's* garden. I gave it the best of my efforts and attention, and in two months he was so pleased with what I had done that he made me his orderly. Here my work was different. I had to clean his boots, polish his sword, serve his tea and coffee, etc. I lived the life of a prince, eating the same food as he had on his table, and in a short time I was robust and strong again. He treated me very kindly, giving me full liberty on the Sabbath. Often he had me recount the experiences through which I had passed. Then he would congratulate me on my firmness, and say, 'That is right. A man who professes a religion ought to live it. It is better to break than to double.' This last experience reminded me of Joseph, who left his prison cell to become Pharaoh's trusted servant.

"At last my term expired, and once more I was at liberty. I was warmly congratulated by the *comandánte* for my constancy and fidelity, and given an honorable military discharge of blameless conduct and service well rendered. Shortly after, the minister of

war issued a decree exempting Seventh-day Adventist young men from service on the Sabbath. So all my suffering had not been in vain.

"What a glorious and happy day was that when I finished my fight with the army! How glad I was that I had remained true to God! He had been with me from the day that I entered the ranks; He had helped me and had given me the victory. When the trials were the hardest and most painful, I felt His power and was strengthened to endure, to fight, and to conquer. I had learned to confide in Him, and with Paul I had learned, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.' I was convinced that there is a God in heaven who can help us in every time of need, and under His wings we may trust."

A GOOD ANSWER

A young man was brought before a military court in Europe to answer for his faith as a Sabbath observer who could not do ordinary work on the Lord's holy day.

He had declared to the judge that the oath of loyalty which had been required of him as he was called to join the service, forbade his breaking the Sabbath. That was a new idea. "How is that?" asked the judge. The young man replied:

"I was sworn in with a Christian oath, and therefore cannot be under an obligation to violate the commandments of God and work on the Sabbath. One must regard God as the highest authority, and obey Him in the first place."

It was an answer that made a deep impression in the court. No one had ever given such a turn as that to the oath required. Surely to the young witness the promise of Christ had been fulfilled: "When they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak: for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak." Matt. 10:19.

The witness was borne in a stuffy little military courtroom in Germany, before military men who had little time for religious convictions that got in the way of regulations. But the newspapers were represented there; and as the wires and the mails took up the story, that young man's testimony was reprinted in the press of four continents. The quotation given above was taken

from a Chicago paper, reporting the trial. The witness borne in a little courtroom in Europe was spread before millions over the earth. Thus God can give wings to words spoken for truth.

FINDING GOD ON THE BATTLEFIELD

This is the story of a young man, brought up a Seventh-day Adventist, who had wandered far from the teachings of his childhood, and who sought and found the Lord in a time of peril on the fields of France.

No Christian parent would choose for a son the unspiritual influences one may meet in camp life; but we may find consolation in the fact that the Lord's arm is not shortened, and that He is with the dear ones to help and to save even amid the life of camp and field. Providence has ofttimes followed wandering feet over the strangest paths and turned the roughest of roads into a way to God. So it proved in this case. The young man lost a mother's care in early years, and was brought up by a grandmother, a devoted member of our church. Through Sabbath school and church influences, his young heart felt the conviction of the truth. But as he grew up, the youth passed out into the world and beyond the influence of believing relatives. Years passed, and it seems even the father — who was not a member — knew nothing of the son's whereabouts until he saw his name in the list of the wounded in the battle of the Somme, and by cable assured himself of his son's identity. Later, from a hospital in England, the young man wrote to his aunt, one of our members, telling of efforts to communicate with his people early in the war, in which he had enlisted. His efforts failed, as the family had moved and his letters were returned to him. Now he told of the conviction of the truths of his boyhood teaching that came back to him in a time of peril. We quote a few paragraphs from his letter, as follows:

"When a person can hear about a dozen of the big shells turning down in their flight through the air, believe me one learns to pray, and does it quick; and all of us, no matter how much we may have strayed, can't help but remember those early prayers we learned at our mother's knee (grandmother's in my case), and

those early teachings of Christ and His love for us, His strayed and lost sheep."

He writes of volunteering in a crisis to carry a message across the open country. Only by such a message could relief for the company be called. He wrote:

"I think God prompted me to say, 'I'll take it through.' I was just a new man then, and the major looked surprised, but a new hope dawned in his eyes. He jerked out his fountain pen, wrote the message, and said, 'Go to it, man, and if you get through, we shall all owe our lives to you.'

"I crawled out the back of our little shell-hole trench and started. The bullets began to whiz, and I ran faster. Then the artillery on Bapaume Ridge opened up on me with 18-pounder high explosives and shrapnel. I had always been very self-satisfied and self-confident before that, but I began to realize how really little and insignificant I was. I went into a big shell hole, and lay down, sobbing because I knew I couldn't go on and couldn't go back.

"Then I began to think, and my lips seemed automatically to frame the words, 'Our Father who art in heaven,' and then the Lord's Prayer followed, and then I turned loose and prayed as I don't think a man has ever prayed before or since; and when I finished, I had promised God to return to His fold once more if He would show me that He really was what I had been taught, by taking me through safely to the deep dugout occupied by battalion headquarters, for I knew no human power could do it.

"When I left the shell hole, I started to run and dodge the same as before, but something seemed to tell me that there was no use running, that I was safe; and I walked the last five hundred yards just to see, and the men say I came walking in as cool as a cucumber, with an artillery barrage playing around me that would have stopped the best infantry battalion on earth. The colonel congratulated me, and said it was the coolest piece of work that he had ever seen done; but I was so busy being glad that there is a God, a just God, a humane God, and that He knew that even I was on this earth, that I didn't pay much attention to them. . . .

"When we left the Somme, we went to a quiet part of the line to rest, and my old blue, despondent, murderous, devil-may-care-I-don't, homesick spells started to come on again. I had usually deadened these with all the 'booze' I could pour into me, but I had promised I wouldn't any more, in that shell-hole church of mine, so I couldn't do it now. A little voice seemed to say,

'Pray about it, pray about it,' but I would answer back, 'I can't ask God to stop and untangle my personal affairs for me.' But the little voice said, 'Try it, and keep it up.' I did try it once and was satisfied, for I knew then that I should find you some day, but thought it would be after the end of the war, and here it is only a short month or two when papa's cable came; and I didn't forget to thank Him, either.

"When I first came to the hospital, the pain in my arm was intense. I stood it as long as I could, then I called on Him for help. The doctor operated next day and took out a piece of bone, and I've felt practically no pain since. I think He sent me to France in the first place to find Him, and has delighted in showering His gifts on His returned son ever since, and I'm so glad."

This is a testimony that the Lord does not forget the wanderers from the old Sabbath school and church homes, and is ever within call; yes, more than that, is watching and calling to the careless heart to remember and repent and turn to Him.

A GROUP OF WITNESSES IN FRANCE

A company of Seventh-day Adventists were serving in the noncombatant forces in France during the World War. They had found officers who had regard to their Sabbath principles, and arranged duties accordingly. The young men were engaged in unloading cargo from ships. But now and then officers were in charge who were only irritated by religious convictions out of the ordinary.

On one occasion, after various measures of discipline and punishment for declining Sabbath duty in the cargo moving, a group were sentenced to the punishment known as "crucifixion." It meant being tied with arms and legs outspread to the wheel of a gun carriage. As the time came for the punishment, search for a physician was made, to and fro in the camp, for the ordeal could not proceed without a medical certificate that the offender was physically able to endure the punishment; but no physician could be found. So the young men were marched back to the barracks.

Later that evening an officer appeared, saying, in substance:

"Now, look here, lads. We have been discussing your case. You are good workers. We wish all the men were as faithful in

work. But you cannot play with the British army. Orders are orders. But we do not want to see young men like yourselves punished. We have had a council about it, and have this proposition to make. You work overtime during the week to make up time lost on your Saturday, and we will let you off that day; we will also revoke this punishment. I will call the guard out and leave you alone to consider it. In five minutes I will come back for your answer."

The young men needed no five minutes to consider. They spent the minutes rejoicing at this manifestation of the delivering Hand. When the officer returned, they said: "We are glad, sir, to accept the proposition, and are thankful for it."

But later some of these youth in France fell into the hands of men who decided to break down with a hard hand this regard for the Sabbath on the part of a little group of noncombatants, troublesome enough in war time.

Seventeen of the young men were in it. They were roughly handled, cruelly beaten and knocked about, — contrary to regulations, — and at last, exhausted and bruised and some seriously injured, they were put into the barrack prison, each in a room by himself. Then a little later, when they were sorest and weakest with reaction from the beatings, they were visited, each one alone, and each one was told that the other sixteen had given in, and had consented to work on Saturday; and each one replied, "I am sorry to hear the others have decided to do it, but I cannot. I cannot disobey God on any account."

That was a fine answer from seventeen young men. They were like other youth — had their faults, their weaknesses. But when the crisis came, the grace of Christ gave them patience and strength to answer like "men of the martyr breed."

The sequel should be told, in a few lines. After the answers had been given, an army chaplain passed. He heard groaning. He inquired, and demanding of the guards his right to know and investigate, he found the young men, learned their story, and took the case up with the higher authorities. The result was the return of the young men to England, and ultimately their release from all army service.

Stirred for Service

Stir me, O, stir me, Lord! I care not how,
But stir my heart in passion for the world;
Stir me to give, to go, but most to pray;
Stir, till the blood-red banner be unfurled
O'er lands that still in heathen darkness lie,
O'er deserts where no cross is lifted high.

Stir me, O, stir me, Lord, till all my heart
Is filled with strong compassion for these souls;
Till Thy compelling "must" drives me to pray;
Till Thy constraining love reaches to the poles,
Far north and south, in burning, deep desire;
Till east and west are caught in love's great fire.

Stir me, O, stir me, Lord, till prayer is pain,
Till prayer is joy, till prayer turns into praise;
Stir me till heart and will and mind, yea, all
Is wholly Thine to use through all the days;
Stir, till I learn to pray exceedingly,
Stir, till I learn to wait expectantly.

Stir me, O, stir me, Lord! Thy heart was stirred
By love's intensest fire, till Thou didst give
Thine only Son, Thy best-beloved One,
E'en to the dreadful cross, that I might live;
Stir me to give myself so back to Thee
That Thou canst give Thyself again through me.

Stir me, O, stir me, Lord; for I can see
Thy glorious triumph day begin to break;
The dawn already gilds the eastern sky.
O church of Christ, awake! awake!
O, stir us, Lord, as heralds of that day!
The night is past, our King is on His way!

— Bessie Porter Head.

Young Converts of the Mission Fields

"Out of weakness were made strong." Heb. 11:34.

CONSIDERING how the grace of Christ has always been sufficient, it is not difficult to account for the courage and constancy of young converts in dark mission fields who in modern times have had to meet the same opposition of heathen prejudice that youthful witnesses met in the early centuries. Only the grace of Christ explains the faithfulness of these who had had so few advantages, yet whose experience was so deep and true.

EXECUTIONS IN MADAGASCAR

The queen of Madagascar was seeking to uproot Christianity from the soil of her island kingdom. Missionaries were expelled and worship forbidden. Bibles were gathered and burned. But in secret Malagasy believers still worshiped.

In the year 1849, by the queen's orders, Christians were being put to death. One mode of execution was by hurling from the top of a rock that stands near Antananarivo, the capital. The face of the cliff is a sheer precipice, with jagged rocks at the bottom, 150 feet below.

"As they stood on that perilous height," says Ellis, "they were promised life if they would by an oath acknowledge the false gods of Madagascar; but to refuse was to be hurled over that fearful verge, and dashed on the rocks below. To this dread proposal no tongue faltered in its answer."

For many a year the strange courage and joy of these witnesses was a topic of conversation among the heathen.

One young girl's conduct, particularly, left an indelible impression on the minds of the people, continues Mr. Ellis, who was

acquainted with her family. He says, in "Madagascar Revisited:"

"She was so placed as to see the destruction of all her companions, in the hope of terrifying her so as to induce her to recant. To this she was earnestly persuaded then and there by a high official, as he himself informed me, and by her own father. In that trying moment she recommended with affectionate earnestness to her father the Lord Jesus Christ, her Saviour."

This young woman, it is said, was of royal connection, and the queen desired to save her from the general order to "kill all Christians." At last her turn came. Miss Campbell's "Madagascar" tells the sequel:

"The executioner led her to the edge of the precipice, to look down on the mangled bodies. In the meantime she was begged and entreated by her friends to deny the Saviour. 'I beg you,' she said, 'that I may be permitted to follow my friends.' 'She is insane,' said the executioner, slapping her face, 'take her home;' and she was taken home."

For twenty-six years, from 1835 to 1861, it was a crime to be a Christian in Madagascar; yet when the wicked Queen Ràna-vàlona I died in 1861, and a new order of toleration came in, it was found that the number of professed believers had increased from 1,000 to 7,000.

DARK DAYS IN UGANDA

The old kingdom of Uganda, on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, was the scene of bitter persecution in the year 1885. King Mwanga was angry particularly with the "readers," those who had learned to read the word of God through the missionaries, who were just beginning work in that region. A native teacher had been slain, and his boys driven flying into the bush.

"Among the pupils that day was a small boy, Kiwobe, who had fled along with the others. The same day he went down to the mission station, being in charge of a number of children to be vaccinated. While Mackay was attending to these, the little boy went up to his colleague, Ashe, and said, 'My friend, I wish to be baptized.'

"'Do you know what you are asking?' replied the astonished missionary.

"'I do, my friend.'

"'But if you are known to be a Christian, they will kill you.'

"'I know, my friend, I know.'

"'If people asked you, would you tell a lie, and say you were not a reader?'

"'I shall confess.'

"Further conversation with the lad proved that he quite understood the gravity of the step he was taking, and notwithstanding the possibility of a cruel death, he desired to be baptized, acknowledging thus his devotion to Christ as his Master. He was duly baptized under the name of Samweli."

Years afterward, Bishop Tucker, of the Church of England Society, was taken by a guide to the chief place of martyrdom where Uganda lads had been faithful unto death. He asked his guide if he knew any of these boys.

"Yes, I knew most of them; one was a very dear friend."

"Were you a Christian then?"

"No; but my friend often talked to me about Jesus Christ, and besought me to become a disciple; but I hardened my heart."

"What led you to become a Christian at last?"

"*Munange* [my friend], it was because my brother died for what he believed to be true. If he had not died, I should never have become a Christian. How could I refuse then?"

Thus into heathen hearts in modern Africa there came the conviction of the truth through witnessing the grace of Christ in His persecuted followers. The witnesses had suffered not in vain. The blood of the martyrs was still the seed of the church, as of old.

IN CHINA UPRISINGS

Never can one of the lessons of the Boxer uprising cease to give courage to those who work and pray for China. In that fiery trial the true gold of faith appeared. These several illustrations of constancy under trial were related by Professor Headland of Peking University:

There was young Wang Chih-shen, a student at Peking. The uprising of 1900 found him visiting his home in the country.

"When the storm approached, he was urged by all his friends to escape, as he was a marked man, but he refused to desert his family. He was taken by the Boxers and was offered the choice of recantation or death. To make it easier for him to deny his Master, it was proposed by the village elders that some of his friends be allowed to worship the idols in his stead, in which case they would secure his release.

"'No,' he said, 'I will neither burn incense to idols myself nor allow any one to do it for me; not to mention the fact that it would be denying my Lord, I should never dare to look my teachers in the face again.'"

He then exhorted his persecutors to personal repentance and an acceptance of Christianity. Their swords silenced his voice, but did not silence his testimony speaking in the hearts of the people.

Lin Wen-lan, a girl teacher, was captured with seventeen of her flock.

"As they were being led to the place of execution, she reminded them how the Master was persecuted and killed, and afterward ascended to heaven; how the disciples, one after another, had met death because of their faith, and she continued, 'Though we are not worthy to die for Him, we are ready and willing to do so, and will depend upon His grace to save us.'

"The Boxers were angered by her exhortations, and threatened to kill her at once. None of the threats moved her, however, and without a tremor she offered her head to the sword as if by her fearlessness in death to strengthen her companions for the coming trial."

Ton Lien-ming was a student in the senior preparatory class in the Peking University.

"He was seized by the Boxers at his home, taken to the temple, and ordered to burn incense and knock his head on the ground before the idols, both of which he refused to do.

"'He is a devil of the second class,' exclaimed the crowd.

"'I am not a devil,' he answered.

"'What are you, then?'

"The slender youth straightened himself up, and without a sign of fear replied, 'I am a Christian;' and in answer to further questions, began to explain what it meant to be a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"'Kill him! Kill him!' cried the mob.

"'No, no, not here; it is not proper to kill him in front of the temple; take him to the street which has been set apart for the slaughter of devils.'

"While they led him forth, he continued to exhort them, urging them to listen to the truth, until many of those who followed the irresponsible mob felt pricked to the heart, as they afterward reported, and would have saved him if they could. It was when they were about to put him to death that he said:

"'Though you can kill our bodies, you cannot kill our souls; hereafter we will live forever,' and with that they hacked him to pieces.

"His death had a profound influence on his fellow students."

"He has eaten the medicine of the foreigner until he does not fear to die," said a mob on one occasion, accounting for their victim's joyful courage. Rather had these faithful men and women and youth of China heard the message of Jesus: "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: . . . be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Down across the ages that blessed word of assurance to Smyrna has come with power to make hearts strong that would have fainted if left to human support. Even the callous heathen, who apparently cared neither for their own lives nor for the lives of others, marveled at what they recognized to be a strange, unearthly joy and tender, forgiving courage in the face of death on the part of these believers in the living Christ. It is said that the Boxers sometimes cut out the hearts of the victims of their superstition and cruelty, to see if the hearts of the Christians were differently constituted. The "hidden man of the heart," however, was beyond all earthly vision or human analysis.

ENDURING HARDNESS FOR THE NAME

A young Chinese colporteur-evangelist, at the Hankow meeting of our Central China Union Mission, was bearing joyful testimony for Christ. He was pointed out to us as having come into the Christian faith through tribulation well endured. His was a placid, happy face; and this is his story, as related by Evangelist Frederick Lee:

"Some years before, as he began to follow Christ, his father saw that he was forsaking the gods and the ancestral worship. To see his own son following after these hated foreigners was more than the parent could endure. He determined to break the young lad of this foreign religion.

"When he found that his son would not yield to persuasion, he bound him with strong cords, then while crowds of people stood around in the family compound, they scraped the flesh from the inside of his mouth. They thought by so doing to scrape out of his soul all the words that he had heard of the hated doctrine.

"Then the father had a very heavy iron bar bound to his back. In this condition he was compelled to sit for several days in front of the compound where hundreds of people came to see him, — strangers, friends, and relatives. They at first felt sorry for him, and tried to persuade him to give up this strange religion; but finding him steadfast, they jeered and threatened him. He still was dauntless, and would not dishonor the Name he had taken.

"His father was becoming more and more angry with him, willing, if necessary, to kill his own offspring, rather than to have the doctrine of the 'foreign devil' in his family. He once more bound the boy with his hands behind his back. Then tying a bundle of fagots to his hands, he lighted it, and had him led through the streets.

"The heat from the burning fagots was almost unendurable. Then as the fire came nearer to his flesh, it scorched him. Just as the fire was approaching his body and hands, a man came rushing down the street, pushing the crowd right and left.

"The lad looked up, and saw his uncle coming toward him. He could not understand what to make of it, for this uncle, bound by the opium habit, very seldom left his house. He would lie day in and day out upon his bed, smoking his pipe in a dazed state. It was found later that the uncle could not smoke that day, having no desire for it. Something told him to go out on the street. Coming out, he saw the crowd, and took in what they were doing.

"He rushed forward, and when he reached the boy, he snatched the burning fagots from his hands, cut the cords, and angrily turning to the crowd and the father, commanded them to let the boy alone."

Nothing daunted, and in no wise embittered, the young man continued faithful to Christ.

"And what about the father now?" we asked.

" The father and the uncle have heard more of the gospel from the young man's mouth in the meantime," was the reply, " and the father is hopefully inclined toward learning more. He and the uncle have asked us to open a chapel in their village."

Inca Indian Chiefs Petitioning for a School, Lake Titicaca Mission

INCA INDIAN WITNESSES

" Do you see that young Indian with the white scar across his head? " said Missionary Stahl at an Indian gathering by Lake Titicaca, some years ago.

" Yes," we said, looking more closely into the crowd.

" Well," the missionary continued, " that is where his master cut his scalp open, beating him to keep him from coming to the mission; but the young man wore out his master's anger, and has become a Christian."

At that same gathering, the young Inca Indian with the scar came to the missionary and said: " Now, I have learned much

about Jesus; and I can read the word of God. Let me go over among those wild Indians around the lake, who fight the mission. I will get a plot of land and live among them, and teach them what I know. It may be that I can prepare the way for the missionary to go among them."

The workers present said, "All right; go." The result was that after a few years those wild Indians were tamed, and were calling for a mission school. And today numbers of them are baptized believers.

The young Indian had little of cultivated gifts to dedicate to the Master. But what he had he gave, and his labor was owned of God according to the promise: "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." 2 Cor. 8: 12.

At that time a young boy, Luciano, was helping the missionary family about the home and on their journeys, while attending school. He was a steady, faithful lad, with a good face. He became after a few years the first Indian pastor of the Lake Titicaca Indian Mission, holding forth in the work on some of the rough frontier stations. Of his decision for Christ, Missionary Stahl has said in the little book, "In the Land of the Incas:"

"After he was baptized, and had been walking in newness of life for about two years, his people came to him, and demanded that he give up all, threatening that if he did not, he would be disinherited. I remember well how he came to me at that time, and asked what he could do to help his people. Finally he went to them one night, and called them together, and told them earnestly that he never would give up Jesus, but that he was willing to give up all for Jesus.

"In less than one year from that time, all his people had accepted Christ, because of Luciano's steadfastness." — *Page 277.*

These are but two of many youth among these descendants of the old-time "Children of the Sun," of the ancient empire of the Incas, who have borne the good witness and helped on the wonderful work going forward high on the roof of the world by the shores of Lake Titicaca.

GRACE FOR QUIET ENDURANCE

In his book, "China from Within," C. E. Scott tells of the test that comes to some of the young women of China, requiring grace for quiet endurance of daily trial. Speaking of one form of heathen persecution that exceeds all others in sustained intensity, this writer says:

"It is the hidden horror of heathenism. It is called by the Christians 'burying alive.' It refers to the immurement of Christian daughters-in-law in the families of heathen mothers-in-law.

"A baby girl, while her parents were yet heathen, has been betrothed into a heathen family. In the course of time her parents become Christians; she is given a school education, and grows up trained and winsome, with the laudable ambition to make her own home a real Christian home.

"But her parents dare not break the contract, and she is tied for life to a peasant boor, uneducated, unsympathetic, coarse, and brutal. He has never seen her, possibly is considerably younger; perhaps at marriage is still a boy.

"It is a living death — the steady, relentless pressure, glacier-like, of nagging and contumely.

"The young wife is supposed to have swallowed a 'magic Jesus-doctrine pill,' and the only way to get it out is to pound it out. This the family set themselves, through drudgery, abuse, and violence, to do. Often all the members have a hand in the process, even the younger female relatives.

"A woman, converted in one of the meetings I was conducting, confessed there with agonized weeping that for ten years she had made life as nearly unendurable as possible for her eldest sister-in-law, who was one of our best Bible women.

"A charming young woman in one of our churches, — an unusually good teacher she was, — on her marriage, was repeatedly threatened by her husband. Daily brandishing a knife before her, he vowed that he would cut out her heart if she did not recant. Finally, because of her inflexible determination, he divorced her — an unspeakably disgraceful and helpless condition for a woman in China.

"Another girl in nobility of spirit silently endured the curses and scorn of her adopted family. She came at night, when her father-in-law would not know it, to be strengthened by her lady missionary friend in her purpose to serve Christ, and at the end

of the fifth year she was still holding out against the most violent opposition and persecution. When asked the secret of her strength, she quoted God's promise to Joshua: 'I will be with thee: I will not fail thee.'"

Another example, with a happy ending to the faithful witnessing, is given as follows:

"A young Christian bride, she was immured in a heathen family. Her husband soon informed her that he was going to whip her once a week till she renounced 'foreign doctrines.' Each week as he lashed her, she wept for pain, and prayed in an agony of spirit for him. At the end of two years he approached her to inflict the weekly beating, and in a terrible voice announced: 'Now this time if you don't recant I'm going to kill you!' With ferocity he rained the blows; then suddenly threw down his whip, and laughed, a strange, hard laugh, exclaiming, 'It's no use; I've been trying all these weeks to make you *"seng ta ki"* (literally, "beget a great anger"), just as the other women I know do. But I can't make you!' And in that instant the Holy Spirit, honoring her faithful witness and real prayer-life, convicted and converted him; and he and his wife, helped by the Holy Spirit, began forthwith the winning of their clan to Jesus Christ.

"The source of her endurance, I later learned, was Psalms 50:15, repeated and prayed many times, claiming the faithfulness of God: 'I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.'"

RANSOMING HER LIFE

It was in a Sabbath school in China that we learned of Han Me Li An's persevering purpose to redeem herself from a marriage contract that would mean a life of misery to her.

The lesson topic that morning was, "The City of God, the Inheritance of the Saved." In the lesson review we had heard a young Chinese worker of the Shanghai mission press tell of the city with its gates of pearl and its streets of gold. Then a young woman was called upon to sing a solo. As she was going to the front and the organ prelude was playing, my interpreter told me in a few words her story:

Han Me Li An had in infancy or childhood been betrothed. The boy's parents had paid to her parents the equivalent of

fifty dollars to seal the contract. These contracts, by custom, are counted about as fixed as the marriage ceremony itself. As Me Li An had grown up, she found Christ as her Saviour. She had attended school, and was now assistant teacher. Her betrothed was a worthless, ignorant heathen. And for years now, the interpreter said, Me Li An had been saving from her earnings to accumulate the money that would repay the man's parents and ransom her own life. She had the price of her redemption nearly made up. Here the story told by the interpreter was cut short as Han Me Li An, in a clear, pleasing voice, began the song,

Han Me Li An

"My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands!
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffers are full,— He has riches untold.

"I'm a child of the King, a child of the King!
With Jesus, my Saviour, I'm a child of the King!"

CALLED TO THE LIGHT

It was in Chungking, in far Szechuan, about fifteen hundred miles up the Yangtze, that Dora Li, a Bible woman, told me her story, with apologies.

"I came," she said, "because I want to tell you what Jesus did for me. But I don't want you to think He would pay any special attention to me, or that I amount to anything; for I do not."

But not one of the sheep is valueless in the eyes of the Shepherd. And the Good Shepherd certainly searched to find this young member of the scattered flock lost on the dark mountains of Szechuan. This is the story:

As a small girl, Dora Li had attended a mission school somewhere, and had heard about Jesus and had learned many texts of Scripture. Then came her marriage, as a young girl, into a well-to-do family. She lived the ordinary life without a thought of God. But she fell ill, and for weeks lay semiconscious on her bed. Then it was that into her mind came the texts of the mission school days. She often repeated the texts aloud. Her father was angry, and forbade her to repeat them. "But I cannot help it," she would reply. Then one day came a voice speaking to her heart, sounding so clearly that it seemed as loud and distinct as a human voice speaking to the ear: "My child, Jesus loves you; get up."

Dora Li

She rose from her sick-bed, and maintained constant improvement until well and strong. Then she began to search for the way of Jesus. In contact with this and that representation of it, she found no peace, and kept searching. Then she found our workers in Chungking, heard the gospel of Jesus' life and death and ministry in heaven for sin, and of His soon return to gather His children home. It was the message that answered the longing of her heart, and now she is working to bring the blessed hope to her Chinese sisters.

"I don't want you to think I amount to anything," she said, "or that Jesus would pay any special attention to me." But she was glad that He had found and saved her.

Several months after she had told us her story, her young husband died. Through her influence he was a believer, though he had not yet been baptized. Missionary M. C. Warren, of Chungking, wrote:

"He died at his home three days from here. Mrs. Li says that his faith was strong in the Lord, and he would not allow his relatives to call in the heathen priests.

"After his death the parents took matters in their own hands, as in China a daughter-in-law has no desires that can be respected. Mrs. Li knew it was useless to express her desire that her husband should be buried as a Christian.

"Then came the trial for Mrs. Li. Her conscience would not allow her to act the part that a wife commonly takes in the ceremony. She did not know to what lengths the family might go in trying to get her to worship her husband's spirit. Telling the experience, she said: 'At first I thought I would feign that I was ill, and hurry to my room; but I knew that would not be right. I continued to pray to our Lord to help me. The priests announced that it was time for me to take part. Then something made me stand right up, and I told them that I believed in Jesus, and could not take part in the ceremony of worship of spirits. I was surprised at the way I spoke, as I had been feeling so fearful. My attitude seemed to convince them I could not be forced against my conscience. Even the priests spoke up and said, "That's right, that's right. She is a Christian, and you must excuse her."'

"This came as a surprise to the country people, as they had never known one's connection with a mission to interfere with such a ceremony. They were interested to hear about this religion, and gave Mrs. Li the opening she had longed for to tell them of Christ and His salvation. One young man present declared that he would learn more of this way. Mrs. Li is now with us in the Bible work."

JIM AND THE IDOL STONE

A young African mission outschool teacher named Jim Mayenza was stirred to emulate Gideon's example in destroying an idol.

Gideon, it will be recalled, went out one night and cast down the altar of Baal. When the men of the place next morning saw what had been done, they said, "Who hath done this thing?"

and threatened death to the man who did it. Gideon's father said: "Will ye plead for Baal? . . . If he be a god, let him plead for himself." The people thereupon let Gideon alone.

So the people of an African kraal, by Jim's vigorous action, had witness borne to them that their idol was helpless.

"Tell us the story of the idol stone," we said, at the Solusi station, Rhodesia, where Jim had been interpreting for us. This, in brief, is the story he told:

"I had just begun to be a teacher. The children came to the outschools from different kraals. Near the school was an idol stone that the people worshiped. It was only a common stone, standing upright, half buried in the earth; but the witch doctors had traditions about it, and offerings and sacrifices were made to it — to the spirit that was in it. It was said to be able to make rain, and to do anything.

"It was very much against the school. The boys believed in it. The chiefs were saying that the idol would be displeased with the mission teaching.

"'There is nothing to it,' I said; 'it is only a stone.'

"'But there is a god in it,' they said. 'If you touch it or hurt it, it will kill you.'

Young Solomon Islanders on the Mission Launch

"At last I was driven to show them that there was nothing to it. I told them I would smash it up. 'You will die if you do,' they said. But one day I took the boys down and carried an ax and smashed up the old stone altogether. The people looked to see something happen to me; but as time passed, and nothing came of it, they saw that I had spoken truly. There had been threats at first against me; but the breaking down of the idol stone had a good effect in turning the people to think more of the teaching about the true God."

It took more courage than one might think for an African youth at an outpost thus to defy age-long superstition and the vengeance of the rain doctors in a dark corner of Africa.

So in many a dark region of earth, witness is being borne under circumstances like these, calling for courage and action on the part of youth just beginning the service of the living God. The grace of Christ makes the young converts of the mission fields strong to do and dare for God and His cause of truth.

"Father, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

"Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wand'rings be our guide;
Through endeavor, hardships, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side."

LUTHER BEFORE THE DIET AT WORMS

The Secret of Courage and Constancy

" Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Matt. 28: 20.

WHAT made these youth of whom we have read, strong to bear their testimony, unmoved by scorn or threat of sword or flame? We find the secret of it in the life motto of one who was called as a youth to show how great things he should suffer for the sake of Christ: " The love of Christ constraineth us."

This love that won the heart of the youthful Saul of Tarsus brought such an experience of the forgiveness of sins and fellowship with the Saviour that nothing else mattered. " None of these things move me," he said, in face of waiting perils.

We find the secret of courage in the promise of Christ's presence with His own. Weak in himself, longing for human companionship in trial, the apostle Paul once sadly wrote, " At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me." But there was one who stood by, the Master who had known in His own soul's agony what it was to have His friends leave Him alone in the hour of trial. " Notwithstanding," added Paul, " the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me."

This presence of Christ, bringing assurance of the forgiveness of sin, is the secret of constancy and courage. The Form that once appeared walking in the midst of the fiery furnace with the three Hebrew youth, has ever, though by mortal eyes unseen, walked the way of trial with His own. " I am with you," whispered to the ear of faith, has held hearts true.

As the angry chief on cannibal Tanna held the musket at John Paton's head, the missionary's thoughts were upon Christ's promises. No theory or doctrine, however true, sufficed. It was personal experience in the living Christ that held. Paton wrote afterward:

"Looking up in increasing prayer to our dear Lord Jesus, I left all in His hands, and felt immortal till my work was done.

"Trials and hairbreadth escapes strengthened my faith, and seemed only to nerve me for more to follow, and they did tread swiftly upon each other's heels. Without that abiding consciousness of the presence and power of my dear Lord and Saviour, nothing else in all the world could have preserved me from losing my reason and perishing miserably. His words, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world,' became to me so real that it would not have startled me to have beheld Him, as Stephen did, gazing down upon the scene."

And how the power of the "word of His grace" has comforted and supported in the trying hour! The witnesses for God have rested their helpless souls upon the promises of the blessed Bible. With his hand upon the open Book, wherein he had found salvation, Luther could say, expecting death: "Here I stand. I can do no other. God help me." Martyrs at the stake have found support in repeating over and over the promises, or singing the inspired psalms of prayer and trust. Margaret Wilson, watching the "cruel, crawling foam," pleaded with God, and not in vain,

"O do Thou keep my soul!
Do Thou deliver me!
And let me never be ashamed,
Because I trust in Thee."

"God's Holy Word was prized when it was unsafe to read it." Johnnie Davis, at the age of twelve, was imprisoned in England for reading the New Testament. By promising not to read it, he could have escaped at any time, owing to his being but a child, who had to be lifted up in court so the twenty-four judges could see the Bible-reading heretic. He was proved by the candle, the blaze being held first under one finger then another. Months

he spent in prison; but finally the death of the king and a change of policy released him. In the days when Foxe wrote his "Book of Martyrs," the lad, grown old, was still living, and was a minister of the gospel.

Even those of tenderest years were made strong by trust. Crockett writes of the little Galloway children who would not tell where the forbidden field meetings were held. Threatened with shooting, they were made to kneel in a row with eyes blindfolded. A maid of eight said: "Let me hold my little brother's hand, will you? We could die better that way." The threat, however, was but an attempt to frighten the children into telling; the soldiers' muskets were loaded with powder only. But children's hearts were strong in childlike trust in Jesus.

The promises of God have power to sustain under trial the youth who have made the word of God the man of their counsel in daily service. Acquaintance with the source of strength is not usually made in emergencies. When Paul wrote to young Timothy, "Study," he meant the daily study of the word of God, able to build up and fortify for common service as well as for the supreme trial.

It is still the same, no matter where, no matter who. The Malagasy girl, shown from the precipice the mangled forms of the convert martyrs of Madagascar, far below, remembered how dark a place the world would be without the Saviour, and when asked to deny her part with Christ, said: "I am a Christian, too; you may throw me over." Those boys of Uganda, just emerged from heathen darkness, found in the salvation of Jesus something more precious to them than life itself, when their heathen persecutors demanded that they come back to the jungle gods. As Dr. A. T. Pierson says:

"In these lowly lads, with their dark skins, there was a heart made white in the blood of the Lamb; and the spirit of the martyrs burned within, while the fires of the martyrs burned without; and so in the flames, and until their tongues, dried and shriveled in the heat, could no longer articulate, they sang in the Luganda:

"'Daily, daily, sing to Jesus,
Sing, my soul, His praises due;
All He does deserves our praises,
And our deep devotion, too:
For in deep humiliation,
He for us did live below,
Died on Calvary's cross of torture,
Rose to save our souls from woe.'"

From out the noise of conflict which loyal soldiers of the cross have waged in all past times, there comes the word of cheer and shout of victory from the lips of youth and children. Moody gave a good answer to the man who thoughtlessly asked him if he had faith to be a martyr. "No," he replied; "but when God wants me to be a martyr, He will give me a martyr's faith."

The grace sufficient comes with the time of need and testing. It is as mighty now as in the days of old, and young people of today have found it so. Canon Langbridge's verses answer truly the question of present-day faith and courage for the right, because Christ's grace is still sufficient, and true courage and constancy are all of grace, and not of self:

"Tell me: if Smithfield blazed again,
Would new confessors rise
From farm and wynd and rural lane,
Calm hearts with constant eyes?

"Would the old weaver watch his hand
Waste in the candle blaze?
The nursemaid at the fagot stand,
And turn the pain to praise?

"Would men in boots of village make
And frieze of homespun wear,
Trudge on serenely to the stake,
As if to church or fair?

"Would milking maid and village sire,
And lad in 'prentice gray,
Tread the fierce ecstasy of fire
Into a homely way?

"Where keeps the faith that lit their eyes,
Who sank to Stephen's sleep?
Perchance the Book that sixpence buys
Grows vulgar now and cheap.

"Enough of questioning, enough —
Too much of bitter doubt:
If Ridley's candle craves the snuff,
No time shall put it out.

"They do but ask the beck of God,
The cause of instant need,
To spring from England's every sod,
Men of the martyr breed:

"Men of the breed no fear can tame,
True to the hard-won right,
Ready to pour their souls in flame
To spread the larger light."

It is the gift of God to His children of every age and of every land.

The call to service for Christ and the right comes now as never before. No generation of youth that ever lived had such call to devotion and activity and ambition to be strong in service, as comes to the youth of this generation. The last witness is to be borne to all the world, at home and abroad. The young people are needed now.

"With such an army of workers as our youth, rightly trained, might furnish, how soon the message of a crucified, risen, and soon-coming Saviour might be carried to the whole world!" — *"Education," p. 271.*

The great controversy between Christ and Satan is soon to be finished; and age and youth and childhood are summoned to follow to final victory in the ranks of our Prince Immanuel.

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

"A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame:

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane.
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

"A noble army — men and boys,
The matron and the maid —
Shall round the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent toward heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!"

"The Night Is Falling"

Are All the Children In?

"Gather the children." Joel 2: 16.

Are all the children in? The night is falling,
And storm clouds gather in the threatening west;
The lowing cattle seek a friendly shelter;
The bird hies to her nest;
The thunder crashes; wilder grows the tempest,
And darkness settles o'er the fearful din;
Come, shut the door, and gather round the hearthstone—
Are all the children in?

Are all the children in? The night is falling,
When gilded sin doth walk about the streets.
O, at the last, it biteth like a serpent!
Poisoned are stolen sweets.
O mothers! guard the feet of inexperience,
Too prone to wander in the paths of sin;
O, shut the door of love against temptation!
Are all the children in?

Are all the children in? The night is falling,
The night of death is hastening on apace;
The Lord is calling, "Enter thou thy chamber,
And tarry there a space."
And when He comes, the King in all His glory,
Who died the shameful death our hearts to win,
O, may the gates of heaven shut about us,
With all the children in!

— Elizabeth Rosser.

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